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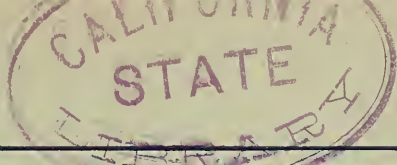


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The NORTHERN CROWN

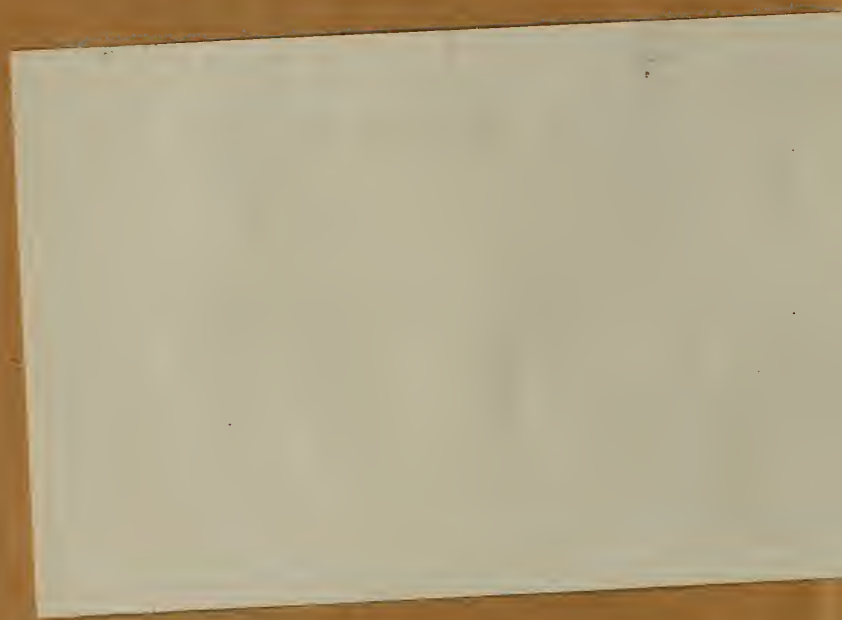
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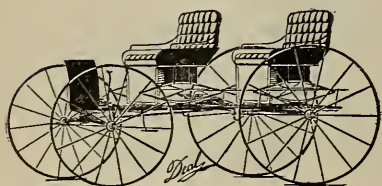
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

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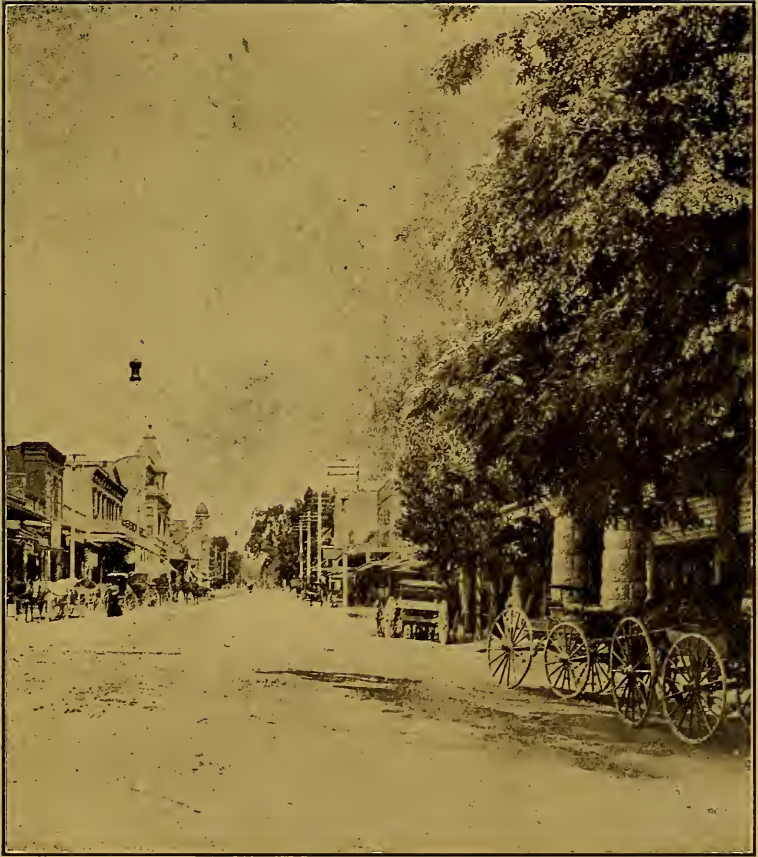
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Waiting for the Freshet—Picturesque Mendocino

(Photo by Carpenter.)



Looking North on Main Street, St. Helena



Vintage time on a Napa Ranch---The County produces nearly one third of the Wine output of the State.



Yachts on the Napa River—Steamers Ply Regularly Between here
and San Francisco

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

UKIAH, CAL. APRIL, 1908.

NO. 1.

"NAPA."

❧ A POCKET EMPIRE ❧

By A. WARREN ROBISON

It is with the kind permission of the "Sunset Magazine" that we reproduce this article and the cuts used to illustrate the same.

IN 1831 the first white settler permanently located in California's Napa valley. In 1836 the first log house built by white men in the state was here erected. Numerous tribes of Indians, aggregating some three thousand, then roamed at their sweet will, among the forests that clothed the mountain sides, or through the valley levels in pursuit of game. From numerous streams they took the speckled trout, or the larger salmon, gathered among the luxuriant grasses quantities of "hoppers," which they roasted and ground into coarse meal for an especial relish to their simple bill of fare, and slept and dreamed their useless lives away—useless, as measured by the standard of Californians of the present day.

Napa is one of a group of counties which lie contiguous, or approximately so, to San Francisco bay. It is one of the smallest in the state, having an area of eight hundred and fifty square miles. The assessed acreage is four hundred and five thousand, six hundred and seventy-eight acres and there yet remain between sixty thousand and seventy thousand acres of Government land, San Francisco, the metropolis of the

state, is distant only about forty miles from the county's southern boundary.

Numerous spurs of the Coast range of mountains enclose several lovely valleys, of varying area, each possessing productive soils and an equable climate. The mountain ridges intervening between Napa county and the broad Pacific, forty miles distant, deflect and moderate the harsher breezes of the ocean.

Napa valley, the largest of several noteworthy valleys in the county, having a length of upward of thirty miles and a breadth of from one to five miles, opens to the headwaters of San Francisco bay as a spreading fan, its apex, Mount St. Helena (4,240 feet) forty miles distant from the bay.

In the lower portion of the valley the average monthly temperature for the last twenty-eight years has been: for January, 45°; February, 49°; March, 51°; April, 55°; May, 59°; June, 64°; July, 65°; August, 65°; September, 63°; October, 58°; November, 57°; December, 46°. The summer temperature is a few degrees higher in the upper portions of the valley and in the smaller valleys; which, to a great extent,

deprived of the summer sea breezes.

One feature of any climate of any section of the Golden State which interests the homeseeker, as well as the oldest inhabitant, is the annual rainfall. It has ever been the boast of Napa county farmers that here no irrigation at any season of the year is needed. Crops of all kinds quickly mature and yield abundantly, nourished by a kindly soil furnished during the rainy season, with abundant moisture for the coming twelve-month. In the lower Napa valley the average annual rainfall during the last twenty-eight years has been about twenty-six inches. Owing to the varied topography of the country the precipitation is not the same in every locality. The soil is divided into five classes, viz: argillaceous, adobe, loam, lava and tule. It is admirably adapted to general farming, horticulture, dairying and stock raising. Given these three factors an unexcelled climate, an abundant rainfall and a rich and varied soil, and it follows, as the night the day, that abundant harvests must (as they do) reward the diligent husbandman's toil. A failure of crops was never known in Napa county.

The Napa valley resembled, in the early '50s, an immense English park, its broad acres being abundantly shaded by thousands and tens of thousands of widespreading white, black and live oak trees, while in valley and on hillside were tall, luxuriant, wild oats and the succulent alfillerilla and clover. After the advent of the white men the land was for the greater part, planted to wheat and barley, bountiful harvests resulting.

As time passed it was found that Napa and her sister valleys were especially adapted for raising grapes of every variety, and hundreds of productive vineyards dotted the valleys and covered with luxuriant foliage the hillsides.

While at the present day the culture of the grape is not given the prominence that at one time distinguished the industry, it is of

great and growing importance. A decrease in the former number of vineyards was followed by a very marked increase in the acreage devoted to orchards of the many varieties of fruit for which California is justly noted.

While citrus fruits are grown to perfection in many favored localities, oranges and lemons are not cultivated on a commercial scale. English and French walnuts, almonds and olives are grown in large quantities. Several of the olive growers place upon the market a superior quality of olive oil which has an extended reputation and a large sale.

The Berryessa, Pope, Chiles, Conn, Capelle, Gordon, and Browns valleys, varying in their acreage, are all favored with productive soils and a congenial climate. Grains and fruits, nuts and wines are a few of the products of these attractive valleys, in all of which, together with Napa, the home-seeker will find unexcelled locations and will be cordially welcomed. While pre-eminently this county is the home of the vine and the various deciduous fruits, it is well adapted by reason of its climate and topography to stock raising and dairying. Many of the speediest standard bred horses raised in any section of the United States have been foaled, raised and trained within the confines of the county. Roadsters and draft horses of unsurpassed excellence, and for which there is a constant demand, quickly mature, finding by reason of nearness to the San Francisco market a ready sale at all times.

On numerous dairies fine'y bred cows furnish cream for a quality of butter for which there is an extensive sale, one Jersey creamery regularly furnishing a liberal amount to parties living as far distant as Hawaii, to the west, and to Alaska in the far away North. Alfalfa grows freely everywhere.

A recent valuation of the county foots up \$13,659,270; real estate, outside of cities and towns, \$5,181,285; improvements, \$2,661,975; city and town valuations, \$1,216,575; im-

provements, \$2,114,840. Net gain in assessed valuation in the county for 1906, \$617,970. The county has no debt, funded or floating. Far and near the county is noted for her numerous well-constructed stone bridges. In this particular Napa leads all the counties of the state. Likewise are the highways of the county famed for their excellence. The principal roads are daily sprinkled during the summer and fall months. In some sections oil is used to lay the dust, the oil being taken from wells within the county.

Land values everywhere in the county compare favorably with those in any locality in the state. The rich lowlands in Napa valley, located near towns, within easy reach of excellent transportation facilities have for some time been held at from \$100 to \$200 per acre. Hill land, adapted to stock raising or similar purposes, is offered as low as \$10 per acre. Between these two extremes lies a wide margin. Intending purchasers of real estate can rely upon obtaining what they seek at fair prices. But the figures quoted will not hold good indefinitely. Real estate in no portion of the county will depreciate in value.

Throughout the county, but especially near the larger centers of trade, there is an assurance entertained by all classes of the thrifty population of rapid growth and constant development which shall be permanent. For all California there is an era of advancement and Napa county, in this notable onward march, holds leading place. Incoming of new people, the building of electric railroads and the completion of several resort hotels, are all attracting investors.

The county boasts not of numerous mines, but the several rich quicksilver lodes are here located and have been worked for many years. One of these, Oat Hill, holds second place only to the New Almaden. Several mineral springs, whose healing waters have a wide extended reputation are located in different parts of the county.

Three prosperous incorporated towns in Napa valley are worthy of especial mention—Napa, St. Helena and Calistoga. Napa, the county seat, is very advantageously situated upon the banks of Napa river, at the head of navigation. The population numbers about six thousand, an increase of fifteen hundred since 1900, and constant additions are noted. The town is famed for the architectural beauty of its numerous private residences, the stability of its business blocks, for well kept gardens and lawns, for its magnificent streets, its many miles of cement sidewalks, its factories, its churches, its schools, its many facilities of communication with the outside world.

The visitor from distant localities can scarcely realize that only comparatively a few years ago, the site of this busy, bustling town was without a building of any kind, without even a name. The first house was erected in 1848. The original town site was planted to beans in 1847, and in the following year a luxuriant crop of oats was cut therefrom—the first touch of civilization that was felt in Napa. There was then not a store, hotel, saloon, church or school within the limits of the county. There were neither roads, bridges nor fences.

Churches of many denominations, to-day lift their spires heavenward; public schools fully equip hundreds of pupils for the universities or for the practical duties of everyday life. There are many large factories and tanneries which furnish employment to hundreds of intelligent workmen, where are made the finest brands of leather, shoes, gloves, shirts, boxes and other useful articles which find their way to business centers in the near and distant East, North and South. Fruit of unsurpassed quality is canned on a large scale, and tons of artificial ice are daily manufactured.

Close at hand is the state hospital for the insane, erected at a cost of over one and a half million dollars—one of the most attractive buildings,

architecturally considered in the state. Two thousand acres of hill and valley land are controlled by this institution. Passenger and freight steamboats daily ply between Napa and San Francisco. In addition a fine electric railway connecting the town with the headwaters of the bay of San Francisco has been in successful operation for over a year and will soon reach the farthest limits of the valley. Connected with this road are steamers which speedily reach San Francisco. Another electric road is projected, rights of way having been obtained to connect with Lake county, adjoining Napa on the north. Seven miles up the valley from Napa, near the town of Yountville, is located the Veterans' Home, where about seven hundred aged patriots are tenderly cared for at state and government expense. Buildings and surroundings are valued at \$200,000.

A few miles farther up the valley are situated the thriving towns of Oakville and Rutherford, and a short distance above, eighteen miles from the county seat, is the prosperous town of St. Helena. This section is one of the most picturesque in the entire Napa valley. Numerous vineyards, orchards, olive yards and poultry plants are to be seen on

every hand. Hops grow to perfection and alfalfa produces abundant crops.

The population of St. Helena approximates two thousand. For a town of its size it possesses the finest stone school building in the state. Just outside the limits of the town, built into a rugged hillside, is the largest wine cellar in the world. Constructed of stone, obtained from nearby quarries, it has a very attractive facade and is one of the notable attractions of the valley. Numerous wine cellars, substantially constructed, are scattered through this portion of the valley. Eight miles away on the pine-clad ridge to the northeast is the Howell mountain plateau about two thousand feet above sea level, famed for its vineyards and its health resorts. Here, among the resorts, are Angwin's large hotel, Woodworths, the White cottages, and the Toland House.

Nestled at the foot of towering Mount St. Helena lies Calistoga at the extreme limit of Napa valley. Taken all in all, Napa is as snug a little empire as one will find. Its climate is ideal the year around, and the general fertility of its soil would throw a New England farmer into spasms of delight.

New Years, Naughty Eight.

By E. Knowlton.

In the New Book of January,
 In Chapter the First.—
 As the very First Clause
 Of its very First Verse,—
 My Prayer for Yourself
 Doth plainly appear;—
 I most heartily Wish You
 Your Happiest New Year!
 May the Choicest of Gifts
 Of the Kindest of Fate
 Be ever thine own
 Through all "Naughty eight!"
 Accept, with Best Love,
 From Himself unto Thee,
 From Knowlton, your Friend,
 Whose Initial is "E."



Greystone Wine Cellar, St. Helena



A Napa Residence--A Type of Many.

"BUT FOR A YELLOW HEN?"

By M. Eldridge Clay

SARA BURGESS sat in the shade of the honey suckle on the porch and rocked and rocked in her creaky little sewing chair, keeping time to the swiftly flying crochet needle that flashed its bewildering way in and out on a seemingly endless length of lace which in leisure moments served the purpose of work for one by whom idleness was regarded as little short of crime.

In her thirty odd years of life Sarah had known little else than the hard uncompromising physical toil that from necessity had grown into habit, fixed and unchangeable, becoming part and parcel of her personality and showing its effect in every line and angle of her alert, spare figure on which it had left not a vestige of curve or softness had any ever existed. It is barely possible that, back in the dim past there was a pink and dimpled atom of humanity that under favorable conditions might have grown into rounded womanhood, but if so, fate played one of her underhanded tricks on life and flattened and ground in the mill of toil, and laughed at another caricature she had produced. From the crown of her head, with its scanty covering of neutral tinted hair to the soles of her number sevens, Sarah presented a picture of painful angularity, unrelieved by the straight, skimpy calico wrapper of a nondescript tint produced by many visits to the laundry, starched to a stiffness to rival the spotless white apron that lay over its wearers lap with the grace of a freshly opened newspaper.

And as might be expected, she sits bolt upright and rocks and rocks, a

picture of unrestful restfulness, as it were. After a time, something of the drowsy languor of the early summer afternoon, its lazy stillness the softly mingled odors of the honeysuckle and the old fashioned flowers in the sun-warmed garden, creeps over her senses crowding out of her mind even the all important crochet and it drops with the slow relaxation of the long brown fingers into the crisp rattly folds of the white apron, the chair rocks slower, slower and—well let her dream, we all are inconsistent at times you know.

A humming bird darted in among the honeysuckles here, there, his little whirring body flashes like a shaft of light, now he perches on a swaying twig close to her, turning his head to one side and contemplating the possibility of danger from that source with his beady black eyes, he seems satisfied for he begins preening his little wings to an accompaniment of a fretful little "chip," "chip." There swaying gently on his airy perch he gleams in the ray of sunlight that strikes him like a huge emerald incased in a gauze of gold. Mechanically she watches him more because he comes within the range of her vision than from any interest in the chirping atom himself. So we will leave her for a bit.

Ten years ago and more, on the "ranch joining" that of her father, lived Ezra Brown, jolly care free Ezra, what more natural, as they had grown up side by side almost, than that he should drop into the way of calling often and escorting her to Sunday school, or some other of the various meetings at the school

house a mile or so distant. So things arranged themselves in this inconsequent way, till they became to be regarded as "steady company" which in the rural code of etiquette amounted almost to a formal engagement.

Then one day a little yellow headed slip of a girl came to teach the district school bringing with her all the interest, approving or otherwise, that usually accompanies such an advent into an isolated community.

The girls copied her manner and her dress with varying degrees of success and were jealous or inthuseastic as the case warranted, for with few exceptions the masculine element became at once her devoted allies. Ezra Brown was among the exceptions perhaps from actual indifference or a feeling of loyalty to the lesser charms of his "best girl," any way he was said to have expressed himself rather contemptuously as to the good sense shown by young men who "broke their necks running at the beck and call of a yellow headed school ma'am.

That settled him, for what well ordered bit of feminine foolishness could stand that? At first there was open warfare then armed neutrality then utter capitulation of the larger army, an awkward position made less so by Sara's seeming willingness to efface herself. Ezra's lame attempts at keeping faith being met with, "I'm too busy to go," or "I have a headache and I don't think I'll go to church tonight." Thus left free of obligation in that quarter he immediately became the teacher's escort, somewhat self-consciously at first, but as the changed order of things became less noted by others he dropped into his new position with an inthusiasn entirely inconsistent with his habitual lazy indifference with the result, that before the closing of the summer term of school the other young men had returned to their allegances elsewhere and left him master of the field.

Not long after the teacher had returned to her home it was noised about that Ez. Brown had sold out

his interests to his father and gone to the city to work as the school ma'am didn't want to live on a ranch.

And Sara, well, people seemed quite to have forgotten by this time that she had played any part at all in this little wayside drama. Only a little battered work box, left from the days when she was a little girl and sewed doll rags under the old "pepper wood" down by the creek, held what secret there was to it, and being a very discreet little old box, and away back in a dark corner of the bureau anyway, of course it did not tell that within its wooden bosom reposed, a pink ribbon bow that Ezra had thought "looked mighty fine" pinned in her smooth mouse colored hair one evening at a party, a note or two scribbled in pencil, a broken cuff button that had been "his" a handful of candy hearts with glaring sentiments printed in bright red letters.

Don't smile superior intelligence, have you no candy hearts?

And a new set of young people flourishes at Brownville and Sara accepts philosophically. The appellation of "Old Miss Burgess" or "old maid" as the case may be and plies herself to the double task left by the death of her father, the running of the ranch and caring for her aged mother. With the energy of one who feels their mission in life to be the doing of what lies nearest at hand, working from morning till night with tireless enegry and a grim satisfaction in what she accomplishes, the laying aside each year of a few dollars, something that her father with less careful management had failed to do.

So uneventfully she lived contented with the round of commonplaces. Even the return of Ezra Brown to his old home with his two little daughters, his wife having died a year or so before; though a source of much speculative interest to most of the "neighbors" she regarded with her habitual calm indifference to other peoples affairs.

Now after several months since his

return he seemed inclined to fall into the habit in his easy way of stopping occasionally to chat for awhile and rest in the shade of the viney porch, his portly figure squeezed comfortably into an arm-chair, opposite the swaying, creaky sewing rocker. If nature had been niggardly toward Sara, in regard to flesh, she had certainly been generous to Ezra in like proportion and as they sat cozily facing each other, it only required the presence of a platter to complete a reversed picture of the immortal Jack Sprat and his wife.

But perhaps we have left her dreaming too long, so perhaps thought the old yellow hen, for with a cackle and flutter of awkward wings she comes flying over the low fence and lands, a clucking ruffly bunch of feathered aggressiveness, almost on the porch, and begins scratching industriously and clucking loudly as if to call attention to the needs of so important a personage as herself.

"You old yellow torment" exclaims Sara, thoroughly recalled to earth, Settin agin are ye. On a white rock or a doornob like as not. I'll find yer nest old lady 'r know the reason why." After throwing a handful of wheat to the quarrelous fowl she puts on her sun-bonnet and goes out the back gate to wait for the old hen to finish her meal and go back to her nest. She had not long to wait for soon with as much flutter as before back sails biddy over the fence, then she becomes quiet and slips along beside the fence out into the orchard toward the line fence between Sara's place and that of the Browns, Sara following her at a distance but keeping her in sight. At the end of the orchard over next to the road was a waste corner occupied by two or three tall redwood stumps around which a generous crop of "suckers" had grown up. Toward this spot the old hen made her way circuitously showing by the way that even hens are not always so foolish as they might be and disappeared under the low hanging branches of the small

redwoods. Sara crept among the bushes as quietly as might be that she might surprise her hen-ship on her nest. Yes sure enough in a hollow in the soft mould thickly padded with fallen leaves as still as a mouse she sits. Guarding her hand carefully from a well directed blow of a sharp beak, Sara proceeds to explore the nest, "M-m-h I thought so only three eggs" she still intent on not frightening the hen. While thus engaged the sound of voices reached her from the other side of the brush. "Hello Ezry how ye gittin long" calls a nasal voice from the road accompanied by the click of hoofs as the owner of the voice turns his horse out of the road and rides up to the fence only a few feet away but entirely hidden by the intervening brush.

"Hello yourself Ike. Can't complain" responds the hearty voice of Ezra Brown from his side of the fence and they begin a desultory conversation of crops weather etc.

Having accomplished her errand Sara is quietly backing out of the tangle of blackberry vines, she had inadvertently worked herself into, when she hears something that draws her attention before she has time to think that it is, not intended for her ears. "How about the Old maid, Ez., kinder romantic if you an her'd make a match of it, after all, used to be kinder sweet on her once if I remember right." Ezra laughed, a little uneasily.

"It would be a joke would'nt it though I expect I'd have a great old time of it for I always did like to take life easy, an' she, why she can't rest to save her life. She makes me fairly nervous sitting up stiff as a ramrod with that everlasting crochet. But I need'nt worry don't know as she'd have me anyway for she seems to be getting along fairly well with her ranch without a man's help. But if you care to tie up with a good imitation of perpetual motion don't let me stand in your way." And Ezra laughed good naturedly and began to gather up the tools with which he had been

mending the fence and moved leisurely toward home, Ike riding off in the opposite direction.

Sara sat for a minute with her thin lips pressed together rather more tightly than usual a bright spot burning on either sallow cheek. Then extracting her skirts from the clinging vines she rose and walked rapidly toward the house her elbows held at sharp angles and moving in unison with her quickly moving feet. One very close might have heard her murmur, "Perpetual motion! followed by a sound which might have been a sniff or a snort so evenly balanced between the two was it.

Into the house and up the stairs she strides to reappear in the kitchen with something gathered up tightly in the white apron, which, after she had stirred up the smouldering oak coals in the stove, she proceeds to

dump carefully there on. A little puff of smoke in which might be detected the odor of scorching sugar then the lid is replaced, the fire burns up brightly and the little old work box yawns comfortably up stairs on the bureau, glad perhaps that its responsible mission is completed.

"What ye startin a fire for so early, Sarie" queries the weak tremulous voice of Sara's mother as she shuffles into the kitchen.

"Just burning some trash" comes in a little more emphatic tone than the case seems to call for, from the depths of the pantry where Sara is busy sorting eggs. Then as she leaves the house with a small basket on her arm and her floppy sun-bonnet pulled well over her face: "That old yellow hen is bound to set an I'm goin' to set her."

Easter Lilies.

By Nita E. White.

Beautiful Easter lily,
Guarding my lonely hours,
What can I say that's worthy,
The purity of your flowers?

Type of a heart that's sinless,
Type of a soul new born,
Type of Christ's forgiveness,
Type of a cloudless morn:

Type of the pure and holy,
Where ever they chance to be,
Type of that souls redemption,
That has suffered Gethsemane.

Type of a love that's planted
Deep in the heart's best soil,
Promising heavenly blossoms
After the earthly toil.

Beautiful Easter lily,
Emblem of Hope and love
Pointing from earth's afflictions
To the triumph of souls above.

ON CHURCH FEDERATION.

By W. T. FITCH.

WHILE a tacit understanding has existed for some time among the clergy of the churches of the world looking to a federation of all the Protestant churches, and possibly of the heathen bodies as well; and while many more or less positive results have been achieved, according to the timeliness of these movements, it has remained for the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches of Canada to make the first move in the game. These representative bodies have promulgated the creed upon which their union is based, and this statement of doctrine seems to have met with general approval. It is also thought that this creed may unite all Protestant denominations.

Now it is the purpose of these notes to call attention to this world-wide movement, toward federation and establish the Biblical status of the same.

The purposes of the new movement, as near as can be gathered from the public utterances of representative ministers, seems to be the attainment of political power, and greater centralization of religious effort, rather than the attainment of truth and the regeneration of the individual.

No one need be told what the consequences of even modified union of Church and State have been in the past, but in the face of the facts of history, the east off "tare," "bundles," (Matt. 13: 27-30) are rushing forward to their destruction in the day of the Lord's anger, (Luke 21: 25-26) and incidentally to destroy a few who rebuke them by the way. But the "called according to his purpose," (Rom. 8: 28.

whose names are written in heaven, not on earth, look on these things with rejoicing, (Luke 21: 28).

But here just a word in regard to the closing paragraph of the "re-stated" creed. The "laity" is assured that the world is soon to be converted to Christ by the efforts of the new federation, and as cheerful a face put on the matter as if this was really the expectation; whereas, the fact of the matter is, that there are now twice as many heathen as there were a century ago, not to mention the billions who have gone down to the prison house of death never having heard of "the only name given under Heaven or amongst men whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4: 12.)

We will now call attention to the fact that these "blind guides" (Matt. 23: 16) the modern "Doctors of the Law," or, to be specific, the Ministers of all denominational bodies who subscribe to the doctrines of the day, are fulfilling prophecy. Here we give a very brief outline leading up to this conclusion.

Christ, as the son of God, and heir of the Kingdom of Earth, cast off from Divine favor the house of Israel. (Matt. 23: 37-39.) Why? Because they had fulfilled their purpose in the divine arrangement and had become corrupt. A "clerical" class had developed and were "lording it over God's heritage." (Jer. 50: 11, and 1 Peter 5: 2, 3.) These "Doctors" thought themselves in danger of losing their "grip" on the people and their "tithes" so they caused their followers, the "Laity" to "crucify the Lord of Glory." (1 Cor. 2: 7, 8.) They, in common with all

"wise men" of all ages even to the present time, thought that the purposes of God, which they thought their feeble, fallen human perceptions capable of recognizing aside from the "sure word of prophecy" (1 Peter 1: 19, 20)—could be thwarted by promptly making a few martyrs. Thus, the "Gospel of the Kingdom" which was to be preached in all the world "FOR A WITNESS" ONLY, (Mat. 24: 14) was watered by the blood of many of the Apostles, shed by the priestly class of that time. Then came the "great falling away" the "abomination of desolation" (Matt. 24: 15) which, in the name of Christ shed seas of innocent blood. Even down to the early history of America do we find religious persecution "even unto death."

Now we come to a strange anomaly. We recognize in the scriptures (see Millennial Dawn, Vol. 2, p 33-62) a clear and connected chronology. And we are here shown that as the Jewish age ended with a "harvest" so also does this, the Gospel Age in the closing days of which we now live, end (Matt. 13: 30). And, as the nation of Israel was at that time cut off, her work having been done, so now, the Gospel Church, her work of witnessing done, is cut off and will be destroyed, first being bound into denominational bundles; (Matt. 13: 30); all the true "wheat" being previously culled out of her. (The nominal church) (2 Cor. 6: 17). (It being here understood that the roster of any church never did carry only the names of "Israelites indeed" true Christians, "whose names are written in Heaven.") The true wheat are nearly, if not all, out of the various systems and the denominational bundles are being bound together by systematic effort on the part of pastors through the world especially, by the new, and much lauded Federation, of which the Lord, through the Prophet says;—"Say ye not a confederacy to all to whom this people shall say, a con-

federacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid." (Isa. 8: 12)

But now we come to the most startling phase of the matter. Not only do we find the Nominal churches of the falsely styled "Christendom" i. e. Christ's Kingdom; putting up a bluff in the form of a "re-stated creed" that will fool the "sheep" a little longer, (See Jer. 23: 6, Hosea 4: 2, also, the 34th chapter of Ezekiel) but also, that NOT A THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN AMERICA IF OF THE WORLD, TEACHES, AND SCARCELY A MINISTER OF ANY STANDING IN ANY DENOMINATION BELIEVES IN THE CREED PUT FORTH. This is startling beyond words, but strictly true, as all who keep abreast with the trend of Cosmic thought know. Professors of the Theological Seminaries, and ministers all over the world, are making no secret of their "higher Criticism" belief in Evolution, and their disbelief in the Bible as the word of God. Nor are they honest enough to give the "laity" a reasonably good translation of the scriptures. There are EIGHTY-THREE spurious verses or parts of verses in the common version of the New Testament that uphold cardinal doctrines, upon which whole church fabrics rest. Not to mention hundreds of minor errors.

"For instance, (1 John 5: 7-8. read:) "For there are three that bear record, the spirit, the water and the blood; and these three are for one." On this passage is principally built the false fabric called the doctrine of the "trinity." Just compare this reading and that of the common version. The revised version corrects this error in a way, but did you ever hear a minister call attention to it? No.

Just here we wish to say in regard to the closing paragraph of the new creed, which seeks to cheer the flagging zeal of the "laity" by "re-stating the expectation that the world will soon be won for Christ. There are now TWICE as many heathen as there were a cen-

tury ago. Add to this the billions now in the tomb awaiting the resurrection morning (Ecl. 9: 10) who have never heard of the "only name under Heaven or amongst men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12), and then what becomes of such claims?

We will now submit a few, out of the many hundred current expressions by leading Churchmen which show that we are not in error when we state that faith in the Scriptures is a thing of the past. Listen to a writer in the New York Independent, a religious journal, which, at the request of their contributor withholds his name lest his utterances, being known to his congregation should result in the loss of his "job."

We quote;—"I have never won distinction by my heresy, nor even acquired a local reputation from violent departures from orthodoxy. If I should set about some Sunday morning to tell my congregation all my divergences from accepted Christian belief I would shock them beyond measure. They understand in a general way that I am a liberal minded person, and I take occasion not infrequently to hasten their heels in their movements from worn-out dogmas to the truth that is to be. That they are engaged in such a journey I have no doubt, and most of them are willing to maintain a reasonable pace. My congregation is above normal in intelligence, information and sympathy with forward movements, but nevertheless, I am fully persuaded that a complete revelation on my part of the beliefs to which my studies have forced me would set their ears a-tingling, and not only awaken antagonism to me personally but also cause a turn of sentiment in favor of conservatism and orthodoxy."

"So rapid is the advance (?) in religious opinion, at least as I experience it in my parish, that I would not hesitate for a moment now to give fullest utterance to views utterly condemnatory of the whole scheme of sacrificial aton-

and impure righteousness. Devout saints that were wont to inquire anxiously why I did not mention that 'Christ made full atonement for our sins' every week or so after a sermon on any subject from Dan to Beersheba, now sit patiently under preaching which never refers to Christ as a propitiatory sacrifice."

"Experience has taught me not to be too rampant in my heresies. I have learned that if one keeps his doctrinal discoveries in his study drawer for about five years, and takes them out occasionally to refresh his 'soul' allowing a delicate effluence from them to steal over a page or two of his sermon, he will find at the end of the time that he may avow them as violently as he please, and they who aforetime would have lit the torch for his burning, will sit peacefully under his doctrine, and sing the last hymn lustily in satisfaction that they have heard again the truth they have always believed."

"For this reason I am not shouting out every Sunday that I do not believe in the virgin birth of Jesus nor in the physical resurrection. Much as I honor and admire Doctor Crapsey I am not scurrying to place myself in the pillory beside him. I answer questions cautiously let others do the talking."

Again, the Chicago Record—Herald quoted by the Pandex of the Press, Dec. 07, says: "University of Chicago Divinity professors dispute the literal truth of the Bible teachings of the second coming of Christ, the day of Judgement and the resurrection in an editorial published in the 'Biblical World' just issued from the University press."

"The article further states that the meaning of these prophecies is simply to symbolize processes in world development. This view of the matter carries the sanction of the editorial staff of the paper, which are; Prof. E. D. Burton Prof. George B. Foster, Prof. Shailer Mathews, Prof. H. L. Willet, Prof. C.

R. Henderson, and Prof. Theo. Soares. These men also recommend a book on 'Biblical Dogmatics' by M. S. Terry of the Garret Biblical Institute, as teaching the same doctrines."

"We could multiply instances by the hundred, but this is not necessary, for the press teems with the utterances of ministers and church dignitaries the world over, voicing their disbelief in the Bible. The instance we have given is a fair specimen. It will not avail any doubting church member to say that we are wrong, for the matter is already a public one. And in England, the home of the 'King James Version' of the scriptures, the Rev. Campbell, who discredits the whole Bible, is accepted as the messiah of his 'New Thought' as he calls his blasphemous doctrines, and

is eagerly sought by every preacher in the kingdom as a teacher. In closing we add, read your Bibles. Wake up Think, Investigate."

ADDENDA:

"After closing the above we note in support of our contention that the church has fulfilled its mission and become a body of 'tares' (imitation wheat) we append the following from the San Francisco call, Jan. 31. '08.

"Professing christians will lie quicker, steal quicker and think evil quicker than the worldly person." Their religion is a form; their charity a misnomer."

Mrs. H. T. Boyd at convention of Episcopal church societies, San Francisco. The above is from the inside, (see Rev. 18:4.)

Note by the Editress—

We publish the above article from the pen of W. T. Fitch, because he is able, and honest in his convictions, and makes people think. We would be glad to hear from anyone who wishes to make reply to him through the columns of THE NORTHERN CROWN.

Political Announcements.

C. P. SMITH hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the second district subject to the decision of the democratic primaries.

LOUIS HILDRETH announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the second district subject to the decision of the voters at the democratic primaries.

R. H. RAWLES hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the first district

subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

J. V. RAY hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the second district subject to the decision of the Republican convention.

MACK HOWARD hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the second district subject to the decision of Democratic convention.

From The Top of Cheops.

Par le Philosophe.

Think of one famished eating with greed.
Think of a miser clutching his gold—
I devoured with eyes in my short-spaced need,
All that the ages gave here to behold.

Before me the delta of Nile lay green,
Behind us the desert lay desolate, drear.
The Sphinx and the tombs far under us seen,
Had been ravished by men, and by year upon year.

What a lesson for mortals that pile up the stone,
To enshrine their poor dust, when the god-spark is gone—
But the punily great of the earth of today,
Still build temples and tombs that shall harbor their clay,
By no doubts—no misgivings—are their efforts assailed,
They still weakly essay, where these *grandly have failed*.

[Lieut. Col. K.]

Egypt 1894.



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



A Poem and A Criticism.

As A Nun Would Tell Her Beads.

By ANNA M. REED.

WE are so far apart—even from ocean to ocean—
 As a nun would tell her beads, only with more
 devotion,
 Counting the days when we met,
 As the chain slips over my fingers,
 Over each thought of you my heart caressingly lingers.
 The long, bright lance of the sun,
 Reaching away from the sunset,

Touches my hair and eyes,
And the lips that you kissed, when you told me,
Constant you'd always be while the sun in his shining
should hold me.
The heart and the lips you love, grow warm his red rays
under.
Constant I know you are, though we are so far asunder.
God bless and keep you so on the shore of another ocean--
As a nun her beads, the hours I tell, only with more
devotion.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 5, 1890.

Dear Annie:

I have your esteemed favor of July 3d, and as this is the fifth, I remember that yesterday was the day of your triumph in the line of coffee and oratory. It is just like you to be a social force in any community in which you live. I presume that Laytonville would have been without a celebration but for you, and I can readily imagine the interest and labor and zeal which you have employed to make the occasion a success. You say you entertain some doubt about the oration. The oration proceeding from you will be earnest, patriotic and thoughtful. Nothing rises higher than its source, and everything is an expression of its creator, because every created thing must first exist as a thought in the mind of the creator. Whatever proceeds from us remains a part of us, and nothing is so much a part of our very spiritual essence as that which we write, and especially that which we write as an appeal to other minds, hearts and spirits.

I am very glad you like Miss Warren, because if you like her, you will find in her the encouragement of companionship, and that was the thought I had in my mind in recommending her to you. I see clearly that the seclusion of your life lacks stimulation, simply. I believe that between yourself and Miss Warren a most sympathetic relation could be established; it can be, if each of you will remember the other's absolute right to be herself, and neither try to unmake or make over the other.

I have before me also the pretty little sonnet which you enclose for my criticism. I wish you to know now, that there never was a criticism worth anything in this world. You might just as well tell me of some vital pain, and ask me to criticize it, or some longing, upward, far reaching for the unreachd good. You might as well say to me "I had an inspiring thought last night what is your

criticism of it?" True poetry merely anticipates the things which are possible to the spirit. Now in the effort before me, I see the intensity which is of itself the true essence of poetry. The first line indicates a separation, a broad continent divides; the next, the penance of devotion, the pain of penance, the piety in which one attempts to be reconciled to the inevitable. The simile of;

"The long, bright lance of the Sun,

"Reaching away from the Sunset,

"Touches my hair and eyes,

"And the lips you kissed, when you told me."

Has a serenity of beauty which gives me exquisite pleasure. There are distances, wider than continents. There are separations which are not of distances at all. They may not be measured by any unit of extension and the wide sweep of their far reaching breadths, grows immeasurably by the intensity of the longings to cross them. There are distances not of space, separations which can be tried by no measurements, and they are those which necessarily evoke in our lives and hearts, the strongest, bereavement of separation.

As ever, truly yours,

Wm. H. Mills.



Fragment.

In the days that have flown,
We have drifted apart,
And my voice o'er the waves
Cannot reach to your heart,
Unbroken the silence that came with the years,
And the spell undissolved by the magic of tears.





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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

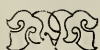
Our Battleships.

IT WOULD be well if every child in California could see our Battleships. All sentiment is strong in youthful hearts. We need the patriotism that the Fleet inspires, with the conviction that we belong to a country both great and good, under a government whose principles will outlive all conditions of ignorance and wrong, because they were born of unselfishness and justice, and baptized by the blood and tears of our ablest and our best, who from age to age, have consecrated themselves to the cause of human liberty.

In the "Kelseyville Sun" of April 28, appeared the most complete article ever published on Lake county. We all take pleasure in reproducing it, in a special number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, devoted to the interests of that county, which is to appear during the summer. The Kelseyville Sun is most ably conducted and edited, and should be found in every home in the county whose interests it represents so well.



We call the attention of our readers to the poem "From the Top of Cheops," by our new contributor "The Philosopher." A collection of poems and prose articles from the same gifted pen, will soon be issued in book form from the office of the Northern Crown Publishing Company. Its merit, will no doubt insure a rapid sale.



A review of the poems of Martha L. Hoffman, will appear in our next number, as time and space forbid in this. It is our desire to present the picture of the author, with a brief personal tribute to her life and character.



C. H. Heap has purchased the standing timber on a half section of land on the north fork of Daugherty creek, south of Orr's springs and will erect a sawmill there in the near future. There is said to be ten million feet of timber on the tract. Mr. Heap will also do considerable business in the split lumber line, such as stakes, posts, hop poles and grape stakes.—Advt.



WATERTOWN, NEB., April 11, 1908.

Mrs. A. M. Reed,
Ukiah, Cal.

Dear Madam.

THE NORTHERN CROWN is a magazine that I enjoy reading and I don't want to miss a single number. I herewith inclose \$1.00 and anytime I owe again please let me know. With best wishes for a complete success of the NORTHERN CROWN, I am,

Respectfully,

A. L. Fitch.

Petalumans Consummate Big Financial Deal.

A financial deal of considerable moment to the business interests of Petaluma—and Sonoma county has just been announced. It involves a combination of the strong intellect and large capital that have done so much in years past for the upbuilding and solid prosperity of Petaluma—forces that have been a potent factor in making this city famed far and wide as one of the important commercial centers of the State. The names of "Fairbanks" and "McNear" are familiar to every business man throughout the length and breadth of California, and it is the gentlemen who bear these names who have consummated this deal.

George P. McNear has purchased from H. T. and D. B. Fairbanks stock in the Petaluma Savings Bank. Mr. H. T. Fairbanks has been president of this bank for over thirty-six years, and on account of his age, desires to retire from the active management of the institution. Mr. D. B. Fairbanks has been connected with the bank as cashier and director for over thirty years. He owns nearly all of the stock of the Golden Eagle Milling Company, and desires to give that business his undivided attention. Mr. H. T. Fairbanks will continue as Director and President, and will be assisted in the management of the bank by Mr. McNear, who will be elected Vice President at the next meeting of the board. There will be no other immediate

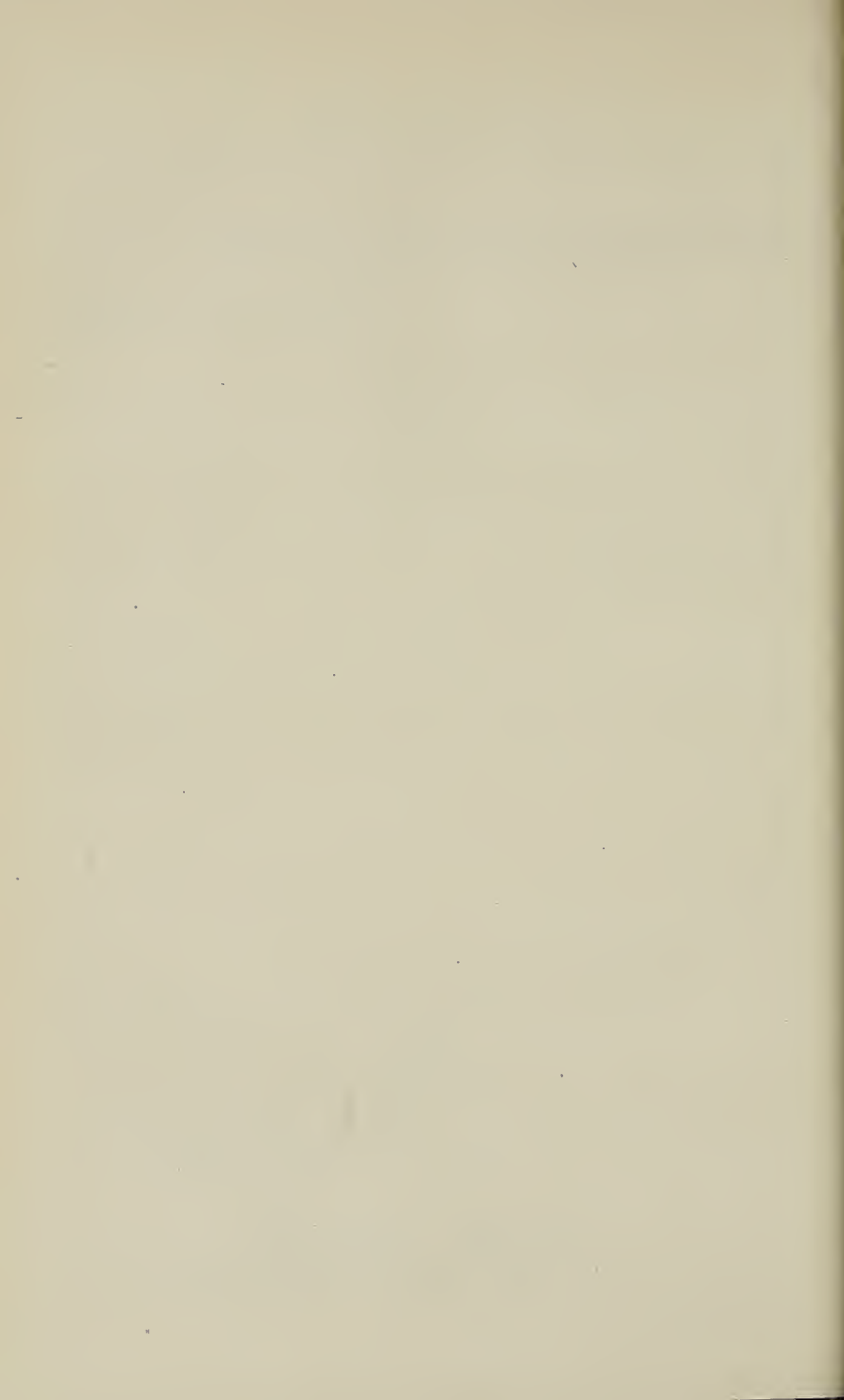
change in the officers or management. The price and number of shares have as yet not been announced, but the consideration is understood to amount to about \$65,000. The capital of the bank is \$100,000 and the surplus and undivided profits is \$87,000. Mr. McNear has made the purchase on his own account, as an investment, and the Bank of Sonoma County is in no way interested in the transaction.

While Mr. H. T. Fairbanks has been manager of the Petaluma Savings Bank it has paid \$389,250 in dividends and in addition it has acquired its surplus of \$87,600, making a total of \$476,850. This is a splendid record. There never has been the shadow of legitimate complaint against the bank, which has never failed to pay the gold coin to everyone it owed on demand. The original shareholders only paid \$80 per share for their stock and the bank under the conservative direction of Mr. H. T. Fairbanks has grown to its present large proportions and enviable position.

It is expected that the bank will not only continue to maintain the high standing it has achieved, but that it will surpass its previous record with the able assistance of such a financier as Mr. George P. McNear in the Vice Presidency and directorate. The new management has the confidence and best wishes of the commercial interests of this city and county.—Exchange.



MARCUS L. GIBSON hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of supervisor of the 2d district subject to the decision of the democratic primaries.



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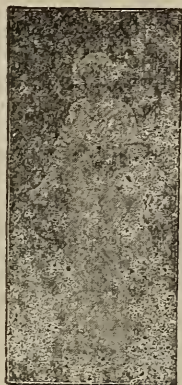
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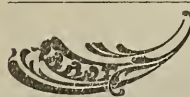

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CAPITAL \$150,000. SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFIT
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Ladies Fancy Waists, and Ready Made Wear, a Specialty

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Insurance that insures. Special attention to collecting rent and otherwise securing the interest of non-residence property owners. 114 School street, Ukiah, Mendocino County, Cal.

The Electric Dyeing Works

All Work Called for and Delivered. Hats Cleaned, Stiffened and Blocked. Dry Cleaning Neatly Done.

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West of P. O., Ukiah, Cal.

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Commercial Art Co. Cor. West Mission and Brady Sts. Phone Special 1514.

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Caspar Lumber Co., manufacturers of Redwood Lumber, Sawed Poles, Split Ties—Main office Kohl Building, (formerly 210 Hayward Building,) San Francisco, Cal. Telephone, Bush 106; Business Exchange 48. Mills at Caspar, Mendocino County, Cal.

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LAKEPORT,

CALIFORNIA.

SANTA ROSA NO., July, 1908.

The NORTHERN CROWN



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June, 1908.

ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
ISSUED MONTHLY AT THE
PRINTING OFFICE OF
THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING CO.
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
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Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land — Tiburon to
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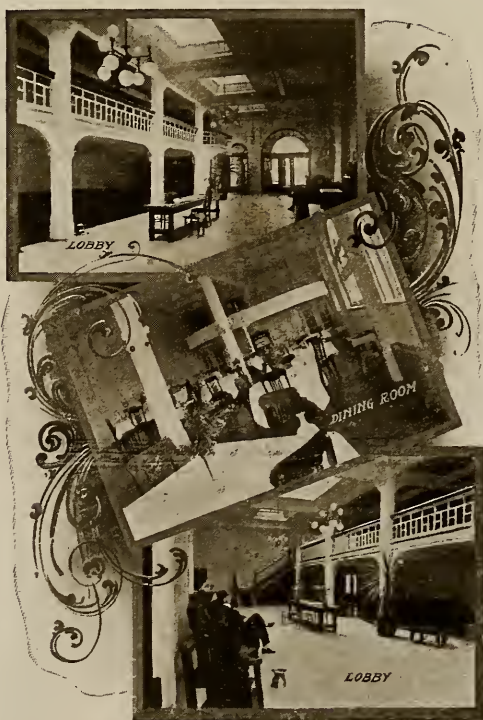
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San Francisco.

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CLARENCE F. LEA, District Attorney
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J. K. SMITH, Sheriff of Sonoma County.



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Store of Riddle, Bacigalupi & Co., Santa Rosa.



The Sonoma County Fruit and Produce Co.'s Store.



Western Hotel, Santa Rosa



Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce. from left to right they are:

Edward H. Brown, Secretary; Dr. D. H. Leppo; C. O. Dunbar; A. Trembley, 2d Vice President; C. A. Wright, Treasurer; James H. Gray, President and Mayor of Santa Rosa; F. A. Brush, 1st Vice President; Dr. S. S. Bogter; H. A. Hoyt; Rev. P. Colvin; A. B. Lemmon.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

UKIAH, CAL., JUNE & JULY, 1908.

NO. 2.



(We acknowledge the courtesy of the Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce for cuts and statistics furnished THE NORTHERN CROWN, for this issue. Editress.)

By Anna M. Reed

SANTA ROSA the largest city in California north of the Bay of San Francisco, the first city in the United States to furnish water free to its inhabitants, was named for the Saint on whose day the first baptism was performed there.

The late Robert A. Thompson, scholar and gentleman, and honored citizen, years ago has told the story, and no better, or more able authority could be given.

"It is recorded of Juan Amoroso, that he was one of those missionaries who dared everything in behalf of the cross; earnest, faithful and bold, he preached the story of the master without fear.

He was a true disciple of the church militant on earth, and believed in teaching the heathen the practices of christianity, and as far as possible, the arts of civilization, by force if they did not adopt them by persuasion.

His zeal led him in 1824, to accept the difficult, not to say dangerous, task of founding the mission of San Rafael.

He successfully accomplished that task. Five years after, in 1829, he made an excursion northward in company with one Jose Cantua, hoping, doubtless, to find some stray heathen who by his zeal might be brought into the fold of the faithful.

He came to the territory of the Cainemeros tribe of Indians, who resided on the river Chocoalomi, the Indian name of what is now Santa Rosa Creek.

At the rocky point opposite the "old adobe," a mile and a-half from the present town, he captured an Indian girl, baptized her with water from the stream, and gave her the name of Santa Rosa, from the fact that, on that very day, the church was celebrating the feast of Santa Rosa de Lima."

From this pious act, linked with the romance of that early time came the appropriate name of a charming city, and in our fancy when we hear its euphonious syllables, we see the sweet, dark face of the Indian girl, who it is said was very beautiful, crowned with the roses of a later time, while her dark eyes filled with wonder, and fear, of the unfamiliar ceremony, question the meaning of the sacramental oil that had touched them in a strange benediction.

History records, that the tribe to which the little maiden belonged, thinking that some evil charm had been worked upon her, sent its warriors in pursuit of the missionary and his christian band, who fled to San Rafael and found safety in the mission.

Since that far day, many workers in christian faith have found a field of effort in Santa Rosa, and now the following churches have places of worship well supported, within its limits:

Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, German Lutheran, German Methodist, Southern Methodist, Christian, Unitarian, Swedish Lutheran and Baptist, Adventist, Holiness, Salvation Army, Chinese Mission, Free Methodist denomination, and Gospel Mission.

Santa Rosa has six grammar schools, with thirty-one teachers, and a High School with nine.

Accredited graduates of the High School are admitted to the State University and Stanford University, without examination.

There are seven well equipped school buildings. No city of Northern California can equal its public schoolastic advantages.

Two Business colleges are largely attended, drawing patronage from all parts of the state.

The Ursuline Convent affords a school for girls, conducted by the refined and cultured sisters of that order, where the higher accomplishments of education are imparted by most competent teachers, as well as the grace, modesty and dignity, found only in such homes of learning.

The mean temperature of Santa Rosa is 52 degrees in January and 67 degrees in August.

The average rain-fall 30 inches. No irrigation is necessary. There is no malaria. It has railway communication in four directions.

Safe, cheap and rapid transportation is the factor of progress, in all parts of the world today. And in this regard Santa Rosa is unexcelled. It is the distributing center for traffic and travel, for a large outlying country, rich in resources, many of them as yet undeveloped. For this reason, its future is one of assured prosperity.

Its location, climate and surroundings coupled with the indomitable pluck and energy of its people, shown in an almost miraculous recovery from disaster, make Santa Rosa the admiration of the state.

Santa Rosa has many fraternal orders, several of which have palatial housement, in lodge rooms, where taste combined with means furnish surroundings that are fit environment for the most exalted principles.

Especially is this true of the Masons and the Elks, while many other societies, too numerous to mention hold regular meetings in pleasant and even luxurious quarters. Surely, where there is so much that is fraternal, must there be peace and good will among men, for it is a good and pleasant thing, for men to dwell together in unity.

This they must surely do, in this fair city, where it is not possible, there is unkindness, or lack of charity.

A public library of 14,000 volumes, forms a treasure of knowledge for those studiously inclined, or seeking forgetfulness from care, which only an entertaining book can give, or if one seeks more active diversion, there are miles of cement sidewalk, where one may loiter along by lovely homes, with walls and fences festooned by vines and flowering plants, with roses ---roses everywhere, which may be excusably coveted, and once in a while surreptitiously appropriated, from the many that so sweet and alluring, sway within reach of touch and vision.

Electrical lighting makes many parts of the city as beautiful by night, as by day, and so perchance an evening ramble, through ways rose-hedged and rose-fragrant may bring rose colored dreams, to many favored ones.

Beautiful as is the city of Santa Rosa, favored in location, climate and resources, its people are its most valuable possession.

Its representative men and women live its greatest wealth. Its public officials are able and honorable. Its financiers just and human, notably the honorable pioneers, J. S. Taylor and Manville Doyle. John S. Taylor, president of the Santa Rosa Bank, is the only one of its founders now living. For fifty years he has been identified with the interests of Santa Rosa valley, no man in Sanoma county is better or more favorably known than John S. Taylor, and he is as kind as he is successful.

Manville Doyle president of the Exchange Bank, is another of the early successful pioneers.

A fearless spirit of adventure has dominated his life, and when things have gone too slowly, he has always taken the short cut to success.

When half way across the plains in 1850, travel by ox team seemed too tedious, so with saddle horse and pack mule, he left the train taking the Sublette cut off, and travelling alone, arrived safely in Sacramento. Impatient of delay, yet with steady persistence, through all the difficulties of a busy life, he has always reached the point he has aimed for.

He too, has kept his human sympathy for those who toil, and for heavy laden, and has shown kindness in many ways, to those less fortunate.

Among a younger generation, in banking circles, we find Frank A. Brush of the Santa Rosa National Bank, and John P. Overton of the Savings Bank of Santa Rosa.

Frank A. Brush is genial and capable, and marked for success. The kind of man who does not look upon those poorer than himself as criminals, as do many, who handle much money, until the heart is as metallic as their coin. A kind word and a smile, cost nothing, but they sometimes bear an interest incalculable in value, in the final summing up.

John P. Overton is able and alert, and many a public spirited action, has made him a valued and respected citizen, of the city and county where his interests are centered.

With such men to take up the work, well begun by older heads and hands, the financial fate of Santa Rosa seems secure.

SANTA ROSA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Chamber of Commerce is composed of representative men, it was organized about two years ago.

Prior to that time, there had been an organized Board of Trade, but following the fire, under new conditions, the Chamber of Commerce sprang into life, and is maintained by popular subscription. They have laid a splendid foundation for good work, particularly in street improvement. Their street commission claim they will have every street in Santa Rosa with a cement sidewalk before the expiration of their term of office.

Before the end of this year they will have at their headquarters a complete exhibit of the products of Sonoma county. They are at present having fruit and vegetables processed for display in large jars.

Mr. James H. Gray the President is mayor of Santa Rosa.

The choice of two political parties, his enterprise and indomitable pluck and energy in the upbuilding of the city, fused the vote, that made him the popular choice for the position, that existing circumstances and conditions, have made a very important one for Santa Rosa.

His executive board is composed of the very best material. Frank A. Brush, first vice president, A. Trembley second vice president, C. A. Wright treasurer, C. O. Dunbar, Dr. D. H. Leppo, Harry A. Hoyt, Rev., Pe'er Colvin, Allen B. Lemmon, Edward H. Brown, secretary of the Board, and S. S. Bogle, all represent the very best element of business and social life in Santa Rosa.

They are unselfish and untiring in their devotion to her best interests, and their efforts, directed as they are by intelligence, and a knowledge of the needs and requirements of the hour, mark them as the strongest factor in, the present progress of Santa Rosa.

LUTHER BURBANK.

Luther Burbank is the world's greatest plant scientist, and he is one of Santa Rosa's invaluable possessions.

He has wedded the lilies of the field, civilized the cactus, that rude barbarian of the desert, and called into being a myriad fruits and flowers, until the world is bright, and blest with the progeny of his skill.

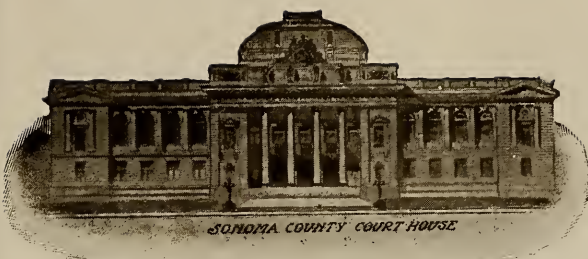
That the soil and climate of Santa Rosa and vicinity are his choice for favorable experiment, is enough. No argument is necessary to assure the world of their adaptability for horticultural and agricultural purposes.

The achievements of Luther Burbank are among the greatest of the age, and we are glad to remember that he is yet in the prime of life, and the fullness of his powers, and that there is yet time, and strength for more wonderful achievement.

HOTEL OVERTON.

There is nothing that impresses a visitor to any part of the world, so favorably as an "up-to-date" hotel.

It is a necessary factor in the upbuilding of a modern city. The Hotel Overton meets every demand. Richly furnished, commodious, and



SONOMA COUNTY COURT HOUSE



RESIDENCE OF LUTHER BURBANK



CITY OF SANTA ROSA, PIERCE, FURBER & CO.



EXCHANGE BANK

FARM SCENE
NEAR SANTA
ROSA







absolutely fire proof. It is beautiful throughout, but the dining room with its oaken floor, and five great windows of colored glass, in Fleur-de-lis design, where a subdued and restful light adds to the delight of an excellent table particularly impresses the guests at this popular stopping place, where Mr. T. P. Preston the attentive host, and his charming wife add the last but not least, inducement to seek the pleasure of a comfortable stay within its hospitable shelter.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

The Occidental Hotel, is a magnificent reinforced concrete building, thoroughly fire proof, no wood, except door and window frames being used in its construction. It is modern in all its appointments. There are 100 rooms on the upper floor, everyone with outside light and air. Each room equipped with heating radiator, hot and cold water, closets, gas and electric lights, and telephone. On the ground floor is the large dining-room, ladies parlor, office and lobby, all well lighted and ventilated and filled with every appointment of comfort and luxury.

A billiard parlor and barber shop add to the convenience of the guests, as well as the stores, twelve in number, where clothing, ladies wear, boots and shoes and drugs may all be procured under the same roof.

The Occidental was re-built after the fire at Santa Rosa and re-opened December 30, 1907, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, by Bane brothers, who are pioneer hotel men of Santa Rosa, and among the best known caterers of Northern California. It is a popular resort and headquarters for tourists and travelling men and automobile parties, where excellent and delicious lunches are discussed by those who seek pleasure and diversion through summer days of travel and delight.

Bane brothers should be proud of their well established reputation, as hotel men, and the beautiful and hospitable environments in which they receive their guests.

THE SANTA ROSA REPUBLICAN.

The Santa Rosa Republican (semi-weekly edition) was established thirty-two years ago. The daily was begun twenty-four years ago.

This paper is the only one between San Francisco and Eureka having a telegraph service. All its telegraphic news comes over the Western Union wires direct. It is the only Sonoma county paper which has ever taken a legitimate telegraphic news service.

The paper has always been staunch Republican, and has the largest circulation of any paper published in Sonoma county.

The paper is owned and published by Allen B. Lemmon and J. Elmer Mobley, and is the only paper in the county which occupies its own building, especially constructed for its requirements. Mr. Lemmon constructed a two-story reinforced concrete building on Fifth street after the earthquake as a permanent home for the Republican.

The office has the latest equipment in all lines for the expeditious handling of its news service, its daily and semi-weekly editions, and all kinds of job work. It has a large warehouse in the rear of the building where car loads of paper are stored.

The paper has the largest and fastest newspaper press north of San Francisco, the largest and most complete office of its kind between San Francisco and Eureka.

Mr. Lemmon has been editor of the paper for 20 years last February. He has always been identified with public spirited, and progressive work, and is a mental power in the land.

THE SANTA ROSA PRESS DEMOCRAT.

The Press Democrat, the only morning newspaper published in Sonoma county or anywhere in its section of the state, was established in 1857. Through its long and eventful career it has always enjoyed a large

patronage and an enviable reputation. The paper is Democratic in politics, as its name indicates, and in addition to the morning edition a semi-weekly is also issued. For many years the paper was conducted by the late Thos. L. Thompson. Some twelve or fifteen years ago it was purchased by its present proprietors, Ernest L. Finley and Charles O. Dunbar. The former acts as editor and the latter as business manager. The Press Democrat is noted among other things as possessing one of the largest and best-equipped printing plants in the state, and in addition to its big job business operates a complete modern ruling plant and bindery, giving employment to a large number of people.

Chas. O. Dunbar of the Santa Rosa Press Democrat, is a typical Native son, born at Glen Ellen in sunny Sonoma. As representative of the Fourteenth District he secured an appropriation of \$50,000.00 for the improvement of the Home for the Feeble Minded at Glen Ellen.

And in recognition of his excellent judgment was appointed one, of a special committee of three, on state prisons, by the speaker of the house to review and reform the prison systems of the state.

He also secured the passage of the Free Market Law. He is a member of many orders, the Elks, Native Sons, and numerous other organizations.

He is eminently human and companionable, a practical newspaper man, realizing fully the power of that great lever of public opinion, the press. The Santa Rosa Press Democrat is most ably edited by Mr. Finley.

EMMET SEAWELL.

Department one, of the Superior Court of Sonoma County is presided over by Judge Emmet Seawell. A native Californian, and a graduate of Pacific Methodist College. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, and elected District Attorney of Sonoma County in 1892. He succeeded S. K. Dougherty as Superior Judge, and has shown himself an able jurist in the trying position of arbiter of men's lives and fortunes. Judge Seawell has the gracious bearing of the old school of gentle courtesy, now fast yielding its charm to the abrupt mannerisms of a commercial age.

He is a graceful and eloquent speaker, and his discourse is always a delight to those fortunate enough to hear him.

THOS. C. DENNY.

Thos. C. Denny presides over Department Two of the Superior Court of Sonoma. As a jurist he has, as yet, but little history, having been appointed by Governor Pardee, to fill the place left vacant by Judge Burnett. But judging by his ability and standing while practising law in Petaluma, one accords him a high place in the world of law and letters.

He is a graduate of the State University, and was born at Callahan's Ranch, Siskiyou County, that wild and beautiful region that has contributed much to the material and mental wealth of California.

Years ago, when the overland stage ran over Scott's mountain. Callahan's Ranch, the home of Thos. C. Denny Sr., was a haven of rest and refuge to the tired traveller, being one of Northern California's most popular stopping places.

The writer recalls more than one trip over the mountain in the moonlight in the gray of dawn, in the alternating shadow and shine of the winding grades, where giant pines sentinelled the highway.

Then the descent into the valley, and the stop at Callahan's.

The romance and the memories of that earlier day, twine about the thought of Callahan's. From the journal of the writer, then only a school girl, we quote these words:

"On Wednesday the 10th of August 1870, went to a family picnic with the Denny's. Shall never forget it." And we have not forgotten. The parents of the present Judge were hosts that day—that summer day of

long ago, and held hospitable reception to their friends in a beautiful spot near South Fork.

Old timers will remember the cold spring up Fox Creek.

By entry in our journal we find that on the 11th of August, we were horse back riding up Fox Creek in search of the spring, later taking dinner at the hospitable home of Mrs. French, at South Fork.

Such things sets one dreaming. We see through the mist of years the faces of the then time friends—gallant Jimmie McConaghy, Mrs. Denny gentle and refined, and that of her husband, in the morning of his youth and strength, so soon to fade from the vision of those who loved him, to be only a memory.

We look back to all this, thinking it was a privilege to know such people, to be entertained by them, and those who are living, will we hope, remember the little maiden who used to occupy the room, known as "the Priest's room," as she flitted on her journeyings to and fro, in Siskiyou.

HON. H. W. A. WESKE.

The Hon., H. W. A. Weske of Santa Rosa, represents the people as assemblyman from the Fourteenth District, and is a candidate for reelection. He has resided at, or near Santa Rosa since 1888. While in the assembly he has served as Chairman of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments of 37th session, was Member of Committee on Ways and Means, State Hospitals and Asylums, Revision and Reform of Laws, Federal Relations, Fruit and Vine Interests, and Public Morals. Consistently advocated an economical expenditure of public funds, strongly opposing the employment of unnecessary attaches and other unwarrantable expenditures. As member of Committee on Ways and Means and State Hospitals and Asylums secured appropriations aggregating \$100,000 for Feeble-Minded Home at Glen Ellen, \$95,000 of which was for erection of additional buildings to enable Home to receive the numerous unfortunates who could not be accommodated and cared for because of want of room—the number committed to Home and upon waiting list because of overcrowded condition of Home for many years past never being less than 100, and usually exceeding that number considerably. Remaining \$5000 appropriated for dairy buildings and their equipment. When Bill of Senator Willis licensing hunters, which has since proved a source of considerable revenue to the state besides making state board of Fish Commissioners self-sustaining, was defeated in the Assembly, after passing the Senate, Mr. Weske secured its reconsideration on the following day, and the measure was passed.

Also he secured the passage through both houses of the Legislature of a bill appropriating \$4000 for preservation, maintenance, protection and improvement of the old Mission at Sonoma, Fort Ross; landing place of Junipero Serra at Monterey; and the old theater property at Monterey.

Mr. Weske is a lawyer of ability, having been admitted to the bar in 1893, and served as Deputy District Attorney from 1899 to 1905.

Every act of his official life has been in the interests of the people, and he has loyally and ably represented his constituents.

CLARENCE F. LEA.

We have never met a public official, with whose ability, fairness and fitness for his position, we have been so impressed, as by Clarence F. Lea. We quote the following tribute from the "Santa Rosa Herald."

"Clarence F. Lea, first saw the light of day in the County that skirts our northeastern border, on a farm near the town of Lakeport, at which place he received his early education and training that fitted him for his college course at Stanford, and later for the Law School at Denver, Colorado, from which institution he received his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1898.

The road from the little country home near Lakeport to the law school at Denver was a lengthy journey, and particularly so for this country boy who had no fortune but his talents, and whose tuition through the University and Law School, had to be met by the revenue derived from the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow, during his summer vacations.

On being admitted to the bar of this State eight years ago. Sonoma County became his residence by adoption, and the County seat of Imperial Sonoma, the location of his office.

When we recall the many obstacles that stood in the way of this young man's ambition, and the energy he displayed singly and alone to surmount them, we are not surprised that his professional career began so auspiciously.

On moving to Santa Rosa he found the profession of the law so crowded that others of less determination would have given up the idea of locating here, and would have directed their foot-steps towards greener fields and pastures new—not so, however, with the subject of this sketch. This formidable competition but sharpened his energy, and with renewed application, and that tenacity of purpose that marked his boyhood, he forged ahead—competition fled from him, and he took his place among the leaders of the Sonoma County bar.

Not a member of the bar of Sonoma County can be found better qualified to fill the office of District Attorney, particularly at this time, than Clarence F. Lea. He is not the choice of any machine, and can hardly be classed as the nominee of any party. His name was presented to the voters of Sonoma County by the democratic delegates upon the demand of the people.

Young, energetic, and able, the future holds much promise for Clarence F. Lea, and others, aspiring to places of public trust may well profit, by the example of his clean life, tireless industry and praiseworthy ambition.

J. K. SMITH.

Sonoma's affable Sheriff J. K. Smith, had no opponent in the political campaign for the office he fills so well.

Data to be furnished the writer failed to materialize, so as it is said, that the good and happy have no history, let it seem so with him. Many remember him in the old railroading days, before he became conductor to justice, for the criminal class, and the offender may now depend on a quick trip in his custody and a ticket to the "State Depot," if he deserves it.

A real son of sunny Sonoma, his gracious ways temper the dread of his office, and its requirements, and if we had to be arrested, we would choose as the instrument of the law, brave alert, cool and smiling Jack Smith, sheriff of Sonoma.

WALTER C. LINDSAY.

The capable Under Sheriff, Walter C. Lindsay is a son of the late J. J. Lindsay a pioneer who settled in Sonoma County, in 1849.

He was born at Windsor. Is a graduate of the Grammar School, and Heald's business college. He was for a time engaged in merchandising at Windsor.

He was appointed Post Master there, in April 1902, resigning Jan., 1907, to accept the responsible position of Under Sheriff.

Mr. Lindsay made the campaign of 1896, for the office of Auditor, being defeated by a very small majority.

In the expert report of the Grand Jury of 1907, he was given special mention for correctness and neatness in his work.



PETRIFIED TREE



**A GROUP OF
SANTA ROSA
BUSINESS
HOUSES**





HOP FIELD





STREET IN SANTA ROSA





WINERY



FRANK E. DOWD.

Assessor of Sonoma County, was born near Petaluma, and educated in the public schools, and Heald's Business College. He is at present exalted Ruler of S. R. Lodge No. 646, B. P. O. E. and Past President of S. R. Parlor N. S. G. W.

Tireless and capable in his official capacity, and public spirited and generous in his social relations, he is one of Santa Rosa's representative public men, and fulfills the duties of a trying position, with satisfaction to all concerned.

F. M. COLLINS.

F. M. Collins tax collector of Sonoma County, was away on his vacation, when we called for facts for this personal mention. But his name is so well known over the length and breadth of Sonoma, that it needs no word here to add to his good repute, as an officer and a citizen.

The tax payers and voters of Sonoma have been happy in their choice of county officials, and can be only prosperous while such men hold the places of civic government.

Mrs. FRANCES McG. MARTIN.

One of the most gifted members of the bar of Santa Rosa is Mrs. Frances McG. Martin.

Her suite of offices is in the Burnett-Barnet Building Fourth street. Mrs. Martin is a graduate of the Minnesota State Normal School, and for some time after coming to California she took up successfully the profession of teaching. For two terms she was Superintendent of schools in Sonoma County, and in that position earned an enviable record being acknowledged as one of the most advanced educators of the state. After retiring from the office of Superintendent of Schools, she commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar. She has steadily built up a good practice, enjoys the implicit confidence of the public, and is attaining eminence in the legal profession.

Her intellectual ability has not lessened her womanly qualities. She has been wife and mother, and her wide experience, through the duties and emotions of human life, has eminently fitted her for the position she occupies. She is a living example of the truth, that merit and intellect should not be hampered by sex. Her cool judgment, and keen intuition, make her a valued counsellor at law, and her common sense is only equalled by her broad sympathy for humanity.

Frances McG. Martin is an example of what woman may attain.

In the face of the prejudices of the ignorant and unjust, who would circumscribe the sphere of woman's destiny, she has shown herself mistress of the complex situations on the domestic plane, and yet by ambition, industry and a clear brain, reached the heights of man's supposed intellectual superiority.

LEE BROTHERS & COMPANY.

Thirty odd years ago, Mr. W. H. Lee commenced a small ten-cent delivery business, in which he continued for two years, when his brother C. E. Lee became a partner. Eleven years later Mr. F. M. Cooper became a member of the firm, and as shown by illustration in this number of the NORTHERN CROWN they have always been fully equipped to meet any emergency in handling freight, baggage or fruit. Numerous express wagons, trucks and drays have always been in use by them, and at present they own the largest Furniture Van north of San Francisco.

They have furnished wagons for Wells Fargo & Co., for more than twenty years, and also handled mail contracts for the city.

Lee Brothers & Company, have shown how a gigantic business may grow from a small beginning, and that industry, honesty and strict attention to business are the things which bring success. Courteous, attentive,

and faithful to every trust imposed in them, they stand among the first as representative business men of Santa Rosa.

DeWITT MONTGOMERY.

Superintendent of Public schools of Sonoma, is of eastern birth, but a graduate of Stanford with the degree of A. M.

Material for a longer mention is not forthcoming, but we can say from personal knowledge, that Sonoma has not had a more efficient or popular superintendent of schools. His impartial discharge of the important duties of his office commends him to all concerned, as well as his unfailing courtesy and consideration, so grateful to those brought in contact with public officials.

The building up of Santa Rosa, after a disaster so great as that of April 18th 1906, tells the story of her people's faith and enterprise.

Several articles were promised that no doubt would have better told what is set forth here, but these failing us we have done our best. Later articles and delayed cuts will appear in our next number, as we have much yet to do and say in the interests of Sonoma county, descriptive and historical, for great was the romance of its early settlement and vital the happenings of that time, and bright with promise of yet better things, is the future of Santa Rosa.

Santa Rosa.

APRIL 18th, 1906.

By A Santa Rosan

Shaken, twisted and rent,
By Nature's resistless hand,
Nerveless, supine and spent,
Santa Rosa, pride of our land.

Swept by consuming fire,
Anguished at sight of her dead,
Dazed by horror most dire,
Darkness hangs over her head.

Mourners gazing through tears,
Saw naught their grief to assuage,
Foretold long and desolate years,
Closed by a want-stricken age.



APRIL 18th., 1907

Rising anew from her dust,
Filled with new courage and life,
Inspired by God-given trust,

Free from all envy and strife,
With her colors, of roses, unfurled;
Without any effort to flaunt,
Santa Rosa has proved to the world,
That nothing her progress can daunt.

Stately buildings arise,
Not by magic, oh no!
By the faith of the wise,
They are able to grow;
A strong pull together,
The secret discloses*
Why the brightest of weather,
Cheers our "City of Roses".



MAY 16th., 1908

ROSE CARNIVAL DAY.

Merry throngs and happy, today are gathered here,
Streets and highways crowded with laughing joyous
hosts,
Who greet their floral queen with whole-souled cheer
on cheer,
And lay today, now and for aye, grief's haunting
sad-eyed ghosts.
Our stately dark-eyed queen, and beauteous smiling
maids,
With gorgeous floral state delight all raptured eyes;
Each somber, saddened thought from mem'ry's
tablet fades,
And joyous, soulful shouts to Heaven's portals rise.
Dear City of Roses, now fairer than ever,
May your future be filled with life's brightest and
best;
Misfortunes and trials from you can ne'er sever
That heartfelt devotion that swells in each breast;
May your sympathies ever be tender and true,
When suffering pleads for Christlike relief,
Ne'er forgetting the love freely lavished on you,
In your time of disaster and heartbreaking grief.



Facts from the Folder.

SANTA ROSA has all the advantages of which any up-to-date city can boast, and only brief mention is made of a few of our modern buildings, industries, etc., in this folder. Detailed information may be had upon application.

Delightful Climate

Mean temperature, 52 degrees in January, 67 degrees in August. Average annual rainfall, 30 inches. No irrigation. Absolutely no malaria, ague or intermittant fever.

A Progressive City

Santa Rosa is a modern, progressive city of 12,000, located fifty miles north of San Francisco. A city of homes and industries, new up-to-date hotels, business houses and lodges. We have twenty-one fraternal organizations, eighteen churches, six grammar schools, accredited high school, two business colleges, free Public Library, two daily papers and five banks. In factories we have: Woolen mill, flour mill, foundries, shoe factory, tanneries, canneries, wineries, and fruit packing houses, etc. Free water—plant owned by the municipality.

The City of Roses

Is the name popularly applied to Santa Rosa, the county seat of Sonoma County, which has the richest of soil

and leads the state in production of hops, wine, berries, poultry, peaches, prunes, walnuts and vegetables.

Santa Rosa is a clean prosperous, progressive city. It has broad, well-paved streets, concrete sidewalks, lined with ornamental trees. Beautiful flower gardens and green lawns surround its artistic and comfortable homes. It is a city of health, wealth and happiness. A city of beauty rightly named "The City of Roses."

Home of Luther Burbank

The world-wide known horticulturist and scientist here has propagated the "spineless cactus," the Shasta daisy, the plumcot, the white blackberry, the improved peach-plum, the stoneless prune, the pineapple quince, and many other equally wonderful creations.

Poultry Industries

Santa Rosa is second to none in the chicken industry. Many homes are supported by the hen. Many chicken ranches, ranging from two to forty acres, receive an income that cannot be duplicated in other lines in other parts of the country with more capital invested.

For further information address E. H. Brown, Secretary Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce.



Lou Dillon, 1:58 1-2

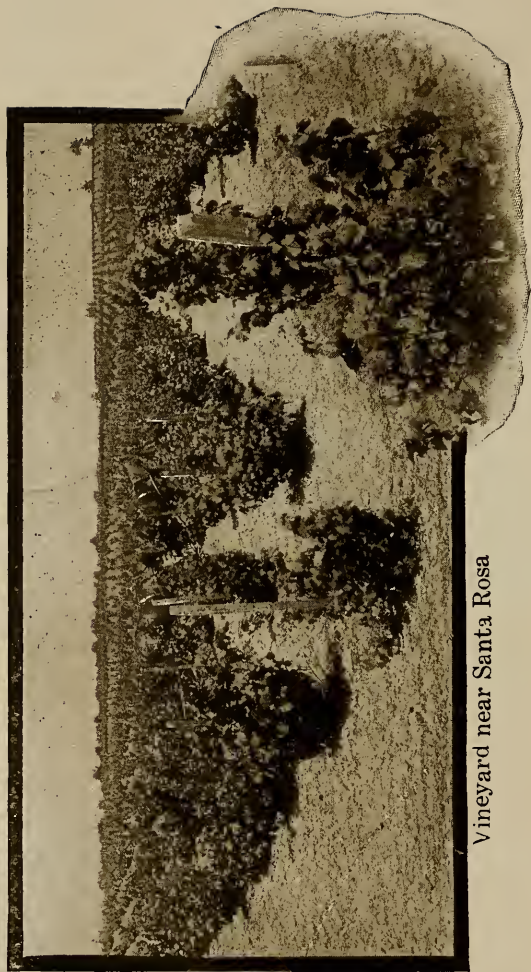


4th Street looking
out.

Carnegie Library

Baptist Church 30
years old, made from
one redwood tree.

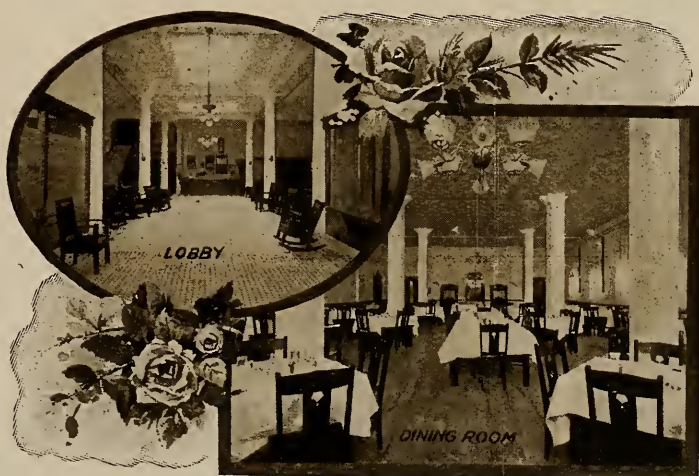




Vineyard near Santa Rosa



Occidental Hotel



BURBANK
SCHOOL
STREET SCENE
IN SANTA ROSA



ARMSTRONG
GROVE

MA M MOTH BLACK-
BERRIES NEAR
SANTA ROSA





Summerland.

By Anna M. Reed.

I see the fields of Summerland,
Flower-spangled through the fragrant
green,

I long to reach the fair expanse,
But something lies between—
Between my heart and Summerland,
Lost youth, and all my dreams of truth,
Between my heart and Summerland.

I see the fields of Summerland,
I hear the lark's clear song of love,
Where on the waves of perfume
comes,

The soft call of the dove—
But something lies between,
A grief untold, the grave's dark mold,
Between my heart and Summerland,
I see the fields of Summerland,
And you are there—O you are there,
Of all so beautiful, the best;
You beckon, but I do not dare,
To cross the things that lie between,
A cruel fate, has closed the gate
Between my heart and Summerland.

Regular Republican Nominee for Superior Judge of Mendocino county

T. L. CAROTHERS

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Superior Judge of Mendocino county.

J. Q. WHITE

Present Incumbent

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman from Mendocino county

F C HANDY

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

J L PRESTON

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor of the 2d. District.

C P SMITH

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor of the 2d. District.

J L McCRACKEN

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor of the 1st. District.

R H RAWLES

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor of the 1st. District.

D H LAWSON

Election Nov. 3, 1908.



"Then went Sampson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



THE HONEYCOMB

Santa Rosa, California, March 19, 1908.
To whom it may Concern:

Realizing that THE NORTHERN CROWN, a modern and up-to-date periodical, edited and managed with such marked energy and ability by Anna Morrison Reed, of Ukiah, is doing more to advertise the wonderful products, scenery and resources of Northern California, than any other publication, therefore, we the undersigned, agree to encourage the special number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, advertising Santa Rosa, by the following amounts set opposite our names.

John S. Taylor \$10.00, C. A. Wright & Co., \$10.00, Frank A. Brush \$20.00, St. Rose Drug Store \$10.00, Bane Brothers \$10.00, Hotel Overton \$10.00, James A. Brown

10.00, Mrs. Fannie Edgar \$10 00, McHarvey Millinery, \$10.00, Miss Gertrude F. Stanton \$10.00, Lee Bros , & Co., \$10.00, Geo. T. Trowbridge \$5.00, Exchange Bank \$5.00, Savings Bank of Santa Rosa \$5.00, Kinslow Bros., \$5.00, The Ladies arcade \$5.00, Riddle Bacigalupi \$5.00, Santa Rosa Planing Mill \$5.00, W. H. Upton \$5.00, Sonoma Co., Fruit and Produce Co., \$5.00, Keegan Bros., \$5.00, Western Hotel \$5.00, Hoyt Bros., \$5.00, Contributed \$25.00.

C. M. Colwell \$2.50, Louis Freidman \$2.50 W. C. Harlan \$2.50, Hall's Art Store \$2.50, La Rose Hotel \$2.50, S. H. Wilson \$2.50, John Hood \$2.50, Temple Smith \$2.50, C. F. Keller \$2.50, Mrs. G. W. Rogers \$2.50, Santa Rosa Hardware and Machine Co., \$2.50, Hodgson Henderson Co., \$2.50, Simpson & Roberts \$2.50, L. S. Morgan \$2.50.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, J. R. Leppo two and one half dollars, L. W. Juilliard ten dollars, H. W. A. Weske five dollars, Frances McG. Martin two and one half.

It is with pride and satisfaction that we present the above endorsement and the names of the generous and public spirited men and women who have made possible the appearance of this creditable number of the NORTHERN CROWN.

With a Match Box.

By Anna M. Reed.

I'll tell you sweetheart, why I am sending,
 A token that is not fine or rare,
 The love is "matchless" that all un-
 spoken,
 Follows and finds you, everywhere.
 And may the flame that it has kindled,
 Warm your heart through the chang-
 ing years,
 Till every sorrow for both has dwin-
 dled,
 To only a shadow of grief and tears.

June is the month I love the fondest,
 I love its roses and skies of blue,
 But most because it brings the longest
 Day in the year, to think of you.
 At twilight when your cares are end-
 ing
 And you light in the evening your last
 cigar
 May dreams of me with its smoke be
 blending
 Under the radiance of moon and star.
 June 1902.





EDITORIAL

A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

We wish to thank the Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, and others, for courtesies shown the NORTHERN CROWN, and for the interest and patronage that has made possible the appearance of this creditable issue.

It has been long delayed by circumstances beyond our control, and is not as complete as we would have wished, but anything omitted, or received too late for publication, will appear in our next number.



In his speech before the Republican convention at Willits, F. C. Handy showed himself the friend of good roads. This county certainly needs a representative that will make the public highways of this part of the world, a subject of thought and effort. The stand taken by Mr. Handy in this regard will, no doubt smooth his own way to the end of a successful campaign. Let "good roads for Mendocino" be the slogan of victory.

Two of the educational agents of the age, are the phonograph, and the moving picture. We consider the community behind the times, that does not support instruction and amusement so reasonable as they afford.

The Lyric Amusement Company are located at York & Clelands Hall, Ukiah, and their entertainment is well worth the price of admission. An outlay of ten cents, can be afforded by the flattest purse, where one can take a trip around the world, see the pathetic and ludicrous sides of human life, and in the contemplation remember their own perplexities no more.



We visited Point Arena a few weeks since, and were pleasantly surprised to find W. C. Davidson once more in the Hotel business. He and J. C. Hummel had just opened up The Hotel Point Arena and Annex.

W. C. Davidson is one of the most popular hosts of our coast country, and his wife is an ideal landlady. There is general rejoicing that the travelling public may once more enjoy their genial hospitality.



One of the latest additions to the business circles of Santa Rosa, is Miss Gertrude Stanton, competent milliner, and bright business woman.

Miss Stanton is young, energetic and capable, and it is a pleasure to meet her.

We feel sure that she will be as successful and popular as she deserves.

Compound interest at 10 per cent and its magic potency were illustrated yesterday in the United States Circuit Court, when Judge Morrow gave judgment for \$97,635 on a bill which originally had been \$6800.

The smaller amount represented a note given by Pressley A. Dorris to Nathaniel Beswick for his services as stock ranger in the Modoc lava beds in the later '60's and the earlier '70's. Nathaniel turned over the note to his brother, Richard Beswick, and was afterward killed by the Modoc Indians shortly after the murder of General

Canby. Richard tried to collect the note, but best that he could do was to secure renewals of the note to keep it alive. Pressley Dorris died, and on June 26, 1897, the value of the note, principal and interest, had swollen to \$55,635. Suit for collection had been pending in the United States Circuit Court for some time and judgment was obtained yesterday against Roland D. Dorris administrator of the Dorris estate, for \$97,635.

Readers may now understand how the Reed Ranch overdraft of \$3,850. grew to more than \$15,000.

The Juvenile

Exclusively a Little Folks Store

✿ Write to The Juvenile ✿
and Keep in Touch with the
✿ Fashion Center for Boys. ✿

The Juvenile devotes its entire store to high class, original garments for boys and young men and everything new and desirable in furnishing goods, hats, Etc. For children our catalogue is free for the asking and all correspondence, whether it be an inquiry or order, receives our prompt, careful and courteous attention.

✿ ✿ The new "JUVENILE" building will soon be ready. ✿ ✿
THE ONLY STORE of its KIND WEST of CHICAGO.

Juvenile "ROUGH WEAR" SUITS at five dollars are equal in quality to the average \$7.50 value and have more style. ✿ ✿

1137-39 Van Ness Ave., Near Post

San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Frances McG. Martin

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

517 A, 4th St., Burnett-Barnett Bldg.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

J. R. Leppo

Attorney-at-Law

Santa Rosa Bank Bldg.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

L. W. Juilliard

Attorney-at-Law

Dougherty-Shea Bldg.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

H. W. A. Weske

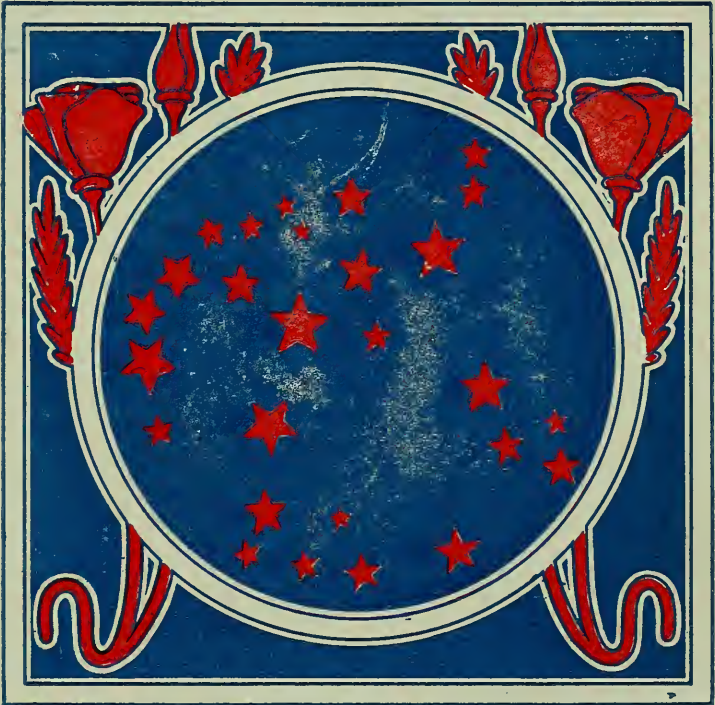
Attorney-at-Law

Exchange Bank Bldg.

Santa Rosa, Cal.



The NORTHERN CROWN



PER COPY, TEN CENTS.
PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR

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October, 1908.

ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
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PRINTING OFFICE OF
THE NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING CO.
UKIAH, CALIFORNIA.

Northwestern Pacific Railroad

The Picturesque Route of California.

An ever-changing Panorama of

Scenic Beauty

Across the Bay and Marsh—
Through the broad and fertile
lands of Sonoma Co.—Along
the beautiful Russian river and
far into the Coast Range moun-
tains—The Mecca of the Photo-
graphic Artist—A Sportsman's
Paradise and the Homeseeker's
Promised Land — Tiburon to
Sherwood : : : : :

Take Boat at Tiburon Ferry.

Main Office

James Flood Building
San Francisco.

W. S. Palmer, General Manager
J. J. Geary, General Pass. Agt.



Picking Oranges, Sonoma Valley.



St. Francis Church, Sonoma.



High School Building, Sonoma.



Grammar School Building, Sonoma.



The Fountain, Sonoma City, Erected by the
Sonoma Valley Woman's Club.



F. Clewe Building, Napa St., Sonoma, Cal.



The Old Cooper Bridge, Sonoma, Cal.



Methodist Church, Sonoma.



Congregational Church, Sonoma.



View of Sonoma City, Sonoma County, Cal.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

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HISTORIC SONOMA

BY ANNA M. REED.



Fac-simile of the famous "BEAR FLAG"
raised by a party of Americans in Sonoma,
California, in 1846.

THE most historic spot in California is the Plaza, in the heart of Sonoma. Upon these eight acres of ground gathered the fearless, adventurous men who composed the Bear Flag Party, and later, Fremont's Gallant Battalion, and things were said and done that placed California under the protection and jurisdiction of the only government able, in the natural order of things, to own and defend her.

The only survivor of the Bear Flag Party is Henry Beeson of Boonville, Mendocino county. Sixty-two years ago he helped to raise the famous Bear Flag, upon the pole that stands today at the northwest corner of the plaza and twice since his faithful hands, have again, unaided, per-

formed upon auspicious occasions, the same office. On September 9, 1903, when the original was for the last time flung to the breeze, and again on September 9, 1908, when a fac-simile was used, the old flag having been destroyed in San Francisco, with other historical relics of the pioneers in the great fire of April 18, 1906.

The only survivor, so far as known of Fremont's Battalion is James McChristian of Sebastopol, Sonoma county. We present pictures of both these worthy, brave and bright old pioneers, and feel that it has been a great privilege to meet and speak with those who form so important a link with the early days of California, so rich in romance and the deeds that make up history.

"From 1826 to 1845, the date of the conquest of California by the United States, there had been numerous civil revolutions in California, but Mexican authority was generally paramount. Of its conquest this is a brief account:

In July 1846, at the beginning of the Mexican war, an American naval force, under Commodore Sloat, took Monterey and San Francisco.

Sloat then dispatched a party to the Mission of St. John, who there found that the American flag had been raised by Fremont.

This officer, on his third exploring expedition, had arrived near Monterey in the preceding journey, some months prior to the commencement of the war.

Learning that Gen. DeCastro, the military commandant at that place intended to drive him from the country, he took a strong position in the mountains with his small party of 62 men, raised the American flag, and prepared for resistance.

DeCastro relinquished his design, but later prepared an expedition for Sonoma, to expel all the American settlers from the country.

Fremont, on learning this, took Sonoma on the 15th of June by surprise, captured Gen. Vallejo and other officers, 9 cannon, 250 muskets, and a quantity of military stores.

On the 4th of July, Fremont assembled the American settlers at Sonoma, and by his advice they raised the Revolutionary Flag (The Bear Flag), and prepared to fight for their independence.

A few days later they learned, through the operations

of Commodore Sloat, of the existence of war with Mexico, and the Star Spangled Banner was substituted for the standard of revolt."

The Native Sons of the Golden West.

We have in California today an order most patriotic; an order that has done more to save the landmarks, than any other organization, an order whose personified principle we recognized in the Hon. James D. Phelan as he stood in the plaza at Sonoma upon the occasion of the dedication of the imposing and beautiful structure, the new City Hall, and reviewed the history of our state, plead for the preservation of its sacred Landmarks, asked that its memorial shrines and places be made beautiful, and advocated the principles that will make our great commonwealth admired and honored by the world.

The Hon. James D. Phelan is our most patriotic Native Son. His time, his ability, his money have all been used unsparingly for the interest and advancement of California.

For eighteen months we had the honor to serve with him in an official capacity requiring patience, good judgment and energy of the first order. His executive ability and untiring diligence brought order out of chaos, and placed California in her proper position before the eyes of the world at the great Columbian Exhibition at Chicago.

His services there were among the things in this world that have value and not price. Such fidelity can not be bought, or paid for. It springs from the heart of patriotism and good citizenship.

If the people of California are alive to their interests they will yet honor Mr. Phelan by the highest office in their gift. Eminently fit and capable for its important duties, James D. Phelan would adorn and dignify the position. By his fidelity to the people and the love of his native state, he deserves to be governor of California.

HENRY BEESON.

Sole survivor of the Bear Flag Party, who raised the revolutionary standard, lives near Boonville Mendocino County. He is well preserved and handsome for his age, and his memory is perfect. Being asked the day of week, and month of 1846, when he helped at the historic flag raising, historians Hittell and Bancroft differing as to date.

the former giving June 12, the latter June 15, Mr. Beeson without hesitation very emphatically replies, "Sunday, June 14," and we believe this to be true.

JAMES McCHRISTIAN.

Survivor of Fremont's gallant battalion, is a well preserved and bright old pioneer. At the late celebration in Sonoma City he appeared with Henry Beeson and shared in the observance and honors of the occasion. His home is at Sebastopol, and he has been a resident of Sonoma since 1846. Crossing the plains in 1845, when eighteen years old, he was one of a party of twelve who stopped where is now Napa County, and put in a crop of wheat, old man Yount, for whom Yountville was named, furnishing the seed.

This primitive experiment in farming in California was a success, a forecast of the fields of waving grain and vine clad hills, that were to crown our state with its present prosperity.

GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO.

All the true values of the world are created by the people.

So far as the people of any place are intelligent, progressive, honest and kind, so far does there exist, true wealth, and the conditions that make life desirable.

So Sonoma in her earliest day was fortunate to possess the noble old pioneer and citizen, ablest of all the California leaders under Mexican rule, Gen. Vallejo. He was all that could be combined in the character of a patriotic, courteous, Christian gentleman.

He made his home beautiful and ever gathered about him, the brightest and the best, and first of the many historic associations of Sonoma, and last and best, in the minds and hearts, of thinking men, will live the treasure of his memory. His carriage of state was in the parade drawn by four white horses, led by his grandsons on Admission Day, and in spirit and thought he seemed to be present in his beloved Sonoma, and we realized how indeed, do the deeds of men live after them.

MRS. LULU V. EMPARAN.

Daughter of the grand old man, was the only woman honored by a number on the Program of the Dedicatory exercises, and a place on the platform among those who



The Famous Arbor, Agua Caliente Springs.

presided on that auspicious day.

Her song was beautiful and sweet, expressing her inherited love for the land of her nativity, and she herself, was the brightest, loveliest link between the present and the past that day.

CATHERINE POPPE.

Among the people who have built up the social and business stability of Sonoma, we naturally turn to Catherine Poppe. This grand old woman was born in Blieskastel Rhenish Bavaria, March 25, 1829. Came to California in 1853, with her husband the late J. A. Poppe, and located in Sonoma valley in the same year on a farm which she still owns, six miles below Sonoma City.

In 1864 they removed to Sonoma City and engaged in merchandising, which was carried on successfully for years. In December, 1879, her husband died, but she was equal to the added responsibility thrown upon her and has continued the business up to the present writing. Mr. and Mrs. Poppe have five children, all now living and numbered among our best citizens. Her boys have been identified with the substantial interests of Sonoma all their lives, Robert A. Poppe being now city attorney of Sonoma, and Charles J. Poppe a merchant and postmaster at Glen Ellen and J. E. Poppe ex-mayor of Sonoma.

We had the pleasure of meeting Catherine Poppe on our last visit to Sonoma, and found her a bright, well preserved woman of nearly 70 years, with genial manner and unimpaired memory, that it is a delight to know.

CLEWE'S.

Among the old established business houses of Sonoma is that of Clewe's. The business was founded some fifty years ago by F. Clewe, the father, a brother-in-law of the late F. Duhring. Mr. Clewe for half a century kept the respect of the business world at Sonoma and elsewhere, and his responsibilities and honors have descended to his son, Wm. F. Clewe, who as manager of his father's estate, has proved himself careful, enterprising and reliable in all his dealings. He is building up a splendid business and an enviable reputation as a business man.

F. DUHRING.

The late F. Duhring established a mercantile business in Sonoma in 1855. The house is now owned and managed by F. T. Duhring and Mrs. C. T. Ryland, son and daugh-

ter of the respected pioneer. F. T. Duhring, the present active head of the firm, is a prominent and progressive citizen, a graduate of our state university, and an attorney at law. He is one of the state board of commissioners who have charge of Sutter's Fort, Fort Ross and the old Mission in Sonoma. He is public spirited and patriotic, of genial and courteous personality, and presided with grace and charm over many functions of the late celebration. Sonoma should be proud of him.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS.

One of the most charming attractions in the Sonoma Valley, is the far famed Agua Caliente Springs. The wonderful quality of the waters was discovered by the Indians years ago, when it effected almost miraculous cures among them. The springs have been under their present ownership some seven years, and not in the state can be found more delightful hosts than Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Richards.

These wonderful springs are but a few moments ride by rail from Sonoma.

They are on the line of two railroads, the Northwestern and Southern Pacific and are accessible at all seasons of the year. The waters are a cure for stomach trouble, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint and kindred ailments. The water is bottled at the springs, and is in demand everywhere. It is sold by Rathjen Company, 3249 Fillmore St., San Francisco, R. Kohn, 474 Sixty-first St., Oakland and Jones & Whyte, Sacramento.

At the springs there are tub and plunge baths, the plunge can accomodate 200 people, beautiful walks and drives, and a rustic club house "The Lark." Amusements at cards, billiards, tennis, bowling, croquet and dancing, follow each other in delightful succession. At the late celebration at Sonoma, on admission day, the display of Agua Caliente mineral water took first prize in the contest of products in the Sonoma valley. To find rest and recreation go to Caliente. The springs are open for guests all the year round, and numerous are those who can look back to the days at Caliente as the happiest they have known, realizing that there could be nothing better except more of them.

EASTLAND'S MODEL PHARMACY.

It is a pleasure to call at Eastland's Model Pharmacy,

when in Sonoma, where the charm of an old time courtesy marks the genial proprietor. He appreciates the past, and the future promise of Sonoma, and is ever ready to do his part to bring old Sonoma to the front.

NEWSPAPERS.

Two bright newspapers chronicle the events of note for old Sonoma. "The Sonoma Valley Expositor" owned and edited by W. O. Hocker, once a Ukiah boy and a nephew of T. L. Carothers. His paper shows evidence of energy and ability, and we wish to acknowledge our obligation to him for the use of cuts, data, etc. He promised facts for a writeup, but they have failed to materialize, and we take it for granted that, like ourselves he is too busy to be held accountable for a lack of promptness, once in a while. He has a beautiful little stone cottage, with his office buildings in the rear, and it is a pleasant place to see, while one makes a visit to his office, to exchange a word of greeting, and discuss the latest news of Sonoma. Having full charge of the parade on Admission Day, we found him busy as a bee, and later, he discharged his duty in that position with satisfaction to all.

THE SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE,

Is ably edited and conducted by H. H. Granice, one of California's experienced newspaper men. He too promised a writeup, or data for one, but we pardon all shortcomings knowing how it is ourselves. We are grateful for his suggestions, and the access he gave us to the results of his own public spirited work for Sonoma. The article on the beautiful Sonoma Valley, by his gifted and accomplished daughter, Celeste Granice Murphy, we present in full. It is the most complete thing yet put forth in the interest of Imperial Sonoma.

When you require an accurate and tasteful picture of Sonoma, and its surroundings, you may always depend upon the unfailing camera of Michael Topete Sonoma's popular photographer.

THE UNION HOTEL.

The Union Hotel is one of the best transient houses kept in Sonoma County. Comfortable appointments, a splendid table, and capable and willing service make it an ideal place for the traveller and tourist. Mr. F. Koenig, and

his excellent wife, leave nothing undone that can add to ones comfort. Among the pleasant things that we contemplate at Sonoma, is a stay at the Union Hotel.

Wm. Rambo and G. H. Holz are two of Sonoma's progressive business men, glad to contribute to the advertisement of Sonoma, by some of their well earned dollars. And for the credit of Sonoma, we wish to say, there are others.

THE WOMANS CLUB.

Perhaps nothing promises so much for the future of Sonoma, as the womans club, organized in Oct., 1901, and now numbering over one hundred members. One of their objects is to preserve and beautify the landmarks of Sonoma. To this end they have placed a substantial monument of native rock, near the Bear Flag Pole, with appropriate tablet, commemorative of its historic value. A magnificent granite fountain graces the other side of the plaza, to be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." Trees have been planted along the public highways, and much done to beautify things already beautiful.

"Next the setting sun there is a land,
Which lies a jewel on the mother's breast,
And hills with crown of laurel buttress it,
Against the sea, save where they part their
walls,

Low down the spendors of the sun
In gold and amethyst, blaze through to bathe,
Still other hills, and vales, in floods of light.
In such a land we live and feed our strength "

—Benj. Weed.

Sonoma—sheltered so long within the Valley of the Moon—we yet will see the plaza of our dreams, sweet with the rarest flowers, and carpeted with green, while fountains sparkle in the magic light, and youths with happy hearts steal through its shadows telling the old, old story, and listening to the answering words, that to the end of time, are all that make life possible and blest.





Bird's Eye View of Glen Ellen.



Bear Flag Pole.

On which was raised the famous Bear Flag by
a party of Americans in Sonoma
June 14, 1846.

BEAUTIFUL SONOMA VALLEY.

BY CELESTE GRANICE MURPHY.

SONOMA Valley occupies a regal position in California. It has the grandest of natural attractions and a rare combination of proximity to the magnificent harbor of San Francisco.

Other localities may be as fertile, but they are not as accessible. Others may be accessible, but have none of the fair orchards and vineyards, grain fields and hop yards, mineral springs and artesian wells, tropical climate and magnificent scenery.

Sonoma Valley is situated in Sonoma County; the most progressive and prosperous county in California.

Among the fifty-seven counties in the State, figures show that Sonoma County is out of debt, with an assessed valuation of \$31,889,851, being exceeded in point of wealth by only six other counties in California.

Sonoma County's tax rate, too, is lower than the majority of all other of her sister counties. Now is the time to come to invest in this most beautiful spot.

There are no inflated prices.

Sonoma Valley invites investigation and investment.

TOPOGRAPHY.

There is beauty within beauty in California, and the gem is beautiful Sonoma Valley. It is a valley in the true acceptance of the term, where California climate is at its perfection, where California soil produces fine harvests without irrigation, where living is worth while. Sonoma Valley is known as the garden spot of the State, chosen for one of the first Mission sites by the padres of old, because of its semi-tropical climate, its fertility of soil and the abundance and quality of its water and mineral springs. These conditions still prevail. Sonoma Valley

is 45 miles from San Francisco, and has two lines of railroad, the Northwestern Pacific and Southern Pacific—which make the section very accessible from all points.

CLIMATE.

The climate cannot be surpassed in the world. It is mild and agreeable. There is nothing enervating about it. The air, while soft and salubrious, is bracing and exhilarating. In the summer, the temperature never exceeds 90 degrees. You never hear one complaining of high humidity which makes heat oppressive and that complete prostration which follows "muggy" weather. The evenings are delightful and balmy. The nights are comfortable. The prevailing winds are westerly, and they bring from the ocean (distant twenty miles) a breeze laden with moisture. About 4 o'clock every afternoon a bank of fog makes its appearance on the mountain range at the westerly side of the valley and remains until daylight. All through the still watches of the night trade winds pass through this bank of fog. So we begin the day with a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees, while the interior valleys are sweltering with the mercury, which at night (they admit), does not fall below 70 degrees more than two or three nights in any summer month. The winters are mild. Snow is unknown. Orange trees laden with their golden fruit and fragrant white blossoms grow in the foothills and the valley. Roses never lose their leaves, and often bloom in December. The rainfall averages a little over 30 inches annually. The first rains fall usually in October, and continue at intervals until May, but by the first of February the valley is as green as the Eastern States in May. Fierce

storms or blizzards have never been experienced in this section.

It is the sick and infirm who can testify to the merits of Sonoma Valley climate. Many who have traveled the world over for health, have here ended their pilgrimage, having found their long-sought blessing. For the healthy and vigorous, however, there are boundless opportunities, for there is plenty of cheap land and an abundance of water which enable the worker to earn a good living, and, at the same time, to enjoy an incomparable environment.

RESOURCES.

Sonoma Valley offers endless possibilities, but the chief resources at present are agricultural pursuits, fruit raising, the poultry industry, dairying and viticulture.

AGRICULTURE.

The valley abounds in many fine farms. Mixed farming is popular and profitable. Potatoes, grain, hops, and all kinds of vegetables thrive. Tropical fruits and olive oil are among the products of this favored section, while apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apricots, cherries, and quinces are raised in large quantities, and find a ready market. The shipping facilities offered by two competing railroad lines and the schooner service of the Sonoma Valley Transportation Company are excellent.

There is a large fruit drying establishment at Vineburg, where much of the fruit is dried and shipped to all parts of the world.

Good land can be purchased in Sonoma Valley cheaper than in any other section of California enjoying like advantages.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

Fine stock and dairy produce are not to be wondered at, considering the ample feed and abundance of spring water. Because of the rainfall and mild climate, Sonoma Valley is well adapted to dairying and stock raising. Butter and cheese are made in large quantities, and, together with milk, form daily shipments to the San Francisco markets,

where top prices are commanded.

THE POULTRY INDUSTRY.

Sonoma Valley, while not ranking first in the poultry industry, is slowly but surely pushing ahead in that direction. It was only a few years ago when Sonoma had to buy its own eggs, but now it has some of the largest plants in the State, and hardly a day passes that there is not a sale of from five to ten acres for the poultry industry. Experience has shown that the land cannot be surpassed for chickens, and the mild winter layer, which, every poultryman knows, is the "big money".

Sonoma has many inducements here for the prospective home maker that no other place can boast of. Among them are, first and foremost, cheap lands. Poultry land can be bought from \$60 to \$100 per acre. In other locations land of the class is selling for \$150 to \$200.

We have two railroads which not only give us rapid transportation, but also give us both San Francisco and Oakland as a market for our eggs and chickens, at the same rate. Sonoma Valley is the only place within forty-five miles of San Francisco that has two independent railroads.

There are many good openings here for the right kind of people in this business, as there is a lack of fine breeders of poultry.

Capital can make more than a good return on its investment in a broiler plant, as our mild winter climate makes this valley especially suited for that purpose.

Young chickens from this valley sold last winter in San Francisco for broilers, \$6.00; fryers, \$7.00; young roosters and hens, \$6.00 per dozen.

VITICULTURE.

Sonoma Valley is famous for the quality of its wines, and they are marketed throughout the world. The volcanic formation of the soil, the preponderance of moisture in the atmosphere during the summer months produce the finest types of dry wines in California. Scores of diplomas and medals have been awarded the wines of Sonoma Val-

ley. At Chicago, Paris, and at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo they received the highest awards. Long stretches of highly cultivated vineyard land, with substantial wine cellars of stone, are familiar sights in this most beautiful valley. Grapes bring a big price, and the crops are usually very bountiful. Grape growing is a science, and wine-making an art in the vineyards and cellars of Sonoma.

MINERAL SPRINGS AND RESORTS.

The valley is unsurpassingly rich in natural springs. At many places hot water and natural gas issue in great volume from the caverns of the earth, and at a few feet distant sparkling cold water of various properties gushes forth. The analyses of some of these springs reveal a wonderful percentage of minerals, and they are famous for their curative effect. Nearly every form of disease finds a panacea at some of the healing springs of the Sonoma Valley. It is one of the greatest health and pleasure resorts in California. Natural hot sulphur water gushes out of the earth at Agua Caliente and Boyes Spring, furnishing bathing facilities for thousands every year. Agua Caliente Springs are well known as the nearest hot sulphur springs to San Francisco, and the reputation of Boyes Spring water, which is also bottled at the springs, is fast becoming famous. The waters of Sonoma Valley's mineral springs are a positive cure for rheumatism, nervous disorders, liver, kidney, and many kindred ailments. The most prominent resorts and hotels in Sonoma Valley, besides Agua Caliente and Boyes Springs, are the City, Toscano, and Union Hotels, in Sonoma, and the El Verano Villa, and Hotel Bellevue at El Verano.

The principal stations affording attractions along the railroad lines are Shellville, Vineburg, Buena Vista, Sonoma City, El Verano, Boyes, Agua Caliente, Eldridge, Madrone, Glen Ellen, and Kenwood.

SONOMA CITY.

The City of Sonoma is the nucleus

about which the valley is built, and it is the principal town of the section. It is on the line of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, two hours ride from the metropolis, and its proximity to San Francisco makes it a thriving and desirable residence and business place. It is lighted by electricity, has a local and long distance telephone system, well sprinkled and shady streets, macadamized side walks, good schools, including an accredited High School, three churches, two newspapers, a public library, societies, improvement clubs and many beautiful homes.

Sonoma's industries include a planing mill, a brewery, ice plant, bottling works, quarries, machine shops and several large wineries.

A priceless artesian belt, from which thousands of gallons of water gush forth daily, is in the heart of the town, furnishing it with an excellent water system.

Sonoma is substantially built up, and among the late improvements is a magnificent new city hall of Mission architecture.

A ladies' improvement club of ninety members is doing much good civic work in the town.

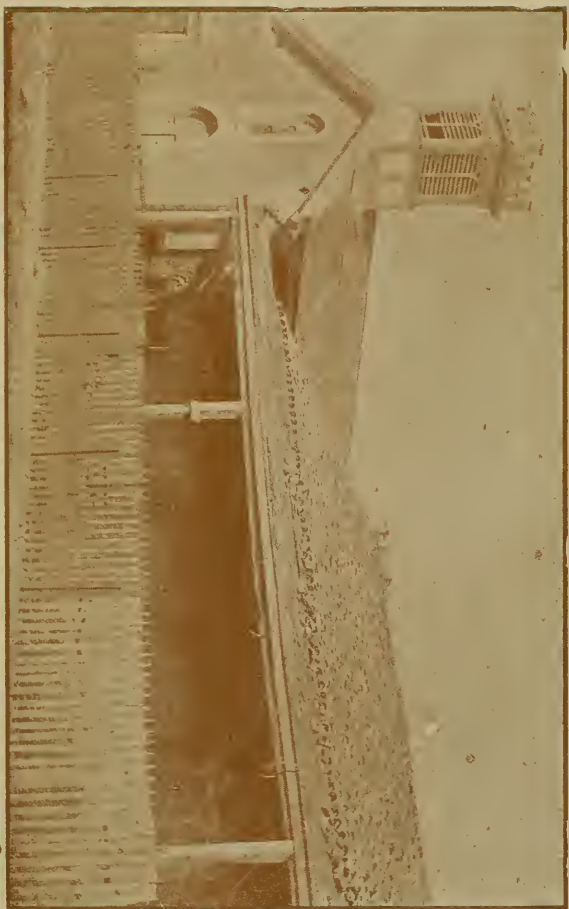
Sonoma offers the best of opportunities to manufacturing industries. Factory sites are cheap, freight rates are low, water is plentiful, electric power is reasonable, and climate conditions favorable the year round.

GLEN ELLEN DISTRICT.

Glen Ellen district extends from Agua Caliente on the south to Kenwood on the north, and from Napa County on the east to Sonoma Mountain on the west, at the base of which nestles the picturesque village of Glen Ellen.

THE VILLAGE.

Glen Ellen is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Sonoma valley, and is within forty-five miles of San Francisco. The population is about 400. Two lines of railway connect it with the great metropolis. There are two churches and several fine business blocks of brick and stone. A three-story hotel and opera house are now being erected. Glen



Old Mission of San Francisco Solano, Built in 1827.

Ellen is the terminus of the Sonoma valley branch of the Northwestern Pacific Railway.

DISTRICT INDUSTRIES.

There are more farms on the plateaus and slopes than in the valley, at this point, consequently the raising of fruits, and particularly grapes, is a leading industry. The land has been principally planted to grapes of the wine-making variety, but those having vineyards of table grapes, find a good market for their produce in San Francisco at prices far above those received for wine grapes.

There is much mixed farming in the district. Corn, hay, potatoes, poultry, vegetables, olives, peaches, prunes, apples, and berries are all raised by some of the farmers on a few acres.

SOIL.

The district is remarkable for the fertility of its soil. There are loams and clays of varying textures and depths which make possible the raising of so many different crops, although much must also be attributed to the semi-tropical climate and the total absence of heavy storms before and during harvest.

RAINFALL.

Crop failure is unknown as there is an abundance of water and ample rainfall throughout the district. If this were not so, dams would have been built for artificial irrigation, or pumping plants would have been installed to utilize the water of ever-flowing springs, any number of which are to be found on every quarter section of land about Glen Ellen.

LAND VALUES.

While the value of land is on the increase the price asked per acre is extremely low when the proximity to San Francisco is considered. Foothill land sells at from \$20 to \$50 per acre, and valley land ranges in price from \$75 to \$100 per acre, according to the location and distance from the railroads. Land with bearing vines and fruit trees is held at a higher price. That these

values will more than double within a few years is beyond question, for the beauty and fertility of Glen Ellen district is fast becoming known.

FORESTS.

The country abounds in beautiful trees, and the hills have magnificent forests of oak, spruce, pine, madron, and manzanita. From the manzanita trees, bees gather honey, which in quality and flavor is equal to that of the famous Eastern bass-wood.

The sequoia gigantea or redwood, is found in many parts of the district, particularly in Graham canyon.

MINING.

Mining operations have been carried on for the last ten years, and considerable work has been done on different properties. Recent assays of ore have led to a systematic effort to reach more valuable deposits.

Several kinds of good building stone have been found in the district, and fine buildings are built of the stone from these quarries. Coal is also found, and the quality is excellent.

The brick industry is carried on in Glen Ellen on a large scale, and tile produced at these works has been used in the construction of the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco.

CLUBS.

Two thirds of the residence of the district belong to local improvement clubs, which have done much toward the improvement of the roads, the building of stone bridges, and the securing of free rural mail delivery for the district.

The Dunbar Improvement Club and the Glen Ellen Ladies Improvement Club are active organizations.

THE HOME.

The California Home, a State institution for feeble minded children is situated at Eldredge, in the district, where an immense tract of land was purchased because of the healthful location and the superior quality of the soil. Modern buildings have been erected there by the State at a cost of nearly two million dollars.

RESORTS and HOMES.

There are many attractive summer resorts in Glen Ellen and vicinity, and scattered through the hills are also numerous cottages and bungalows belonging to rich San Francisco people who spend their vacations away from the city. The O'Donnell Mineral Springs attract many health, seekers.

INVITATION.

To summerize, Glen Ellen has a semi-tropical climate, no sweltering summer heat, no rigorous winters, no malaria from irrigated fields, good soil, ample rainfall, mineral springs, accessibility, productive land, and a good market for all products, being only forty-five miles from the great city of San Francisco. Home seekers wishing more particulars will write to the Secretary of the Dunbar Improvement Club, who will cheerfully give any desired information.

SCHELLVILLE.

Four miles south of Sonoma city is Schellville, a pretty village on the banks of the Sonoma Creek. The land in this vicinity is exceedingly rich. Some of the valley's finest farms are near Schellville. The freight boats run within a short distance of this place, and the two railroads intersect at this point, making it a busy center.

In narrating an account of a visit to one of Schellville's homes, a tourist wrote East. "Here golden fruit and blossoms may be seen at any season. Before the door majestic palms and magnolias grow in profusion. A pomegranate hedge with the showy red flowers and bright fruit borders the garden on the east. Gigantic fig trees throw out a delightful shade here and there, and lemon and olive trees are everywhere. Roses of all varieties and tints nod at you from along the walks or peep in at the windows. Honeysuckle, jasmine and violets mingle their delicate perfumes in one delightful fragrance. Water lilies bloom in the pond, and a pretty fountain plays before the door.

Everything is beautiful in the surroundings of this charming home. Three hundred and fifty orange trees are in full bearing on the place, and pecans, chestnuts, butternuts, walnuts and almonds also grow to the greatest advantage in this fertile tropical belt."

EL VERANO.

Two miles west of Sonoma city, on the line of the Southern Pacific is the town of El Varano. It is beautifully situated, lying as it does in the heart of Sonoma Valley, with blue mountains surrounding it and the foliage-decked Sonoma Creek as a boundary line on the north.

El Varano is the center of one of our best farming sections, and it is also a great favorite with summer folks. There are several large hotels and villas in the town.

In winter time, El Varano, lying as it does in the warm belt, it is frequented by many people who come there for health and go to the nearby mineral springs. In spring time no part of the valley is carpeted with such gorgeous green and such fragrant flowers as is El Varano.

The battle of the flowers goes on until summer comes and puts them all to flight. Then people flock from the cities, and the hotels and villas are filled to overflowing with invalid and athletic folks.

There are four trains daily, and El Varano is the postoffice.

TO SUMMARIZE.

People of discriminating taste find Sonoma an ideal place in which to live, because of its historic and romantic past, its present prosperity, its brilliant future, the matchless climate, and incomparable scenery.

One has not seen the gem of California until Sonoma Valley has been visited. It is both ideal and typical and above all, natural. It has not sprung up in a night out of arid plains. The old Mission, still standing testifies to the wise selection of Father Altimira, who, in 1819, founded Sonoma. Health and plenty he sought in this valley, and these blessings Sonoma has ever enjoyed.

IN A NUTSHELL

Sonoma Valley is in the southern part of Sonoma County, which is one of the richest and most diversified counties in its products of any in California. Sonoma Valley has no boom prices. Land is very reasonable.

At the State Fair, Sonoma Valley oranges are annually exhibited.

The manufacture of olive oil from Sonoma olives is an unqualified success.

The Valley has the largest quince orchard in the United States.

A charter has been granted by the State to the Sonoma Valley Interurban Company, organized to build an electric railroad through the valley. The new line has been surveyed, and the greater part of the right of way secured.

Sonoma has a free rural mail delivery, an efficient fire department, and a fine water system.

Good residence lots can be purchased from \$200 up.

Reclaimed marsh land produces fine asparagus, as has been demonstrated on the Senator Jones ranch of 5,000 acres, most of which, however, is planted to hay and grain.

Sonoma valley offers profitable investment for capital. Canneries and creameries are needed.

Come and see this beautiful section and you will marvel at the in-

ducements it has to offer.

The sloughs and bay affords good duck hunting, fishing and clam gathering. The mountain streams offer excellent trout fishing. Deer and quail are plentiful.

Modern swimming baths and up-to-date plunges at the mineral springs attract thousands of health and pleasure seekers. Mountain drives and picturesque walks are too many for enumeration. The roads are excellent for automobiling and wheeling.

The Mission San Francisco Solano, and other landmarks are objects of unusual interest.

The success of orange growing in Sonoma valley was demonstrated over fifty years ago by two pioneers, General Vallejo and Nicholas Carriger.

Sonoma valley wine grapes brought \$27 per ton this year.

The cost of producing one ton of grapes is estimated at \$8. There was a heavy crop. Ninety thousand gallons of wine is no unusual quantity to be made in a single cellar in the valley.

Fine horses are bred in this favored section. The Rudolph Spreckels' stock farm and racing stables is the home of the best two-year-olds and polo ponies in the West.

POPPYLAND.

SONG

BY LAWRENCE ZENDA.

At the close of day, I drift away,
In the boat that sails to Poppyland,
Your radiant smile, makes the trip worth
while,
For you meet me there, in Poppyland.

In Poppyland, in Poppyland,
We wander always hand in hand,
When I awake, my heart will break,
For you're mine alone, in Poppyland.

In Poppyland in Poppyland,
Your love is mine alone dear,
And so someday, we'll drift away,
To dwell for aye in Poppyland.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Superior Judge of Mendocino county.

J. Q. WHITE

Present Incumbent

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman from Mendocino county

F C HANDY

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

J L PRESTON

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor of the 2d. District.

C P SMITH

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor of the 2d District.

J L McCRACKEN

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor of the 1st. District.

R H RAWLES

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor of the 1st. District.

D H LAWSON

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic nominee for Superior Judge of Sonoma County.

Emmet Seawell

(Present Incumbent)

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican nominee for Superior Judge of Sonoma County,

Thos C Denny

(Present Incumbent)

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican nominee for Superior Judge of Sonoma County,

Jos P Berry

(Of Santa Rosa)

Election Nov. 3, 1908

Regular Democratic nominee for Superior Judge of Sonoma County,

A B Ware

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Republican nominee for Superior Judge of Lake County,

Morton S Sayre

(Present Incumbent)

Election Nov. 3, 1908.

Regular Democratic nominee for Assemblyman, 14th Dist.,

L W Juilliard

Election Nov. 3, 1908.



My Toast

Clarence E. Edwards

Not to the Present, nor to the Past,
 No thought of joy or sorrow—
 I drink alone to what will last,
 That which will be tomorrow:
 I drink to songs yet to be sung
 I drink to unwritten story,
 I drink to the flag that's yet unfung,
 On a field of future glory.



"Then went Samson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him.

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned * * * And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on, eating and came to his Father and mother and he gave them and they did eat."

—BIBLE.



Asleep At Littleriver.

Joel W. Rushing.

By Anna M. Reed.

In manhood's full flower, called in an hour,
There by the sea he is sleeping,
While those he loved bereft and forlorn,
Through the long days are still weeping.

As years come and go, at last we shall know,
Why all we love are thus taken,
Sometime, somewhere, in a land that is fair—
Fairer than day—he will waken.



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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

William J. Bryan

NO MAN, since the days of Washington, has so thoroughly understood, appreciated and advocated the true principles of Americanism, upon which the founders of this government based the national fabric, as William Jennings Bryan. A giant in intellect and worth he stands among lesser men, with every eye focused upon him. The lightnings of vilification, the thunder of denunciation, affect him no more than the storm affects the mountain. Calm, undismayed, sublime in the purity of his beliefs, he towers above the pigmies and cravens who assail him, and in the memory and history of our country, he will stand as a landmark for honest principle, free press and free speech, throughout all coming time.

He is, perhaps too great a man, to be President of these United States, where the lust for gold and power, is fast destroying all unselfish loyalty, where wholesale fraud, and graft, sustained by rotten courts, make our laws a

by word of reproach.

It is time that the American people should awake to the actual conditions of the hour, if this government, and its principles, and intentions are to be perpetuated. Our elections to some of the higher places, have become a shameless joke. It was intended that this government should be an honest one. If that is your understanding, and desire, vote for William Jennings Bryan for President of these United States.



Four good men, and true, aspire to the judgeships in Sonoma County.

The need of the hour is an honest judiciary. Judges must be conscientious as well as able. Technical quibbles cannot excuse the sacrifice of equity. There is today, upon the bench of one of our higher tribunals, a man black-hearted, unjust, designing, and unprincipled, to our own certain, personal knowledge. If one—there may be others.

In the choice of the judiciary, Sonoma has been most happy. Judge Emmet Seawell of Dept., One, of the Superior Court is a man of the highest principles and ideals, consistent, cool-headed, and master of the law. No better man can be found to fill the position that he has honored and dignified. We believe he will be elected.



Of the opposite party, Judge T. C. Denny of Dept. two, has justified the hopes and predictions of his friends, since his appointment by Governor Pardee to fill the unexpired term left vacant by Judge Burnett. Judge Denny has an enviable future, young, gracious and gifted, there is no better material in California. Without one unkind, or unfair thought of his opponent, still we believe he will receive the well deserved compliment of an election endorsing the choice made by Governor Pardee, in his appointment.



Jos. P. Berry and A. B. Ware are also candidates for Superior Judges of Sonoma County. Jos. P. Berry promised data, cut etc. They have not come to hand. But we may speak of Mr. Berry as we have found him, fair, patient, courteous and we believe an able exponent of law

If elected he will serve the people well, honoring any position within their gift.



The nomination of A. B. Ware for Judge of the Superior Court has met with the approval of the Sonoma County bar and is a source of gratification to those who know him, regardless of party affiliations throughout the entire State. Mr. Ware has been actively engaged in the practice of the law for over thirty years, being for all that time a resident of Sonoma County. He has been honored in the past with responsible public positions. In 1879 he was elected district attorney and for three years ably performed the duties of that important office. His untiring devotion to his clients, his deep learning in the law and his steady course of unwavering honor has built up for him a reputation and a practice of which any one might justly be proud. Standing with the leaders of the bar, conscientious and upright in all his dealings, true to his convictions, of unquestionable integrity and unsullied character, broad and fair minded yet decided in his opinions, Mr. Ware is eminently fitted for the high position for which he has been nominated.



Major L. W. Juilliard and Honorable H. W. A. Weske, are making the race for the Assembly in the Fourteenth District. Mr. Weske's record is an open book and he has certainly served his constituents well. His opponent L. W. Juilliard is one of northern California's popular Native Sons. A man of fine principle of admitted ability, a loyal friend, an unbiased foe, a representative and reliable citizen. The people can make no mistake in his election.



In Lake County, Judge M. S. Sayre, present incumbent, aspires to re-election. Judge Sayre served Lake County ably and well as county clerk for two, and district attorney for ten years, and the unexpired term by appointment as Superior Judge, left vacant by the death of Judge Crump. He was then elected to fill the still unexpired term. Judge Sayre has made an enviable record. And his decisions have been universally approved. We hope to see him elected.

Our Mendocino Candidates are so well known, to our

people, and have been so universally praised and discussed by our local newspapers, that there remains but little to be said. The result of the election will probably be owing to popular selection, rather than party power. There seems little strife, and no bitterness in the campaign, except in the 4th Supervisorial District, where we hope for the defeat of Leonard Barnard. A man who has so persistently ignored the wishes of his constituents, denied temporary relief to the widow and the orphan, even when aware that money so used is refunded to the county by the state, deserves no return to the office he has abused.

His record in the Pudding Creek Bridge business should politically damn any man. His bull dog pugnacity has ever been arrayed against the weak, and the deserving. A better man, a kinder friend, a more generous citizen, is his opponent. Vote for Dave Brandon, so that Leonard Barnard, may go away back, and sit down.

Our next representative and in fact every representative, to the senate and assembly from Northern California, should see to the securing of a just pro rata of any money appropriated by the state, to special road funds. Other wise, the more central counties, of the great valleys, will be benefitted, and we of the north left out in the mud as usual.



Charles Cunningham, a former Ukiah boy, son of Major W. W. Cunningham, is making the race as Democratic nominee in the 18th Assembly district. We all know the generous and manly qualities of Charles Cunningham, and if kind thought and good wishes can land him at the State Capitol, he is a sure winner. He is able and deserving of all the good things that come to him, and the people of Sacramento could have no better representative,

"Nunc et Latentis."

By Brian Hooker.

Gloom and the sound of your breath,
 Longing—and then your lips,
 And a heart that faltereth,
 And the soft surge of your breast,
 Then a slow sigh that slips
 Into a sob. Then—rest,
 Gloom . . . and the sound of your
 breath.

—Harpers 1908

Aftermath.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Out of my life has gone.
So much that made it worth living,
I watch with stark eyes the dawn,
Hoping, despairing, forgiving.
Hoping that hope may live;
Despairing lest fate should us sever;
Forgiving what e'er 's to forgive—
Forever and ever and ever.



The Santa Rosa Republican.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1908.

MRS. ANNA M. REED,

UKIAH, CAL.

DEAR MADAM: Your letter, enclosing clipping from Petaluma Courier, has been handed me. I gave you the statement that you printed regarding the Republican's telegraph service, and it was done in good faith. For years past, the Republican was the only paper that received a legitimate telegraph service in this county, and I firmly believed when the statement was given you, and continued to so believe until today, that neither of the Petaluma papers took a genuine telegraph service. On inquiry I have been informed that for some time past the Courier has been receiving a small service in this manner. The service of the Press-Democrat is simply a little telephone message each night from a San Francisco daily paper, and not considered a telegraphic news service. Within recent weeks the Argus has begun taking a service, but these were absolutely unknown to me when the statement was made, and this office never had any intention of making an erroneous statement to you in the matter. It has been a statement that we have printed broadcast many times, and had never heretofore been challenged. I regret exceedingly that the same has caused you any annoyance.

Sincerely yours.

J. E. MOBLEY.





The Old Barracks, Sonoma, Cal.

From a photograph taken in 1867, Mission San Francisco Solano in
the background.



Came Around the "Horn"

An old land mark on Gen. Vallejo's homestead, Sonoma City, Cal.,
which was brought from Switzerland, in sections in the '40's



Gen. Vallejo's Old Jail, Sonoma Cal., as it looks today.



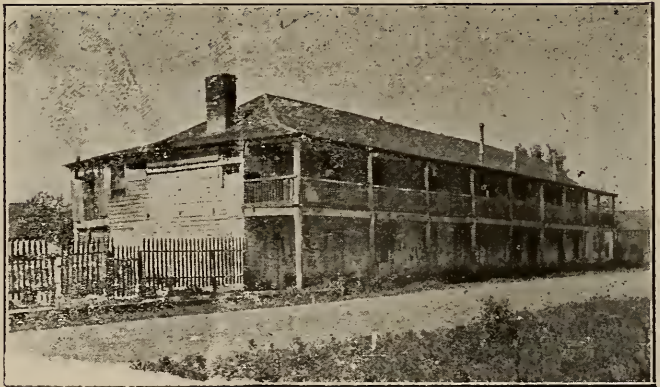
Old City Pavilion.



New City Hall, Sonoma.



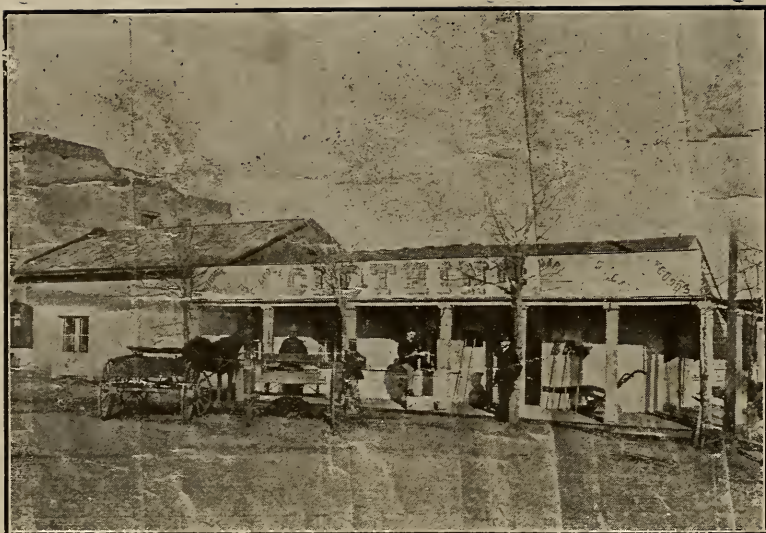
The Late Gen. Vallejo in His Garden.



The Blue Wing, The first and oldest Hotel in Sonoma, Cal.



Mission San Francisco De Solano, founded July 4, 1823.



Duhring's Store today, and as it was in the Fifties, Sonoma, Cal.



CALIFORNIA
STATE

The NORTHERN CROWN



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ANNA MORRISON REED, EDITRESS

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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

Northwestern Redwood Co.



Lumber Manufacturers and General
Merchants

Yard & Mill at Willits & Northwestern

Stores at Willits, Northwestern, Sherwood and
Laytonville, California.

A decorative border with a repeating floral or fleur-de-lis pattern, enclosing the text of the Hoyt Brothers advertisement.

Hoyt Brothers

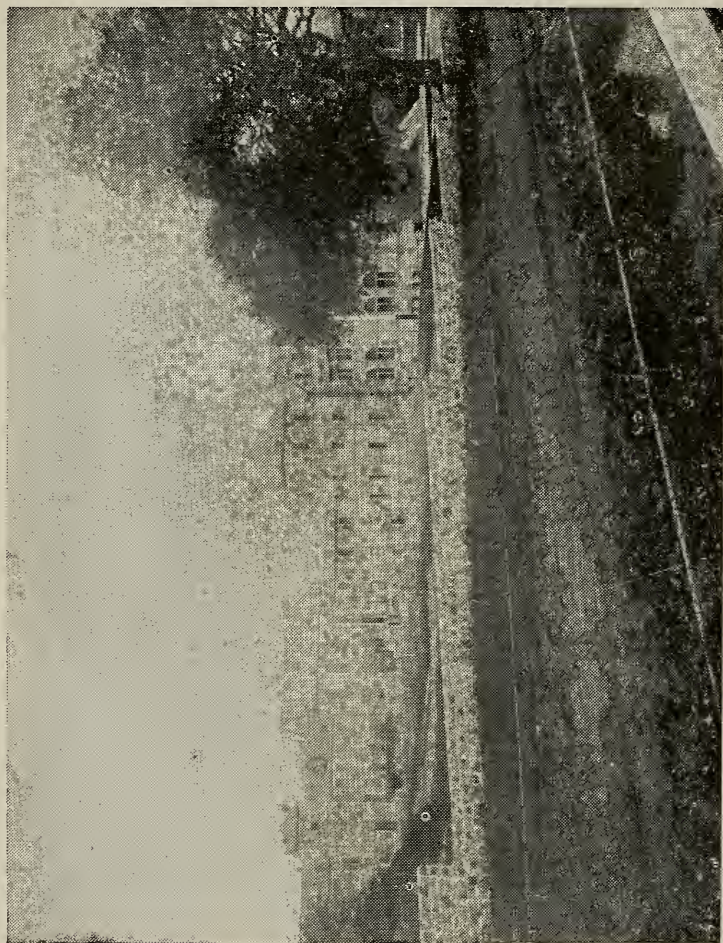
CONTRACTORS AND ENGINEERS OF
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

✻ ✻ Modern Construction by Modern Methods. ✻ ✻

SCHOOLS, HOTELS, CHURCHES, STORES, RESIDENCES, BUNGALOWS, COTTAGES, BRIDGES AND FACTORIES.

We now have under Construction, two Carnegie Libraries—at St. Helena & San Rafael.

Santa Rosa, Cal. San Francisco Office Box 438 Builders Exchange



Home for the Feeble Minded at Eldredge, Sonoma County





St. Mary's Church, Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co., Cal.



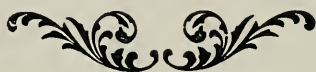
Congregational Church at Glen Ellen



DANCING PLATFORM, MAIN BUILDING AND FOUNTAIN
AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS—AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS.



COTTAGE AT THE ENTRANCE—AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS.



Residence of James McMackin, Schellville,
Sonoma Co., Cal.



In A Purple Twilight—Picturesque Mendocino.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1908.

NO. 4.

THE FUGITIVE.

By LAURANCE ZENDA.

FRANTIC, misery laden, worn out by excitement and sin, in sudden impulse a woman rushed from her apartment, casting a reproachful look at the red light which glared at her in mocking brightness. She was twenty years old; her great strangely troubled eyes looked haunted—she escaped unnoticed, but ran as though pursued, determined to keep on until she reached the freedom and shelter of the forest, beyond this she had not a thought of place or direction. A fugitive from herself, the darkness did not terrify nor the distance discourage her.

She passed through the refreshing coolness of the fields, where golden poppies slept, the starlight making them but shadows in the grass. She reached out her arms in appeal for part of this wonderful rest surrounding her. The night wind fanned her fevered face, hastening she reached the wood, wearied she stumbled against a great pine tree, glad of its shelter. Looking vaguely into the darkness, she saw a tiny light indistinctly shining. In her loneliness it fascinated her. Rising, she approached it, near enough to discover the dim outline of a cabin; as she neared it, she saw through a window a man sitting by the open fire. Resenting his presence she turned to walk away but fell fainting from exhaustion.

A summer storm broke suddenly, the beating rain upon her face awakened her to consciousness. Filled with innate terror, she fled to the cabin; grasping the door with

frantic force she entered, defiantly bracing her supple body against it. The man rose in amazement, "Who are you," he asked.

"I am a bad woman," flashed her answer. He was twenty-five and wholesome in mind and body. The frankness of her reckless reply touched him to pity, while her wild personality appealed to him, "You are cold and tired," he said, "sit down and rest." The simple kindness of his words and manner overcame her and she sank into a chair in silent wonderment. It was not until he offered her coffee, that she rallied in thought, mechanically she took the offered cup. Presently he said, "You can take the bunk in the corner."

He knew that the storm would continue and that he must shelter her. Leaving the cabin, he thought over her strange appearance and returning he was not surprised to find her asleep. He sat by the dying fire until late into the night—then he too slept—a strange paradox, a good man, a bad woman—in the silence.

When morning came she did not make further explanation but waited silently for her dismissal. She believed that he would tell her to go, but after they had eaten he left the cabin without further question or comment.

The close of the long day found her rested in body but at a loss to decide what the situation demanded. His return brought no solution, he only looked at her kindly and so the days went by until a week had passed. He expected her to go and the incongruity of the gaudy gown she wore irritated him, it suggested what must have been her recent environments, so before leaving the cabin for his work, he went to an old trunk that had been his mother's, who had died a few months before. The belongings of that subdued and gentle life were still about the cabin.

Taking out an old gray gown he held it toward her saying. "Wear this while you remain here."

With an indiscribably grateful impulse she held out her arms and he laid it across them. She stood for a moment irresolute, as he left and closed the door, she sank upon her knees, pressing the old faded gown to her bosom, her heart filled with the first prayer of her desolate young life, the morning sunshine broke through the window and fell like a benediction about her.

When he returned in the evening, a warm meal await-

ed him and in the shadow of the dim room, in the old gray gown, stood his strange visitor. They sat down in silence together and still he did not question her

One evening hearing his horse's hoof beats along the trail, she ventured to the door to meet him. To her astonishment and alarm the horse was riderless. Mounting she rode in the direction of the mill. The time seemed interminable before she found him, lying unconscious where his horse had stumbled and fallen. Hastily dismounting, she raised his head, trying to revive him. While holding close his helpless hands, like a lightening flash to her inner being, came a new meaning of life and a woman's mission.

Her next thought was to take him home but failing in her attempt to get him into the saddle, she left him and hurried toward the mill to summons help, but meeting a wood chopper, they returned and removed him to the cabin.

The man returning to the mill sent the doctor to them. He having taken her to be the injured man's sister, no surmise was awakened by her presence. Days passed filled with her devotion, while she faithfully watched her helpless charge. As he safely passed from the shadow of death, one day during convalescence, he looked into her eyes with his heart filled with wonderful understanding and drawing her close, close in mutual surrender he said, "No, you are a good woman."

The Final Lesson.

By Arthur Stringer.

I have sought beauty through the dust of
 strife,
And music in the grinding wheels of life;
Long have I sought, and little found as
 yet;
Beyond this truth: that Love alone can
 make
Earth beautiful and life without regret.



St. Rose's Church, Santa Rosa, Cal.

ST. ROSE'S CHURCH

SANTA ROSA

CONTRIBUTED.

IN this issue we present a cut of St. Rose's Church, Santa Rosa. It is the first stone building erected in Santa Rosa. The corner stone was laid in 1900 and the building, with slight damage, survived the earthquake of April, 1906, that destroyed the business portion of Santa Rosa. It was dedicated under the patronage of St. Rose after whom the city of Santa Rosa also is named.

St. Rose was the first spiritual flower garnered from the new field of the Church in America and transplanted to bloom in everlasting fragrance in the garden of the Church in Heaven. St. Rose was born in Lima, Peru, 20th April, 1586. She became distinguished for her virtues proved by miracles and was the first canonized Saint of the Church in America, and 54 years after death, her feast was appointed for August, 30. Devotion to St. Rose spread throughout North and South America, many towns and churches being named after her. In the year 1769 Junipero Serra and his band of missionaries entered California to evangelize and civilize the natives. They established a chain of missions from San Diego in 1769 to Sonoma in 1824. One of the missionaries from San Rafael, Juan Amoroso, in 1829 came to the vicinity of Santa Rosa which did not then exist. In the creek west of the site of the present city he baptized an Indian girl and as it was August 30th, the Feast of St. Rose, he gave her for her Christian

name Rose. From this event the Indians changed the Indian name of the creek and called it Santa Rosa creek. When about 1852, people began to settle on the present site of the city, it was called from the creek flowing through it, Santa Rosa.

In 1860 there were a few Catholics in Santa Rosa and they received occasional visits from priests who had to travel over a wide district. In that year a meeting was held and a committee appointed consisting of Don Julio Carillo, Daniel Sheerin and John Ledwidge to collect funds to build a church. Don Julio Carillo donated the lot for the church on Fifth St. besides a contribution of money, and a small church was quickly erected. An addition was made to the church in 1869. Fr. Keiser was the first resident pastor. He was succeeded in 1877 by Rev. J. M. Conway. In 1872 the Christian College was erected at a cost of \$25,000. It proved too great a burden for the Christian church to carry and it was closed. In 1880 it was purchased by Fr. Conway who invited the Ursuline Sisters from his old home in Ohio to come and establish a school. They did so and have conducted it successfully ever since. In 1880 the church was moved to its present site next to the Ursuline College. A large addition was then made to the church almost doubling its former capacity. In 1885 he built the present parochial residence and in 1888 established the Catholic Cemetery in

Bennet Valley. Fr. Conway's work placed the parish on a solid foundation and all that has been done since, or will be done, must be on the foundation he so well laid. In 1890 he retired from the management of the parish and after passing some years as an invalid he died in 1896. In May 1890 the present pastor, Rev. J. M. Cassin, assumed charge.

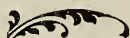
His first care was gradually to reduce the debt rendered necessary by the many improvements made by Fr. Conway. In a few years the church was out of debt. New arrivals increased the number of worshippers that at times crowded the old edifice. It had done its work and had done it well. But the newcomers sighed for a new and more roomy edifice—one in accord with the progress of the city and parish. A few thousand dollars were collected for the new edifice. But what gave the proposed work a great impetus was the Silver Jubilee of the Rev. J. M. Cassin who on the 24th of June, 1899, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The occasion was made use of to honor the pastor and to advance the interests of the parish. On the evening preceding the Silver Jubilee the parishioners assembled, and having Hon. John Keegan for their spokesman, read an address of congratulations to their pastor and presented him with a list of names of those who subscribed \$5,000 for a new church, recommending that it be built of stone. All were filled with enthusiasm and it was determined to carry out the work without delay. Shea & Shea, architects of San Francisco prepared the plans. The style is English Gothic. Captain J. M. McDonald of San Francisco, owner of a large quarry near Santa Rosa, in consideration of the fact that this was the first stone church erected in Sonoma County, and the first stone building erected in Santa Rosa, generously donated all the stone required. It is

estimated that there are a thousand tons of rock in the building.

In May, 1900, the old church was removed to the rear, the tower taken off and the interior changed so as to make it a most convenient hall for the societies connected with the church. In June, 1900, ground was broken for the foundation of the new church. It is broad and deep as the character of the proposed edifice required. It is the first cement foundation made in Santa Rosa by machinery brought from San Francisco. It was reinforced by steel cables which no doubt enabled the church to survive the shock of the earthquake in 1906. The walls also are strengthened by a belt of steel. Stonework is slow work though lasting. It was not until the 28th of October that the corner stone was laid by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by many priests and in the presence of a large crowd of people. Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O. P. preached an eloquent sermon. The corner stone was donated and put in place by Daniel Sheerin who forty years before had collected the first money that had paid for the old church. No one was more pleased than he to see the progress of the parish. The corner stone contains a small stone from Bethlehem, the birthplace of the Saviour, an olive wood cross from Jerusalem, a marble cross from the catacombs of Rome, all obtained by the pastor during his travels. It contains also a picture of St. Rose, of Pope Leo XIII, of the old church and a piece of wood from it, a picture of the new church taken from the plans, gold and silver coins of the year 1900 from the U. S. Mint, a history of the parish, a list of subscribers to the new church, a map of Santa Rosa, etc.

The erection of the church met with some delays but was finally completed in May, and on July 21, 1901, was dedicated by Archbishop Riordan in the presence of many clergymen and a large congregation. Rev. P. C. Yorke,

D. D., preached an eloquent sermon on "The Church the House of God." The wish of the parish was realized. The labor and generous offerings of the people gave them a church which will be a lasting monument to their faith and devotion. After the dedication the zeal of the people did not cease. Beautiful statues were donated. Ten stained glass windows were given by the parishioners. The largest and most costly of these, the St. Rose window over the altar was the gift of the Ursuline Sisters. The last and greatest gift to the church was the elegant altar made in Dubuque Iowa, with its costly candlesticks and other adornments, donated by Cornelius Shea. Everything about the church is most durable and it is destined to stand as a lasting monument of Catholic Faith and example for others to follow.



A Toast.

A song for the woman you love—God love her.
 A song for the tender eyes that shine,
 For the passionate lips that melt on thine,
 For the hand that reaches to lead thee right,
 For the hopes that are shedding their holy light, to the
 future's dream.

May she ever rest, first in thy heart, first always and best,
 A song for the woman you love—God love her.

A prayer for the woman you loved—God love her.
 A prayer for the eyes that are dimmed with tears,
 For the heart so cold, that listens and hears but the
 knell of life—

A woman sobs—one heart breaks while the other throbs.
 'Tis ever thus, till the final sleep,
 The one must laugh, and the other weep—
 A prayer for the woman you loved—God love her.

—From "The Suit of Sable."

MOUNTAIN TOP FRUIT

What Enterprise and Brains Are Doing In the Canyons
and Forest Clearings of Mendocino

By E. V. D. PAUL

THAT region of California where the big redwood trees grow, has not until recently been given serious consideration for the culture of fine mountain grown fruit and berries although most of the ranches located high up in the Coast range have had yearly their small assortment of cherries, figs, peaches, apples and small fruits sufficient for the family need.

Recent experiment in the Coast range of Mendocino county near Ukiah go to show, however that berry culture may be conducted at an altitude of from three thousand to five thousand feet above sea level with every reasonable prospect of success both in growing for the city market and for the lesser but better paying markets of the coast and lumber towns. Moreover the fruit raised high up in these mountains will compare most favorably with that grown in any part of the state.

Mendocino county, with its average annual rainfall of thirty-three and a half inches and a mean temperature of fifty-six degrees, permits a long succession of berry crops to be grown at great profit. It is quite possible to market Cuthbert raspberries from early June until late in the fall and one mountain ranch near Ukiah enjoys a local reputation for supplying its owner excellent raspberries picked on a Christmas morning not many years ago. The early April market can not be supplied from these high altitudes, but the period of harvesting berries may readily be extended weeks long-

er than in the interior valleys. This fact is equally true of deciduous fruits and large shipments of cherries have been made from Ukiah as late as July 20, and the top quotation returned from the commission house.

The possibilities of successful fruit culture in the Mendocino mountains are realized when one appreciates the springs of this region. Springs bubble from every hillside—springs strongly impregnated with soda, salt, iron, sulphur and potash—all elements which enrich, enlarge and render prolific the tree or vine which is irrigated by it. These springs seem to be stronger and more constant in their flow as they are found higher in the mountains and the small plateau and clearings on the mountain side below them are thus irrigated naturally and constantly. It requires no elaborate flume or pumping plant to direct this water to the orchard. Nature here seems to have anticipated her future adornment and to have provided not only the natural flume in the shape of little canyons below the springs, but in many places sheltered nooks of three or four acres where little artificial aid is needed to prepare ideal gardens.

The renowned bulb and lily culturist, Carl Purdy, has chosen a spot in a little valley which nestles high in the Coast range between Mendocino and Lake counties for his experiments in rare bulb culture and has found it of peculiar fitness for such delicate operations. Rich and var-

ied soils of excellent depth are found everywhere in these mountains and the best of the flora of that immense region which stretches from Central British America to Mexico and from Colorado to the Pacific flourishes here. It is reasonable to suppose under these conditions that the most delicate berries and fruit will eventually have a place under conditions of proved worth for the culture of bulbs and lilies.

"The Terraces," where Mr. Purdy has established his experimental station, is situated about eight miles southeast of Ukiah and well toward the summit of the range of mountains at an altitude of twenty-three hundred feet. The terraces here are natural, and are a succession of steplike slopes caused by the deposit of lime and magnesia in a canyon. The longest is over eighty feet high and a beautiful stream, rising in the upper end of the highest terrace, sparkles over the immense steps in charming cascades and falls. This natural setting, unique and charming may be duplicated at many points in these mountains and there are thousands of such acres awaiting to be tickled with the hoe to yield an abundance of the good things of the fruit world. The strawberries mentioned in this article are in no sense put forward as horticultural wonders or creations, but are everyday specimens of what this county yields at an altitude of over three thousand feet on land not particularly favored by nature but blessed with the unusual springs and natural sub-irrigation to be found throughout the mountain region.

Several hundred crates of such berries were marketed last year from Paulheim ranch which is situated three thousand feet up the mountains southwest of Ukiah. An indifferent record was kept of a few plants selected at random and many individual plants bore seventy to eighty berries many of them two inches in diameter. A record, we believe, not easily surpassed by valley grown fruit. Mountain grown

fruit is moreover hardy, highly colored and of shipping quality much to be desired. While immense size is not always an indication of quality I believe that strawberries behind which one can hide a silver dollar and peaches which weigh over a pound each will attract attention and consideration in any market if the flavor and quality are in keeping. Such fruit is grown in the mountains of Mendocino with less labor than in the valleys. I firmly believe that at no distant day mountain grown fruit will invariably command the highest market price, and for quality and beauty stand in a class by itself.

Ordinarily the big berry is deficient in quality and flavor, but quite the reverse is true of this mountain fruit which is conceded by experts and connoisseurs to be superior to the Longworth berry—the accepted standard of high grade California strawberries as reflected in the daily market quotations. The berries are Oregon ever-bearing, a well known market variety but not particularly graded commercially as unusually large. The plants are six years old and bear prolific crops year after year and are apparently now in their prime. No fertilizer has been used on the beds and what is more unusual, they are hardy enough to withstand a winter temperature of twenty-five degrees and a blanket of snow. At this writing they are under six inches of snow and survived a like condition last winter. Beyond clean summer cultivation and cutting the runners in the spring there has been no effort to coddle the plants, or by thinning to produce a strawberry unusual in size. There are thousands of acres in Mendocino and other northern California counties which will produce such fruit of size and quality absolutely without irrigation, to be bought at a price usually paid for grazing land.

At many points in the county, strawberries, loganberries, mammoth blackberries, raspberries and other small fruits are successfully grown among the stumps on land

recently cleared of redwood.

There is also a distinct advantage in growing fruit in these comparatively isolated spots which are far less liable to the insect pests and blight, so costly and annoying to eradicate in an intense community where one has to protect his crop more from his neighbor's carelessness than from any neglect on his own part. Most simple precautions are only necessary to preserve the mountain orchard clean and pest free. Many spots in these mountains are particularly adapted to the culture of deciduous fruits commonly accredited to the valleys for sure harvest, and even citrus fruits are receiving no small amount of attention here from the farmer who is rapidly getting out of the rut and who, in order to keep abreast of the times, is mixing brains thoroughly into his labors.

That section of Sonoma county about Cloverdale, so progressive and thoroughly successful in its culture of superior oranges, may soon find a formidable rival in its northern neighbor. The farmer of Mendocino, so long devoted to hops, wool, cattle and lumber, is rapidly awakening to the possibilities for fruit, vegetable and berry culture on his mountain lands and a serious effort is being made to effect a considerable acreage in this line. At first glance the market problem might appear as an obstacle to such a course, so far from a city, but so long as there are immense lumber camps and a local market which readily takes all the county affords, and the demand far exceeds the supply in this rapidly growing community, that phase of the question is by no means serious. Capital is seriously considering the establish-

ment of a cannery in Ukiah as a further encouragement to develop the fruit and vegetable culture of the vicinity.

During the year 1906, over a million grape cuttings were planted within ten miles of Ukiah, almost entirely on land formerly used for grazing. Deciduous fruits grown on the coast mountains and foothills seem to acquire a flavor which is unique and in this thermal belt the loss of a crop from frost is almost unknown. One ranch near Ukiah recently marketed three thousand pounds of exceptionally fine soft shell walnuts from an orchard of six acres of seven-year-old trees at an average price of fifteen cents wholesale. That particular orchard is situated three thousand or more feet above sea level on the crest of a mountain with northern exposure; no irrigation was employed and the orchard received but scant cultivation. Thus we see that practically any variety of orchard product may be successfully cultivated high up in many favored locations throughout northern California, a section of the state too often referred to as the lumber country, implying the utter lack of conditions favorable to fruit culture. Surely these people are particularly fortunate in climate and soil conditions which may readily rival many of the southern counties in fruit culture.—From *Sunset* for July, 1908.



NOTE.—Since the above appeared in the "*Sunset*" the cannery at Ukiah has been established. Beautiful cuts illustrated Mr. Paul's article in "*Sunset*" but we could not secure them for reproduction.—Ed.



ARMSTRONG'S FIRST CASE



(A TALE OF THE NORTH)

By Charlotte Wheeler

THE snow lay thick and white on all the hillsides. A strange stillness was in the air. The hush which comes from long imprisonment in lonely places. The great white stillness which covers the long slopes of the mountains in mid-winter. As the sun rose soft and clear but weak from his long confinement behind gray clouds, "The Widow" started her fire for breakfast. She shivered as she looked from the blocked-in window to the pathless depths which lay before her and the village. It was not cold which made her tremble but something more terrible—the awful uncertainty which lay before her that day.

Some one else also shivered, as he too glanced from the window over the trackless wilderness and scowled to think of the discomfort of the trip before him. But not ten times the difficulties or hardships which would attend that would keep him away from the village saloon now that it had ceased snowing.

Breakfast was over. Such a breakfast. Just a few slices of bread browned and dipped in salted water, and not enough of that. The children ate ravenously and DeWitt helped himself with a free hand as he always did. The widow barely tasted her share saying, as she divided it between the twins, that going to town had taken her appetite away. The man anxiously watched her hurried preparations.

His first plan had been to wait until she started for town and make use of her tracks in the soft unbroken snow. For, much as he wanted to reach the village, he hesitated about breaking trail for himself. This plan he had abandoned when the thought struck him that the widow was going to town for provisions, and what more natural than that she should ask him for money. Two weeks before he had been caught in a fearful snowstorm and had taken refuge under this woman's roof and for two long weeks had eaten her bread, knowing that there was barely enough for the children, that the woman was depriving herself of all but enough to keep life in her body. True, he was forced to remain when he had rather have been in the village but still he was taking almost the last mouthful from helpless children and a woman, who with sublime self-sacrifice, which only a mother can fully give, was starving herself that he, a stranger might live. Such is the way of the west.

DeWitt, fearful of being asked to part with the few silver dollars in his pocket bade them all a hurried goodbye and started for the village.

It was a hard two hours work. That mile and a half of thick, clinging snow which resisted his advance at every step. The sun rose steadily and beat mercilessly down. It is a strange fact that the sun after a long, hard

snow storm often shines as strong and fierce as on a mid-summer's day. It was so that morning. Long before he reached the village DeWitt had taken off his coat and was mopping the drops of perspiration from his forehead.

When he pulled the handkerchief from his pocket something yellow flashed for an instant in the sunlight and then fell softly into the thick snow behind him.

Some hours later the widow, toiling breathlessly through the dense drifted wilderness found it.

DeWitt went straight to the saloon. There were barely a dozen men there but it was warm and cheerful and DeWitt was greeted with friendly words. Pausing only to buy a package of tobacco, for which his soul had longed for almost a week and for which every nerve was now a-quiver, he drew his chair up to the round green covered table and taking up a pack of cards, glanced around inquiringly.

For hours he played steadily, stopping only long enough to fill and light his pipe, grudging the time that was wasted in shuffling and cutting the cards. The fever of the game was in his blood. The joy of winning was tingling every nerve. Then came fitful spells of losing. Still he played steadily on, until as the shadows of early night shut suddenly in, he threw down his cards—broke.

Staggering blindly to his feet he made for the door and started toward the widow's cabin from whose window a small, bright glow like a dazzling star shone out across the blank of the coming night.

He had no right to go back, no claim on them. He owed them his life, his very existence. For they had shared their all with him, unquestioningly, unrewarded for two long weeks. Still there was no place else to go, no one else would take him in and shelter and feed him, penniless, spendthrift that he was. It was bitterly cold when he

reached the cabin and he felt weak and dizzy.

When the widow opened the door and he felt the warmth of the fire from the blazing logs in the huge fireplace and smelt the delicious aroma of coffee and frying bacon, he staggered and almost fell. The widow's face went white when she saw him standing in the doorway and the snatch of song died on her lips, but when she saw him stagger blindly, helplessly, she ran to and supported him as tenderly as on the first night of the fearful storm.

She made him sit down and hurriedly placed before him the remains of their evening meal. Talking somewhat hurriedly all the time. The biscuits were cold but very light and the hot coffee put new life in him. No one asked why he had returned but shared unquestioningly with him.

There was solid comfort in the warmth of the blazing logs and the children's happy voices brought a peaceful calm to the hardened man which had not been his for years. The baby climbed upon his knee and played with his charm, tugging to get his watch and crowing gleefully when he held the watch against her rounded cheek that she might hear its soft tick, tick.

Somehow he was doubly glad that he had not parted with it that afternoon as he had been so sorely tempted to do.

There was still his signet ring with the strange yellow stone, which had always brought him good luck, and if the worst came and he could not borrow money from anyone in the village he would raise something on it and redeem it when his luck turned. It was only foolish superstition that had kept him from pawning it long ago. Instinctively he felt in his pocket; the ring was not there.

Shocked, quivering, he sat motionless thinking: That accounted for his bad luck today. When had he seen the ring last? Where had he lost it?

Then like a flash the truth dawned upon him. The widow had stolen it from him, probably while he slept, and had pawned it for the luxuries of coffee and bacon.

Hastily he rose and without a word of good-night he started for the village, and making straight for Sheriff Johnson's house, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Widow Robinson.

The next morning he went with Sheriff Johnson when he served the warrant and waited while the sheriff helped her wrap the children well before starting for the courtroom.

Still blinded with rage, his teeth set and hands clinched, he kept close beside them and seated himself near the prisoner. It was more than the value of the ring that enraged him—it was blind superstitious fear, and the certainty that the loss of the ring had caused him his ill luck the day before.

The courtroom was crowded. The news that the Widow Robinson had been arrested for stealing DeWitt's ring spread like wild fire through the village. Glad of any excitement which would call them together after two weeks of confinement, and curious to hear any little gossip that was going on, they crowded—men, women and children—into the tiny room over the store, which served as the courtroom.

The widow was placed in the prisoner's box. Five jurors were selected. The sheriff called the court to order and read the charge. There had been little or no time lost after serving the warrant. Lawyer Peterson, who had served on both sides for 20 years, and who was now DeWitt's lawyer, rose, and clearing his throat, called his first witness, Abe Atcherson, the storekeeper. Mr. Atcherson produced the signet ring, which he said had been given him by the Widow Robinson the day before in exchange for coffee, flour, bacon and salt.

Peterson next called DeWitt to the stand, and after duly swearing him, questioned him about the ring—when

he had it; where he last saw it; how he could prove it was his—and then finished by calling to the stand the barkeeper to verify DeWitt's statement that the ring, or one similar, was his.

Then turning to the jury he triumphantly summed his case up. It had always been his boast that he could have a man arrested, tried and sentenced in a day. The Widow Robinson had broken all the laws of hospitality which western people hold sacred. While a guest was unsuspectingly sleeping under her roof she had deliberately robbed him and squandered the money in luxuries. The case was clear. The ring had been recovered. How would the jurors decide to punish the woman? He and the judge were awaiting their decision.

As he sat down he was well pleased with himself, and flattered by the admiring glances of his friends who looked at him and then at each other and smiled their approval of his wonderful clearness of foresight and his ability to settle things without fuss or trouble.

The judge placed the matter in the hands of the jurors. They rose and started for the small closet behind the courtroom, but before they had taken a step there was a sudden disturbance near the door and a young man with a flushed face and flashing eyes addressed the judge. In sharp ringing tones he challenged the court. Startled, uncertain, the jurors sank back in their seats.

Intense excitement prevailed. Never before had such a thing happened. And who was he, this Ralph Armstrong, who dared to interfere when Peterson had sent the jury out and was waiting for a verdict.

Lawyer Peterson was on his feet now his face purple with rage. Turning to the judge he demanded the withdrawal of the disturber. He demanded the reason why he had seen fit to interfere. Who was he! What right had he—what did he know of law?

Armstrong pushed his way to the

front and addressing the judge answered, "I may not know much about law, but I do know this: that no person may be sentenced without a chance to plead guilty, or not guilty, and this poor woman has had no such chance. She has had no one to speak for her or help her in any way."

"Perhaps you will undertake to act as her attorney," sneered Peterson.

Years before it had been their custom to have a lawyer from another town for the opposing side but as Peterson had always intimidated them and the only result had been a tiresome delay of the case and as Peterson had always won, they gradually did away with outside help and this hearing only one side of the case which had so shocked and angered Armstrong, was nothing to them.

"Who is there to speak for her?" Continued Peterson, "You surely don't expect me to act on both sides?"

Armstrong turned like a flash, "No! I will act as her attorney."

Too much surprised to even smile the crowd moved restlessly.

Armstrong asked permission to speak to the prisoner and the Judge after glancing guiltily at Peterson, granted the request. Armstrong stood between the widow and the curious crowd and leaning over her asked question after question in quick hurried whispers. Then followed a death like stillness while outlining his plan of action. People smiled knowingly at each other. What chance had he even if the woman had been innocent, and the proof had been too strong for that. Peterson though still angry smiled too. Armstrong might lessen the widow's punishment some but on the whole it would prove most amusing, most entertaining. It would certainly in the end add another ray of glory to the already brilliant halo of success which was so undoubtedly his.

Armstrong respectfully asked the Judge to swear in the widow and when she answered tremulously, "Not guilty,"

quite a stir of amusement ran through the room. Armstrong then asked her to tell the Judge where she had met DeWitt and by a few skillful promptings helped to show the Judge how DeWitt was really in her debt. Peterson, who was growing restless, interfered angrily. This was no doubt all very interesting but was rather out of the question of the ring. What he wanted to know was, "Had the widow ever seen the ring and if so, where?" Widow Robinson then told how she had found the ring in the snow while on her way to town and had pawned it for food. Peterson was on his feet in an instant and shaking his fist at her demanded in loud angry tones, if she didn't know when she found the ring that it was DeWitt's? Turning to the jury he fairly shouted, "Of course she did. No one else had passed from her house to the village but DeWitt and she stepped in his very tracks—assuredly she knew that it was DeWitt's ring. Or did she think, sneeringly, 'that it had dropped from heaven? That God had sent it to her? The days of miracles have passed. We are waiting for your answer. Didn't you know that it was DeWitt's ring when you found it'?" "Didn't you?" He again demanded transfixing her with his fiercest glance. This was an old trick of Peterson's and had succeeded many times. Often he had frightened prisoners into an admission of their guilt by a simple, direct question, fiercely put.

But today he was opposing a man as determined as himself. Before the frightened woman could reply Armstrong was objecting to his client answering to a question that might incriminate her. The word "client" caused a little flutter of amusement but the real excitement was in the Judge's decision in Armstrong's favor and the question was ruled out.

The next witness was DeWitt and Armstrong forced him to tell by skillful questions, of his coming in the

storm and dark; and although DeWitt answered sullenly that he had forgotten just what they had to eat during the time he was kept a prisoner in the widow's cabin, Armstrong made it quite clear to all that there had not been much of anything to eat and that DeWitt had eaten his share of what there was.

Peterson tried to rule out the question of remuneration, on the grounds that it had nothing to do with the case and was a slur on western hospitality.

Instantly Armstrong was on his feet. His face purple, his voice hoarse with emotion as he thundered "Western Hospitality which will keep a full grown man eating the bread from starving babies and not offer to pay for the food. It's not western hospitality it's brutal selfishness and I demand an answer. How much board did he pay the widow Robinson for his two weeks stay in her house"? And when De Witt sullenly answered that he had not paid anything, Armstrong dismissed him and called Abe Atcherson the store keeper. The three questions that he asked brought out the facts that the widow Robinson, who did all her trading at his store bought only the bare necessities of life and not the luxuries. That she had asked for credit first and it had been refused, then had produced the ring to obtain food. Cutting short Atcherson's profuse excuse why he had felt it his duty to refuse the widow credit, Armstrong called his last witness, the bar keeper. He was not quite sure what he could prove by the bar keeper, if anything; but it could hardly hurt his case so he began at random. "Had the barkeeper known DeWitt long"? He had, a matter of two or three years. "What were his habits, etc"? "What was the first thing DeWitt did when he reached the saloon"? The barkeeper wondering slightly at so many foolish little questions, answered rather pertly.

"He bought a package of tobacco first and filled his pipe and smoked it."

Armstrong's eyes glistened. Here was the very link that he needed.

"Wait!" he said sharply. "You said that DeWitt bought a package of tobacco. Who paid for it"?

"Why he did of course," answered the bar keeper in astonishment.

"Good," said Armstrong.

"Proceed, what did he next do"?

The bar keeper thought a moment. He was DeWitt's friend and did not want to tell anything that might be used against him but somehow the knowledge that he had been guilty of living off of a helpless woman and fatherless little ones for weeks and leaving without helping them in any way when they were in need, caused a fierce anger against his old time friend.

"What did he next do"? asked Armstrong sharply.

"He played cards all day. He had a few dollars when he started and he played until he had to pawn his watch or quit, and when I refused to take the watch he left in disgust. It was quite dark then."

The bar keeper left the stand conscious of a queer feeling of relief even stronger than the guilty knowledge of having deliberately given away a friend.

Armstrong had not hoped for such a good turn and was radiant as he asked Peterson if he wished to call any other witness or add anything to his final address and when sourly assured that so far as he, Peterson, was concerned the case was closed, that he could not see how anything that had been brought forward had in any way changed the case. The woman pleading "not guilty," when already proven guilty, could hardly alter the Jurors' decision, so as far as he was concerned the matter lay in the hands of the Jurors. Armstrong turned to the Jurors and after addressing the Judge,

began to plead his case. The sympathy of the crowd which had been with DeWitt entirely at first was divided and Armstrong felt it.

He began his speech with a full description of the storm two weeks before and pictured the exhausted man when he reached the cabin. He told how the widow and children had helped him in and had warmed him. Had saved his life, for no man in his exhausted condition could have reached the village alive.

Step by step he told how the meager stock of provisions had grown smaller and smaller and how finally on the morning that DeWitt had left, there was nothing to eat but a few slices of bread which the widow had toasted and dipped in salted water and that there had not been enough of that to go around and that DeWitt, (every eye turned on DeWitt as if they had never seen him before) a great able bodied man, had helped eat those meager mouthfuls. Had eaten the bread of life from little hungry babies, and pointing to the twins who clung tremblingly to their mother's knee. Had eaten their last mouthful, closing the door behind him had gone to the village, not to buy provisions for the hungry little ones and the widow who had so generously divided with him, but to the saloon to spend there the few dollars which should have been given to those who fed and sheltered him.

The silence in the court room was intense. A strange tightness seemed to grip the throats of his hearers as Armstrong hurried on. He told of her mental agony, at the thought of returning empty handed to her hungry babies, of her sudden remembrance of the signet ring which she had found that morning in the snow. It was a fairy gift. It was better, surely God himself had sent this means of saving her starving babies and drawing the ring from her pocket she had bought flour, coffee, bacon and salt.

Hurrying home she had cooked a delicious supper for the now famished little ones. A feast—coffee, bacon, hot biscuits. And while they were eating happy and joyous for the first time in weeks, satisfied, well fed, DeWitt who was homeless and out of money, had again sought their door and had shared again with them.

Then when DeWitt found that the food which he had just eaten and which had put new life into him had been bought with his ring he turned like a furious wolf and forgetful that the debt which he owed the widow must far out-weigh the value of the ring, he had had her arrested and would throw her into prison.

With his face white with emotion, Armstrong turned to the Jurors, "Gentlemen," he said, and his voice rang clear, "I am a stranger here but almost the first thing that I ever heard of you was the story of John Kenter and your speedy punishment, meted out so justly." An angry growl went through the room at the mention of Kenter's name.

"I ask you," continued Armstrong, "As man to man, is DeWitt, who will eat the bread of life from the lips of little ones and returning empty handed himself share in their great good fortune, their feast, and after eating turn savagely and prosecute her, throw their mother, helpless and unprotected into prison, is he any better than the man whom you punished last year because when the snow lay thick and deep on all the hillsides, a little fawn, frightened, helpless, starving, separated from its mother, unprotected and alone in the trackless wilderness was driven to his door by the smell of food, and Kenter, forgetful of the laws of humanity fed it from his own hand and turning took down his rifle and shot it as it stood looking in his door, its soft eyes pleading for more. You know best how you punished Kenter and I feel safe to leave this woman's welfare in your hands. You are good men,

tried and true. You have little ones of your own and will understand something of this mother's feelings."

"If I, a man without friends or family, can realize how necessary it was, surely you men with babies of your own will understand far better!"

"For if it were my children who were starving I am afraid I would steal the bread from the Lord's supper without fear of the Father's anger or

the punishment of man."

"Gentlemen what is your verdict? Is she guilty?"

Amid a hush that was deathlike he sat down.

The Jurors without waiting for the Judge's command, without a thought of consultation, without glancing at each other, arose as if one man and almost as one man they answered, "Not Guilty."



THE RAIN

BY D. W. R.

Oh rain
The pain
You bring
I sing
Until my lungs grow sick and tire
I fret
And sweat
And yet
I get
Still deeper in the magic mire.

Not dry
The sky
Nor sound
The ground
Because the moisture trickles through
Until
'Twill fill
Your shoes
With ooze
And everything but tickle you.

Oh pray
One day
Give in
The sin
Will save our people getting mired
And I
Will try
To time
My rhyme
To save my readers getting tired.

Christmas



“Glory to God in the Highest,
and peace on earth to men of
good will.”



How long will man's inhuman-
ity to man make a travesty of
justice and an irony of these
blessed words and our professed
Christianity?



EDITORIAL

A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

The Northern Crown.

FOUR years ago, April, 1904, there was founded at Ukiah, Mendocino County, California, a magazine of literature and advertising, devoted in its broadest sense, to the interests of the whole people, and the development of Northern California.

No work has been spared to make it worthy of its object. Article after article, historical and descriptive, and hundreds of illustrations have gone forth to edify and inform its readers.

In future it will be issued from the printing office of Keller, Reed & Co., Petaluma, Sonoma County. We have changed the point of publication for various reasons, that we shall take up editorially from time to time.

Not the least of these is the fact that Petaluma is one of the best and most important cities of Northern California. Filled with an intelligent, generous, public spirited class, famed for kindness and the broad sympathy, that

above all else should mark a civilized people. It is the one quality that distinguishes humanity from the beast and the barbarian.

And any community, no matter how professedly Christian and religious, that is unkind, ungenerous, unappreciative and disloyal to the general welfare, and murderous to individual interests and reputations. is yet but a community of beasts and barbarians, though they dwell in human habitations and sleep and wake to the sound of school and church bells ringing out the hours of time.

Keller, Reed & Co., have installed electric power and the magazine will appear more promptly after the first of the year, and be improved in many ways. The holiday edition is late on account of a delay in hearing from Washington D. C. in regard to its admission as second class matter. This is no reflection upon our efforts, or those of our obliging Post Master, who has done his best in the matter.

With an increased circulation and a hopeful outlook, THE NORTHERN CROWN meets the New Year with the best wishes for all its patrons.



Succumbing to the late rains of December the roof of the old building joining the Mission at Sonoma has fallen in. Men are busy gathering up the ancient tiling, and piling it, for the future restoration of the building.

The restoration of this mission is a patriotic duty. Built in the early '20s, around it clusters the hallowed memory of the men who first dreamed of christianizing and civilizing this fair land.

Being the last, and most northerly mission built in California it has its historic value, and forms the greatest attraction to tourists and travelers.

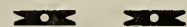
It should be restored at once. Some one able to so perpetuate a generous act, should donate a beautiful altar, as has been done at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

In the now crumbling tower, a sweet toned bell should all the coming years ring out the blessed Angelus, to delight the devotional, and do honor to the Christian's God.

It is to be hoped that the wise Solons at Sacramento now assembled, will allow the stony political heart, to be

touched by the ray of sentiment, and yield by generous apportionment, the needed funds.

We know that we can rely upon our able, alert representative Major G. W. Guilliard, one of our brightest and best, to look after this, as the patriotic Native Son that he is.



Mentions

During the holidays the attractive display at Parents' popular stationery store was the best in town.

Useful and beautiful articles, at reasonable prices, brought many buyers. Mr. Parent deserves much credit for founding so creditable a business in his home town, and deserves the patronage of the people. His artistic and musical talent is recognized, and ably assisted by his mother, who is a worker in art, and a woman of acknowledged taste, their selections in literature and art will always be the best.

In looking for gift books, fancy stationery, and dainty things of all kinds, go to Parents and you will find them.



NAUGHTON'S MILLINERY SHOP.

The holiday display at the shop of these popular milliners was the most attractive feature on Washington street. Here were hats without number, bright with becoming color and ornament, and a profusion of feathers and flowers, and the more durable headwear for practical people. Country orders will be attended to with the greatest care.

The July number of "The Northern Crown" issued by Anna Morrison Reed at Ukiah, which is just at hand is a "Santa Rosa number." The magazine is a monthly, "of literature and advertising devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity."

The magazine contains eighteen pages of fine half-tones of local buildings, scenes and people, accompanied by a very creditable write-up of the town and surrounding country. The work is one which will prove a splendid advertisement for this part of Sonoma county and can

be freely used in sending to eastern people. Copies may be had by addressing Mrs. Reed at Ukiah for ten cents each.—Press Democrat.

Anna Morrison Reed, editor of the Northern Crown, has given the last edition of that creditable magazine entirely to the exploitation of the City of Roses, its industries and its leading citizens and business houses. There are many interesting figures and facts given, showing the advantages of this favored section over the balance of the great state of California, and it emphasizes more fully that Sonoma is the imperial

county of the state. Many photos of prominent buildings and citizens are given in the publication, and the faithful portrayal of the county products cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to the people of the city and county.—Republican.

The plant of the Northern Crown is about to be moved to Petaluma, where the periodical will be printed in the future. We wish Mrs. Reed and the Northern Crown success in its new home.—Pt. Arena Record.

Mrs. A. M. Reed, editress of the Northern Crown, was here Friday in the interest of that magazine. Mrs. Reed has done much toward advertising the resources of northern California.—Beacon.

The Northern Crown Publishing Company of Ukiah has moved to Petaluma and have rented the first story of the Barilla building on Main street and will engage in business here.

The company will hereafter be known as the Keller-Reed Co. and will be conducted by E. A. Keller, of Petaluma, and J. S. Reed, of Ukiah. The Northern Crown Magazine, edited by Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed will hereafter be published

in Petaluma.

The new company will engage in job printing of all kinds. Mr. and Mrs. Reed will make their home here with Mr. and Mrs. Keller. The new firm will open up for business Tuesday.—Petaluma Courier.

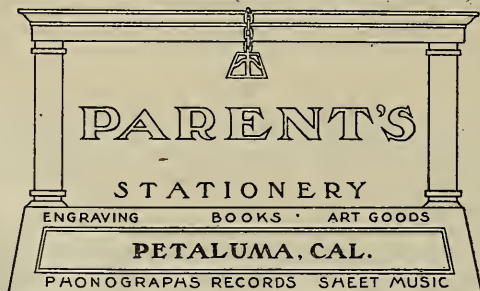
Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed arrived in town Sunday in the interest of the Northern Crown. While the Northern Crown, of which Mrs. Reed is editress, has been moved to Petaluma, Mrs. Reed will still live at Ukiah and continue to boom Northern California in her magazine.

In its new home the Northern Crown occupies a whole floor in a large building in Petaluma and is supplied with electric power to drive the presses, thus greatly increasing the output of the plant.

Mrs. Reed went up to Westport yesterday and she intends to give the coast section a splendid write-up in an issue to be published shortly after the New Year.

The good work Mrs. Reed is engaged in is to be commended, her writeups are doing much in the way of advertising the resources of Mendocino county and other counties.

Everybody should help Mrs. Reed out in this work—Fort Bragg Advocate.



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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

Northern Crown Publishing Company Proprietors

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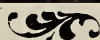
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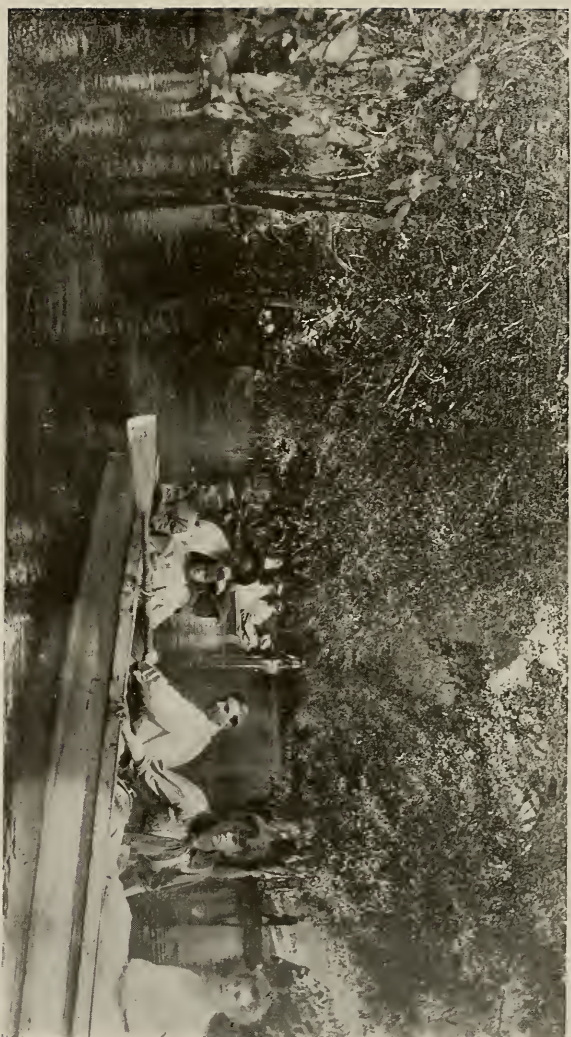
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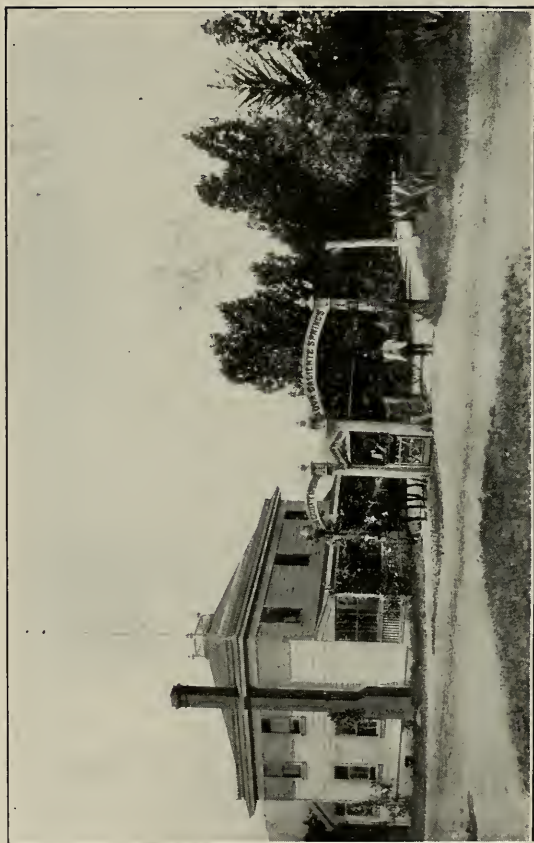
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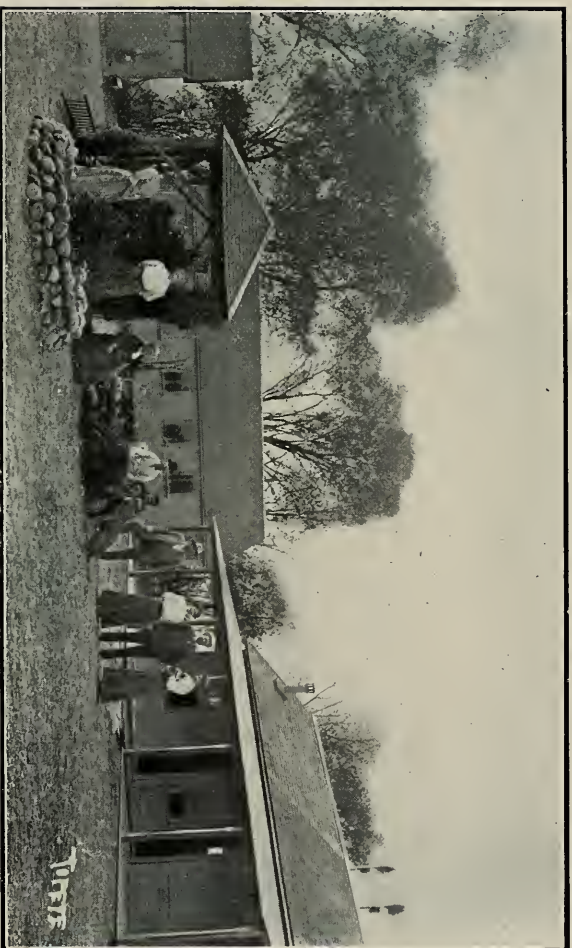
Scene at Agua Caliente, Sonoma Co., Cal.



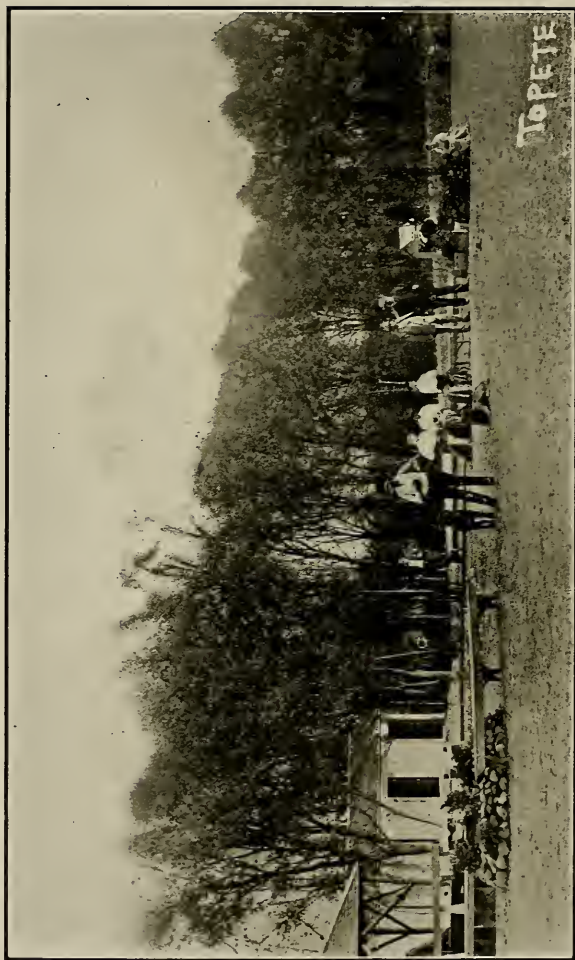
Boating at Mark West Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.



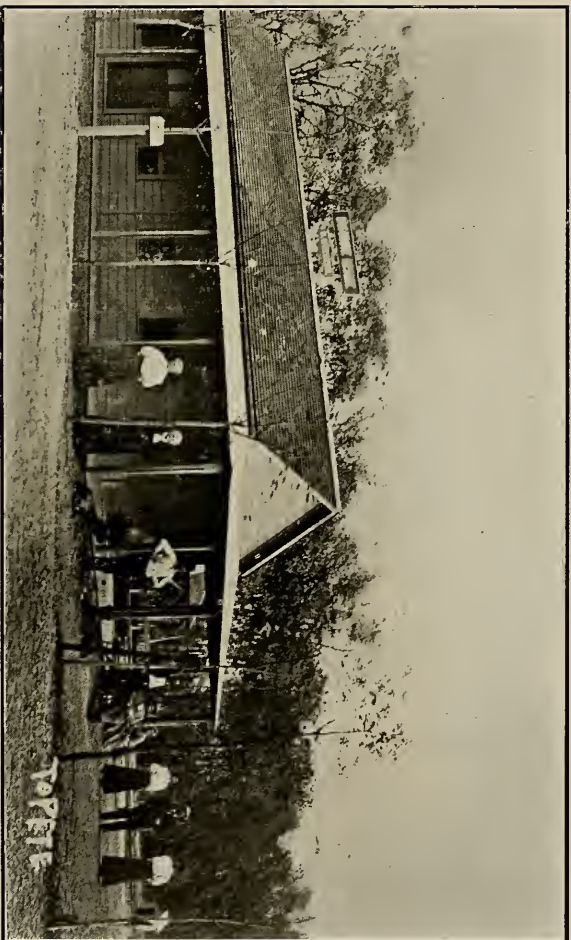
Entrance to Agua Caliente, Sonoma Co., Cal.



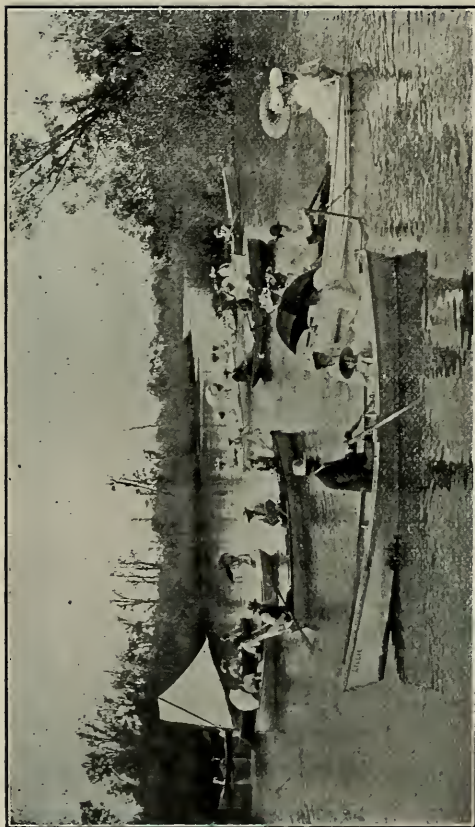
Scene at Oak Grove, El Verano, Sonoma Co., Cal.



Scene at Oak Grove, El Verano, Sonoma Co., Cal.



Scene at Oak Grove Resort, El Verano, Sonoma Co., Cal.



Boating on Lagoen near Sebastopol.



Redwood Stub, Covered with Ivy, Navarro Ridge, Mendocino.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., MARCH, 1909.

NO. 5.

The Consecrated Moustache

Or, My Prospective Sister-in-Law

By FRANK H. POWERS



I am engaged to be married. Probably it would have been much more discreet to have kept that fact in the background, as this confession will probably render me at once most densely uninteresting to the average young lady.

"What is so densely uninteresting as an engaged man?"

Possibly, however, the fact that I have been engaged twice before and have managed to escape matrimony both times, may somewhat revive her moribund interest. I verily believe that half the society young ladies think as I thought about three months ago, that "the art of being in society is to keep from getting married."

Now don't think that I am a boastful sample of that detestable nonentity, a male society flirt, or that I am not devotedly in love with Mae Middleton. I am merely trying to make you understand why I, an engaged man, should be making this confession and how the circumstances which forced it to become possible occurred.

I am somewhat undersized, but have always attempted to make up my deficiency in height and weight by enthusiasm. I think that my experience at Columbia College shows that I have succeeded. I broke two college records as a sprinter, was something of a light weight boxer and held the championship at lawn tennis for all comers the last three years I was there.

The easiest way to acquaint you with my appearance probably is to quote from an article in the New York "World" describing a tennis match in which I participated in August 1887:

"Orlon Foster, who has won the championship against all comers at the last four tournaments, notwithstanding his size is a typical athlete. He is a manly little chap, with handsome dark brown eyes, crisp, curly almost black hair and a mouth with a very handsome smile. He is just five feet four inches in height and weighs only 135 pounds. Foster has a magnificent chest and every tendon is like a whip cord. There is nothing but mus-

cle on his whole well-knit frame, and what he lacks in size he makes up in agility and skill. He is a member of the Columbia Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, and after he won his last set yesterday his college mates crowned him with laurel and carried him off on their shoulders midst great enthusiasm."

That was five years ago.

Since then I have grown a mustache but not much in inches.

Two years after I left Columbia I graduated from the Medical College of the University of the city of New York and came out here to San Francisco as an assistant to good Dr. Eastman. The doctor is a distant relative of my mother and as soon as I became acquainted with his methods he gave me a junior partnership.

I have always known that I am particularly susceptible to the charms of bright and pretty girls. As a college boy I was forever falling in love with somebody, in fact the tendency almost amounted to a disease.

I had my first malignant attack when I was about finishing my junior year. She was the daughter of a prominent and well advertised restauranter of Brooklyn. I was engaged to her for three months. At that time she was sixteen and really was a wonderfully sweet and handsome piece of feminine loveliness. She was rather outre in her style of dress, to be sure, but just the kind of a girl for a college boy to waste his calf love on, very blonde, with a very soft clear complexion, very regular features, very blue eyes and a very round plump figure, just a delicious "armful." She afterward married her father's head steward. I saw her a year ago when I was East, to say that she was an armful for me now would be to suggest that my arms had grown out of proportion to my height.

I really think I would have married her if I hadn't gone down to visit Jack Middleton's people at their seaside cottage at Rye Beach that summer. Jack

was an "Alpha Delt" (the college nickname for my Greek letter fraternity) and my chum.

We arrived late at night and met Jack's sister Mae the next morning. She impressed me at once. Even then as a school girl she had most dignifiedly refined manners. At the end of the first day I knew that I didn't love the restauranter's daughter; at the end of the second I realized I would be mortified to death if Mae Middleton knew that I had a friend with such tastes and tendencies as those revelled in by the restauranter's daughter; at the end of the third day I had forgotten that the restauranter's daughter existed and was hopelessly, blindly infatuated with Mae Middleton.

I don't think she was flirting with me. She has since assured me that she was not, and as I know her to be the most honest, truly refined, sympathetic love of a girl, God was ever good enough to send among mortals, I believe her. She was merely interested in me as her brother's friend and the family's guest.

But I must not delay my story with these preliminaries, suffice it to say, those three weeks of intimate companionship with that dear refined, cultured, lovable girl made such an impression on even my addle college boy brain that its effect was never eradicated.

On coming to San Francisco, society people were very kind to me from the outset. Possibly the rumor that I was my father's only son and prospective heir to his snug little property, coupled with the fact that Dr. Eastman had announced that at the end of three years he would retire from practice and give me the firm's business, had made the mothers my allies in winning their daughters' smiles; and possibly the fact that some old college friends had secured me admittance to the Bohemian Club shortly after my arrival, had something to do with it, but whatever the cause (pardon the conceit) San

San Francisco's society people received me with open arms. I, of course, in the sacred privacy of my own mind will always consider what little success I have had in society to have been due entirely to my own personal charms.

In my haste to dispel the natural aversion most young women have for engaged men, a few moments ago I admitted I had been engaged twice before. That is hardly so. The truth of the matter is that it was only once, the affair with the restauranter's daughter, she of the avoirdupois figure of whom I have spoken, but as during the two and one-half years I have been in society in San Francisco I came so near being engaged so often. I feel somewhat as though the cumulative differentiations towards engagements all integrated together really ought probably to be counted as another.

Every man has formed in his mind's eye more or less definitely the picture of his ideal woman. Mae Middleton was mine. But shortly before I graduated from the Medical College she had become engaged to Walter Musgrove, a leading New York clubman.

I knew that another girl like Mae did not exist, but felt in my innermost consciousness that I ought to be able to find someone who approached her in womanly charms.

Last summer I thought I had found her who was at least second on the list. In other words, I was on the verge of proposing to a Miss Carrie Heather. Probably I would have done so within a week had I not received a letter in Jack Middleton's well-known hand. I am nothing of a hypnotist or anything of that sort but I knew intuitively before I opened Jack's letter that it contained something which was about to play a part in my life's history. It did.

Jack announced to me that Walter Musgrove had become dissipated of late to such an extent that his sister Mae had been forced to break her en-

gagement with him, and that his mother was about to take her over to the Sandwich Islands for a six weeks' trip in order to give her a change of scene so that she might better forget him. They were to arrive in San Francisco enroute in about three weeks. He asked me if I would look after them while they were in San Francisco.

Look after them? Well I should think I would! As a physician I felt my own pulse, and saw immediately that the case was a serious one; forthwith I called in my memories and hopes to hold a consultation with me (being careful to exclude the state of my exchequer and common bachelor prudence from the consultation as they did not belong to our school of practice) and after a half hours deliberation we came to the decision that my symptoms required a total change of air and a long sea voyage, in fine I made up my mind to take the trip to the islands with Mae and her mother.

Jack the dear old fellow said further in his letter:

I, myself am to be married in about a year, old man. Don't say anything about this in your letters to the fellows out here nor to my people when you see them. I much prefer not to have my private affairs discussed by those I come in contact with every day. I trust your discretion implicitly."

I had never spoken a word of love to Mae Middleton, because before I had succeeded in becoming thoroughly disentangled from my affair with the restauranter's daughter I had been privately informed of her engagement to Walter Musgrove. Since that time I verily believe the remembrance of the impressions made on me by her many graces and her lovely character have been the main causes why I have been able so successfully to resist the charms of the belles of my present home. (Even that don't make me blush.)

I have always been something of a fatalist. The receipt of Jack's letter

at this time gave my fatalistic tendencies a chance to hope that it was intended as an opportune signal to warn me from entangling myself with any one else until I had seen Mae again.

My contemplated call on Miss Heather was indefinitely postponed.

At my first opportunity I announced to Dr. Eastman that I was about to accompany some eastern friends on a trip to Honolulu in the course of a month.

They arrived. Mae was as lovely and sweet as ever. I will not commit the sacrilege of attempting to describe her.

So not to weary you nor force myself to desecrate the sacredness of the memory of the three months I spent with her at the islands, I will merely say that we became engaged the day before the steamer landed in Honolulu. One remark however I will venture and that is, if any lover wishes to find out how completely, thoroughly, all pervadingly he is in love, let him arrange to spend a few months with her who is the idol of his heart in the balmy, love-laden, Eros-governed weather of these heaven-blessed islands in the tropical belt of the mild Pacific.

I was compelled to return during the latter part of December. Of the loneliness of that journey home I will say nothing. There are some things so drear that it gives one the blues to attempt to formulate his feelings in words.

Mae and her mother followed, arriving in early April. They spent a month with me in San Francisco.

As we had determined to be married in October and not to announce our engagement until about the time of the ceremony we deemed it best not to have Mae meet anyone here, not even my most intimate friends. This was no hardship for either of us. We were more company to each other than an army of a hundred thousand friends would have been.

Now, dear reader, as the good old

story writer used to say, we are introduced sufficiently well to make me feel that I may tell you just a bit of a secret without desecrating the thought by the telling. It is this, the night before Mae returned to New York she said to me.

"Orland I want to ask a favor, you may think it foolish but nevertheless I am going to ask it. I want you to shave your moustache."

"Why"? I asked anxiously for my moustache was the one part of my anatomy which was my especial pride; it was as large as any other man's.

"I don't mean for you to keep it shaved." (I breathed again.) "You remember that you once confessed to me that you had kissed several girls here before we took our trip."

I confessed to the remembrance.

"Well I don't want to kiss a moustache that anybody else has kissed. I want one all my own, and as I am not going to see you in person for five long months you can grow another one just as nice as this (indicating the moustache by a gesture) the next time I see you, and while the other is growing, I can repay you by kissing all the varnish off the moustache on the picture you gave me."

I promised, I never could resist her gestures.

The next evening all my thoughts of present happiness, all my hopes for the future went eastward.

There was one drawback to our pleasure. Because of certain war rumors Jack Middleton had been compelled to go down to Chili to look after some affairs of his firm so it would be impossible to get word to him before July. Maybe you think it's easy being true to a girl even when you know absolutely that she is the one and the only one who could make you happy. You will know better after you have tried. It may have been a little harder for me because I was compelled to return to an atmosphere permeated with the old perfumes of the days be-

fore I thought of Mae as a wife. A fellow couldn't very well refuse invitations to dinner from old friends both because it would be uncivil and because the doing so very often would make the friend suspect that which we had determined to keep secret. And the invitation being accepted he can't prevent paterfamilias from opening a bottle of his favorite Pomery after dinner and the charming and clever daughter from taking him into her oddly furnished cozy little parlor for an after dinner chat. If it be in the city, or if it be in the suburban home, out on a veranda furnished with sundry hammocks, single and double sizes, diversified spooning corners and various other paraphernalia of the flirting art and all of which heretofore he has not been averse to using and all at once he finds that his being absolutely, perfectly true in its most complete sense has its difficulties and I may even say drawbacks. But it becomes all the more difficult when a fellow has such a girl as Mae and she writes him such delicious little requests as "Please don't be seen very often with young ladies dear. Remember I am going to live in San Francisco some day and it will be very embarrassing if some girl should say to me, 'We all were so surprised at Mr. Foster's engagement. Why about a month before it was announced Miss Blank was entertaining him almost every Sunday and Mr. So and So's mother was telling all her friends how much she was afraid her daughter was engaged to him', et cetera, ad lib."

I always answered by explaining to her that a physician must be civil to his patients and more or less entertaining, but that notwithstanding my leaning to the allopathic school, for her sake I would attempt to administer my cleverness in homeopathic doses.

One day after reminding her of my fund of discretion and of the skill with which I had evaded entanglements before our engagement I ventured to inform her that I had been compelled

to carry on a desultory correspondence with a young lady mainly concerning her father who was an invalid patient. I received an answer which worried me:

"My love," she said "is such a pure thing that simulation of it is unpleasant to me. I am something like the connoisseur in bric-a-brac with a choice piece of angel white parian marble. He carefully arranges it in some portion of his cabinet for sacred bits, to prevent the possibility of an inquiring visitor laying even a finger upon it, not because the laying of a finger on it is in itself dangerous but because gradually one finger will be followed by another, ultimately by the whole hand, and then with that confidence which comes with familiarity, the ruthless investigator may even remove it from its sacred position so that he may better satisfy his growing curiosity, all this time the danger of marring the marble is increasing in a very rapid ratio. The only way to be positively safe, is to keep off even a finger."

Well, after that, I began to be so careful about my "fingers" that I believe everybody suspected my engagement before a month was over.

Finally as an excuse I gave out that I was studying up to take Dr. Eastman's place as lecturer at the Medical College while the doctor was absent on a contemplated trip East, and was preparing to give some public clinics. Gradually I weaned myself away from society and social temptations, although I still indulged in an occasional game of tennis.

Along in June when the championship tournament at San Rafael on the 4th of July began to be discussed, I found the old spirit commencing to rebel at its long restraint, besides my tailor had made me a wonderfully natty little tennis suit and what's more I found myself hating to miss such a royal good chance to display the silks and sashes I had brought back with me from Honolulu. I

finally yielded to the pressure and determined to go to San Rafael for the week of the 4th. I secretly determined however that I would carefully avoid all of my old flames. San Rafael is the Coney Island of San Francisco. The fashionable resort most convenient of access.

The first day at the hotel I noticed a young lady whom I recognized at a glance as a New York girl. There was something of that erect carriage and peculiar style which is distinctively Gothamish. I would have noticed her anyway however, because she was most stunningly handsome. She had an elegant figure too—the tout ensemble was dangerous for a susceptible man. I determined to beware. Soon I discovered that she was not at all inclined to flirt; in fact she seemed to prefer to be alone with her uncle and aunt who were the only other members of the party. She was always very civil to the young gentlemen she met but facilely avoided any semblance of familiarity.

The second morning as she came down in a tennis suit I noticed that she wore an Alpha Delta Phi pin at her throat. This was too much. I couldn't resist the temptation any longer; I must meet her.

She improved by close inspection. Her name was Grace Wooster and as I suspected, she was from New York. She knew several of my Columbia friends. I was careful not to ask her if she knew the Middletons for fear it might disclose an acquaintainship with Mae and cause some akward questions. We became good friends at once. I felt that the friendship was eminently proper because there was nothing in it savoring of flirtation. By the end of the third day we had unconsciously established quite a familiar footing. I began indistinctly to realize that besides being a mighty handsome woman that her deep blue eyes were wonderfully expressive and

that when she had finished a lively set at tennis she had a complexion which made her fairly bewitching. Her main charm was her smile, of course now I am leaving out of question her figure. Out of respect to Mae's brie-a-brac I attempted not to realize that she had a form; but having seen her in a tennis suit I confess I failed ignominiously in the attempt. She was almost plump, and yet not at all what her worst enemy could call fat. For several reasons I will merely say she had an elegant figure and let it go at that.

Her uncle was a very genial old gentleman. Through talking over Gotham and our mutual acquaintances there, we soon became very friendly; so much so that he insisted on me accepting a seat in their carriage for a drive on the third afternoon.

Really Miss Wooster was delightful. Somehow or other during a temporary displacement of my memory on brie-a-brac, after the drive I made an engagement to take a horseback ride with her early the next morning.

I enjoyed the ride immensely. Why shouldn't I? The air was fresh and bracing, the roads fairly good, the horses well gaited and spirited, the view from the top of the hill grand and my company simply charming. She had blossomed out into a wonderfully bright, witty and chatty companion; with just enough relish for slang to add a little spice to the dialogue and a saupcon of chic which made me feel that she could flirt desperately should she so desire.

I began to suspect that she had some pieces of parian statuary brie-a-brac of her own; in fact I had an idea from the constancy with which she wore the fraternity pin to the exclusion of other jewelry that one of my brothers in Alpha Delta Phi had been helping her put the finishing touches on the brie-a-brac. My curiosity to know the name which I knew was engraved on

the under side of that pin was increasing every minute. Finally I asked her.

We had that moment stopped to water our horses at a trough which had been put in a recess formed in a turn of the road.

"I think I will not tell you until I say good bye."

"Why? Are you being true to him?"

"One couldn't help but be true to an Alpha Delta could she?" she answered evasively.

Our horses stood close together; mine to the right of hers. I couldn't resist the temptation to steady my left hand on her horse and attempt with my right to turn the pin, which was fastened at her throat, over so that I might see the engraving on the back.

She didn't resist. In fact even leaned over towards me to facilitate my endeavors to reach the pin. The position almost brought her within my arms, in fact our shoulders touched.

At that instant my horse's bit became entangled with her horse's bridle and he lunged forward. My hold of the pin was disengaged and I was compelled to attend to the headgear of our animals. It only took the flash of a second but in that flash I remember a sensation which gave me proof that her plumpness of figure was natural, and that my companion was a very interesting young woman. The realization brought with it a consciousness that there was considerable danger of finger marks on Mae's parian marble.

I hastily determined that there should be no recurrence of the temptation and as soon as the horses had been calmed down and we had started on our homeward journey I devoted myself to the discussion of a peculiar cloud effect which the morning sun had begun to color.

"Man proposes and God disposes." however, for on arriving at the hotel her uncle insisted on my breakfasting with them. And one of my city friends and a young lady companion chal-

lenged us to a tennis contest, immediately after breakfast.

Her tennis costumes hitherto had been dreams even to my man's eyes but the one she wore that morning was an oriental vision. I will not attempt to describe it. It is sufficient to know that at the sight of her I realized that I would have been tempted to try to discover the inscription of her Alpha Delta pin, position and posture as before, even if Mae had been looking on. Two seconds after I was stricken with remorse. The bric-a-brac had once more begun to display its value. Conscience had commenced to work.

As soon as I could excuse myself I sought my room and wrote the dear old girl a sixteen page letter, but never a word about Grace Wooster.

The next day was the Fourth. It was the final day of the tournament.

The whole fete was to be concluded in the evening with the Tennis German at the hotel. I had determined not to dance the german, for I could thus escape the necessity of choosing a partner and afterwards of being compelled to run several chances of disturbing the arrangements of bric-a-brac through exchange of favors with some old flame whom I felt certain I would be compelled to favor.

What then more natural than that I should accept Miss Wooster's invitation to watch a few of the figures with her party? How was I to know that she was coming down in another vision of a tennis suit? (Everybody was in tennis clothes to heighten the effect.) How was I to know that the music would entice us into trying a waltz in the hallway out of sight of the regular dancers? How was I to know that she waltzed with the grace of a Carmencita?

Having danced with her on that soft summer night, what was more natural than that we should seek the cool outer air on the veranda? How

was I to know that a stray ray of light from a window on the further end of the veranda was moved so to reflect on her Alpha Delta pin as to inspire me with an irresistible desire to see the name on the reverse side? I don't intend to say; but I will say that I did attempt to see the name.

She negatively consented by not refusing me. I will say further that the several little contacts of my clumsy fingers with the soft warm flesh of that plump chin and round neck as I awkwardly attempted to read that name in the uncertain light furnished by that distant gas jet, so completed the sensations hitherto aroused by our dance a few moments before, that I wanted to kiss her.

Hypnotically I think she knew it for she withdrew herself from the close quarters and said half apologetically.

"Please don't look at it now. I would rather you did not. Please let me show it to you tomorrow."

"Why not now?" I asked.

"Because I want to have this week ours alone. We are going to part tomorrow, I know from your air and manner that when we part you are going to continue to be true to her whom you love." She answered looking up at me with a peculiarly knowing twinkle to her eye.

"Her whom I love, what do you mean?"

"You don't suppose I have been in society this long and not be able to recognize an engaged man at sight? But I'm willing to confess you're one of the nicest I ever met. Possibly it is because you are an Alpha Delta. From your ways and what you have told me of New York I know you and—(she catches herself in time to prevent using his name) my friend who owns this pin must have known each other and so I will keep his name until we part. Come, we must go in."

She had so completely overpowered me with her announcement about my

engagement that I hardly noticed the way she caught herself from telling the name of the owner of the pin; and without saying a word followed her back to her chaperone.

As soon as I could do so I withdrew and then hastily I went to my room took my overcoat and walking stick and choosing the back hallways started out for a stroll in the air. I wanted to be by myself and think.

I didn't know how to take Miss Wooster.

What did she mean by "I want to have this week ours alone" was constantly running through my mind. It would have been the one engrossing problem but for the mystery connected with the reference to the name of the owner of the fraternity pin. As I thought of that, gradually the tempter brought back the feelings which had been attendant on my last attempt to see the name; gradually the realization of the many charms of Grace Wooster, with her deep blue eyes, her pretty mouth, her soft skinned chin and her plump figure crowded on me so fast that I didn't have time to think of bric-a-brac and so I hastily determined to understand her. Tomorrow would be our parting day, the end of our week and our intercourse, and so I determined to make the most of it by taking her for another ride in the morning, parian marble bric-a-brac, to the contrary notwithstanding.

I returned to the ballroom to make the engagement. As luck would have it I met her at the doorway of the ballroom just as she and her party were leaving. I asked if she would take the ride in the morning. She excused herself while she asked her aunt who was about to take the elevator preparatory to retiring.

Meantime the music struck up for another waltz, the "Mysotis Waltz," a great favorite of mine.

"I'm awfully sorry Mr. Foster" she

answered and her tone displayed the sincerity of her words, "but I have considerable packing to do in the morning and Aunt thinks I'll be too tired, but I'll have a bit of this waltz with you if you will only wait until I tell Aunt to go on up without me."

I said I would wait.

My whata waltz that was! I then knew what she meant by wanting this week ours alone. I was convinced that she had decided to have one flirtation to remember California by. I tried to resist, I honestly did, but I admit to you (please don't tell Mae) that I saw that that waltz together with the feeling at touching that plump chin earlier in the evening was about to make me kiss Grace Wooster. The tempter was about to succeed. He absolutely made me suggest that we take one more stroll down the portico. He absolutely made me lead her around to a secluded spot on the veranda. He absolutely made me put my hand under her chin and turn her face at the proper angle to be kissed and say:

"I admit that I am engaged and if I hadn't consecrated this moustache to the girl I love I would kiss you right here." Thank heaven at that moment my guardian angel did let us hear the footsteps of a servant who was coming along the veranda, in time to resume a more decorous position before he came upon us. But I freely admit at that particular moment the efforts of my guardian angel were not appreciated. I would have given a cool thousand dollars to have had one second more.

As it was we sauntered back to the elevator. The entree into the light of the front hall made me feel rather peculiar. I did not know exactly how she understood the scene. I determined to make a brave attempt at nonchalance. So as we stood alone waiting for the elevator to come down I said bravely:

"It's an awful nuisance sometimes to

have a consecrated moustache isn't it"?

"Yes I should think so," she answered with a cunning expression to her eye which left me in doubt whether she was poking fun at me. Then she added as she prepared to take the elevator which had arrived at the landing in the meantime:

"But I should think you could borrow a razor."

After she had entered the 'lift' she turned and gave me her hand.

"Good night" she said "I have had one of the most pleasant evenings of my life. I hope I may see you at breakfast."

"I hope so" I answered already prepared for a fit of thinking which might almost be called the blues.

I was prepared to mentally chastise myself and yet I could hardly feel that I had done anything which could not be pardoned. We were to part forever tomorrow; she was a lady; no one else would ever know of the affair; I had been denying myself everything of the kind for the last five months, we two had enjoyed some exquisitely interesting moments together; she was the one oasis in the flirtation desert I had created for myself with the help of a piece of parian marble bric-a-brac; I was certain that no one had observed the fact that she was an oasis.

All these facts properly presented to my conscience finally gained its pardon on the condition that I would go home by the broad gauge at 2:30 on the afternoon of the morrow instead of joining the Wooster party on the 3:45 narrow gauge.

I dressed for breakfast next morning at almost ten o'clock. My luck made me meet Grace Wooster on the elevator. She was dressed in another tennis suit. I mentally wondered whether my tempter hadn't arranged with that girl to dress herself so as to show me how utterly weak was the will control on which I had hitherto prided myself.

Powerlessly I accepted her challenge for a last game. Early in the first set I knew that I was going to break my compromise with my conscience.

When we parted after the game I unhesitatingly without a tremor made an engagement to go over to San Francisco with them on the 3:45 narrow gauge. I was certain in my mind that I was going to be down to the seven o'clock boat in San Francisco to see her off for New York and fully expected that I would be bearing a basket of flowers in addition to the box of candy she had won from me in the tennis game.

Her tastes in traveling gowns was as fully as perfect as in tennis suits.

We had to wait few a moments for the bus which took us from the hotel to the depot. We half sentimentally sauntered down the portico to sort of bid the place good-bye.

When we came to the spot where we or rather I, was interrupted by the servant the night before, she looked up at me with a piquant air and said:

"The consecrated moustache had a narrow escape last night, didn't it?"

I refrained from answering for a second and then said:

"I suppose you think me dreadfully weak, but I can assure you that I am not in love with you. Yet no other woman on the face of the earth could have brought me to as near being untrue to the lovely girl I am to marry, as you did."

"No, I don't think you were weak. It was but natural. To tell you the truth, I was as weak as you, if it was weakness. I think it was just the natural result of a week's companionship. I know so many of the Columbia boys that you took me back to the old times. I feel as though I'd known you always."

Here the bus arrived. I had lost my opportunity to ask her about the Alpha Delta pin.

There were a great number of pass-

engers to catch the train owing to the fact that many San Francisco people had come over to the ball and were returning. In the rush for seats we were separated from Grace's aunt and uncle and were forced to take the last seat in the car. I didn't regret it because I wanted a chance to explain away my apparent weakness of the night before.

"I have been thinking about what you said on the porch," I said to open the conversation, "and I believe you are right. We have had such a perfectly lovely, happy time for this week and have so unexpectedly found ourselves to have so many mutual friends that we naturally were attracted."

"And it was nothing more than natural that the consecrated moustache should have a narrow escape"? she asked in an interestingly dare-devil way which was quite dangerous for the desires of the owner of that moustache.

"Y-e-s" I answered drawling out the word as I arranged a new thought, "don't you know it seemed as though that was the only proper finish for such a clever week, just the same as a pousse cafe is the right topping off for a french dinner. Now I feel something like the man who owns a pretty yellow English dog cart, and a bol-tailed cob and a stylish new yellow harness, all imported from England but somehow the bridle to it is lost and he has to use an ordinary black leather one instead, there seems to be a lack of finish to the whole."

"Do you think it would be worth while to go back and look for the bridle"? she said with the same dare-devil air.

I didn't answer. I could see myself fast drifting into the feelings of the night before, with all of its concomitants including the lecture from my conscience afterwards.

She became impatient at my silence and began to tap her foot on the rail

of the seat ahead of us. Then she happened to notice that her tie was unlaced. She stooped to arrange it.

"Permit me" I said and I leaned over to perform the little service. The sight of that delicately shaped foot in that stylish shoe together with that well turned aristocratic ankle and a little increased consciousness of the fact that she was plump made more certain because of our peculiar cramped position in that seat, all combined to make me look her straight in the eye after she had said "Thank you" and answer her last question, by saying with a bravado equal to her own.

"Yes I do, and if I couldn't find the bridle I feel equal to the task of trying to paint the black one yellow."

"If you feel like that" she said with a peculiar smile, "I suppose the safest plan for me is to go to my chaperone as we come to the long tunnel in about five minutes."

"Well then I'll find the bridle." I said determinedly. And I meant it.

She looked at me earnestly for a second and then smiled another peculiar smile which made me know that she was going to help me do the finding. Neither of us spoke, we merely waited. I remembered that after we rounded the next curve that the engine whistled for the tunnel. I was nervous. For an instant the memory of Mae and her admonition flitted across my mind. I hesitated. I was about to recall my words, when just at that instant the engine whistled.

I turned to Grace, she smiled again the same knowing smile, so did I. Hardly had we done so, when a brakeman came in with a board placed it across two seats, mounted it and coolly lit the lamps in the cars just as we entered the tunnel.

Grace smiled once more, this time audibly as before, so did I. In fact we both giggled. Strange to relate I was never happier for anything in my life.

Neither of us did anything more than

chuckle the whole four minutes we were in the tunnel.

When we were well on the clear road again, she said.

"And the bridle is still black."

And I answered.

"And the consecrated is not desecrated, and I, for one, am awfully glad of it."

"And to tell you the truth so am I" she answered.

"Why"? I asked interestedly.

"Because"—after a little deliberation she continued "I am going to tell you the truth and trust to your honor. Because I am engaged too."

"Engaged" I came near shouting, "to an Alpha Delta Phi man. Who is he?"

"Yes" she answered as she prepared to take off the pin, "I thought it was nothing more than fair to tell you. I have been having just the same battle with my conscience you have had with yours. But it's over now isn't it? My poor Jack is in Chili and I haven't heard from him for five months."

"Jack in Chili" was running through my mind as I tallied the description with that of Mae's brother with a feeling almost approaching horror.

I accepted the pin she handed to me hastily turned it over and looking at the inscription almost gasped.

"J. H. Middleton." Jack Middleton.

"Do you know him"? she asked equally as excited as I.

"Know him! Why he's my dearest friend."

"Please don't tell him; please don't write of this little affair, please don't." She took my hand as she said this. I grasped it in solemn compact.

"You can trust me for that."

"But how can I know it? How can I feel certain? Give me some assurance. Oh I am so miserable."

I hesitated an instant and then the realization of what my feelings would

be if I thought that Mae might know of my connection with the little faux pas came to me and I blurted out.

"Because I am engaged to his sister, Mae!"

She gave a sigh of relief and we shook hands again.

My grip was only about 12 inches

long and did not weigh three pounds I will wager. Yet I hunted up that brakeman who lighted those lamps and gave him two dollars for carrying that grip onto the boat for me. I could see by Grace's eye that she thought me a brute for not making it five.



To Philomena.

By Dewey Ravenscroft.

Not that I care to see the lilies grow
 Nor the bright stars that gem the night
 new born
 Nor rippling waters in their eddying flow
 Nor crimson poppies in the golden corn
 For these my eyes were sightless; but
 they knew
 A glory far surpassing any stars
 A wealth of tenderness, and love so true
 It seemed a prodigal from Heaven's
 bars
 A waif strayed from the bounds of Paradise,
 In thy sweet, sad and melancholy eyes.

Surrender.

By Anna M. Reed

One who had fled along the way of life,
Holding the blossoms of a radiant youth,
Lost one by one, the flowers of hope and truth,
Reaching at last the borders of despair.

Deep in her heart a single crimson rose,
Hidden and cherished through the lengthening days,
Still had she kept; through all earth's devious ways,
Fragrant—dew-pearled, and still divinely fair.

Some of its red was folded in her lips,
Some of its dew was mingled with her tears,
And all its perfume lingered through the years,
In the bright meshes of her shining hair.

Until rose-fragrant was her daily life,
Filled with all things, that love, and even death,
Make so immortal; and like the rose's breath,
She was herself, still sweet beyond compare.

And to a land of silence and of dreams,
She went forth, finding one she longed to find,
Tender and true, and best of all his kind,
And her last treasure laid within his hands.

"Crushed it may be, and even cast aside,
In life's turmoil, for merciless the noon,
Of work and strife, but 'neath this magic moon,
I yield the talisman of love and life."

"Fear not," he said, "though long we've strayed apart,
No knight of old more leal than I shall be,
This priceless favor that you bring to me.
Crushed it shall be; but crushed against my heart."

Woman Suffrage

By M. GRIER
KIDDER

DEDICATION:—To my old but unseen Friend, that highest type of Southern Womanhood, Josephine K. Henry, of Kentucky, this exotic is affectionately dedicated



T'S AS EASY for those in power to believe God put them in it, as for those out of it to believe God had mighty little to do if he did.

Nobody bosses long without thinking he bosses by divine right. Arrogance's first conviction is, that what is gained by force is sanctioned by justice. There's but a step from sublime insolence to ridiculous inspiration. Every tyrant is satisfied of his infinite usefulness. All of this fits woman as well as man. His insolence is no more the result of his arrogated importance than her innocence the consequence of her actual impotence. But what she doesn't because she can't doesn't justify what he does because he can. No one should have much power because no conscience can withstand the sophistry of much self-interest. Excessive power is the lullaby of conscience; absolutism the narcotic of principle. Justification is never wanting for the possible perpetration of profitable wickedness. Inclination is curbed rather by inability than by the sense of right and wrong. The powerful are just only when they are not powerful enough or haven't been powerful long enough. Familiarity with might breeds contempt for right. There's nothing more monotonous than behaving when you know you can misbehave. We allow to others not what we know they should have, but what we know they know they can get. In the cause of liberty, murder is virtue; homicide, benevolence; assassination, a beatitude. Turn me loose!

Woman Suffrage means as much for man as for woman, as much for

husband, father, son, as for wife, mother, daughter; as much socially, morally, matrimonially as politically; as much as the minority knows it means and the majority thinks it doesn't. Then why is woman denied the franchise? Because it takes a man of much sense to see that a woman of more sense has any sense. Catch on? Besides, it is feared that if she begins to improve things, she will improve them as unpleasantly as suddenly. Few like change, fewer being yanked into respectability. The unknown must look very pleasant to invite an abrupt introduction. Most of us like to "taper off." When a conviction arrives butt end first, its target is generally a crank.

Man's brutality to woman is so old that it is a precedent. Which goes to show that age, rather than justice, makes precedents; that any old monotony sprouting moss is a model. Until lately, no woman could claim her rights and man's respect, find what belongs to her without losing what he owes her. She could own nothing. Her fate was robbery, piety, patience, submission and motherhood. Her husband stole everything she had but her children and her God, everything, in short, worth stealing. As my old nurse said of her son-in-law's treatment of her daughter: "He ain't gin her nottin' but a baby." The old, old story, human "mercy" with no police in sight.

I thought Susan B. Anthony as bad as a homely woman can be; moral because she wasn't good looking enough to be anything else; disagreeable, sour, hateful, everything but married. I've always held that plainness is a greater protection

than a sense of propriety. Now I recall her devotion, determination, moral courage, unselfishness and suffering, finding no parallel short of Calvary. If ever virgin brought forth political, social and intellectual redemption she did. The divinity of the child isn't generally recognized, but recognition is coming. Why did I think so ill of her? Fashion said: "I am the Lord thy God!" and all the people said: "Amen!" I was one of the people. That settled it! Then I thought I thought. Now I know I think and think I know. The minority must walk mighty straight to get what little reputation it can or keep what little it has. Did you ever hear of blaspheming the weak, sacrilege against the defenseless? disrespect to the new?

At last woman began to think. How did she do it? Don't ask me! I wonder why, if worth robbing, she isn't worth as much at the polls as those of the robbers who are not worth robbing. Why, if she helps pay for running the country, she can't help run it. Why a lady, white as snow, educated and wealthy, whose son can be President, should be politically beneath an ourang-outang, black as man's future before the Atonement, ignorant as a mule and aromatic as a Billy goat. But she is rising; she's almost up to the negro, above all has triumphed to the extent that her cause has ceased to be ridiculous—a no small triumph! "He laughs best who laughs last!" So does she!

Her opponents cite "our grandmothers" for doing what they had to; for not doing—what they could not. "Our grandmothers" did what they were told, our grandfathers told them; simply a division of labor. Their example is worthless. Only the contrast they afford worth resurrection. However, they are gone and their going is the only thing they were guilty of that meets my approval. I hate to abuse the past, but my memory is too good to compliment it. During that epoch, every boy was "a child of the devil,"

had several fathers, in fact, the substantial one on earth; another in heaven and the inevitable one in hell—the most indulgent parent of the three. In those halcyon days a boy was "seen and not heard," unless he drifted into a misunderstanding with the most tangible of his triad of daddies, when he was heard all right. I attribute my longevity solely to "natural selection"—the "survival of the fittest." Women were not beaten, except out of what they had. But if a girl was rich or good looking, she went into the "multiplying and replenishing" business when she should have been in school. If she was plain and poor she was said to be "not pretty but good," which meant she was going to be an old maid. And, girls, an old maid during my incipency was a heroic specimen. All the other women laughed at her, said she "didn't get married because she couldn't," an excellent reason; nobody called on her but the preacher, nobody loved her but God. But time has brought revenge. The average old maid is prouder now than the married woman who is divorced. Perhaps she lacks the latter's sense of relief. But she is satisfied.

When I think of man's treatment of woman, I wonder he is no worse. What can be expected from a neglected mother but a son who neglects his wife? Why are most divorce applicants women? Because in many cases "incompatibility," truthfully translated would make the doom of the Athenian virgins offered to the minotaur a honeymoon by comparison. Don't you know half the men escape zoology by only two legs? The ordinary courtship reminds me of a picture of Christ and Satan standing on a pinnacle of the temple. The old real estate agent is offering all the country in sight for a little devotion; everything he didn't have for something he wanted. What protection has an abused wife? Divorce? Is anything more combat-
ted? Any step more unpopular?

As to "the stigma resting on the children," what kind of children are bred from a couple that should be divorced?

Woman suffrage means, among other blessings, smaller families. And the reverend blackguard who called Mrs. Henry a "limit hen" stumbled on more truth out of his pulpit than Ananias ever inspired in it. The world would be cleaner if his mother had been actuated by the statute of limitation. Mrs. Henry's tender heart, clear brain and silvery tongue enjoy a harmonious co-ordination. To her cool, dispassionate logic I owe my position as a man, woman suffragist, if a fellow can be such without shocking natural laws. Evolution that modified the anthropoid ape into a Shakespeare may have saved me without her aid. But as time was pressing, she stimulated the metamorphosis. I have been made a variety of fools by a variety of women. But she cured me of being more fool than I had been made by the efforts of the whole combination.

Of what account is the average baby? Is he welcome? Is he uncommonly "blessed who hath his quiver full of them"? How much wiser to regulate the contents of the quiver by the prospects of the liver. Why not show less zeal in increasing and more in improving. I charge two-thirds of the crime and insanity to being born wrong, three-thirds of the poverty to being born at all. I believe in welcoming the arrived, not in making a specialty of arrivals. Nor do I believe malformed or rickety infants should be reared. The Greeks reared neither. Nothing survived but the useful. Every Greek cat caught rats. Think of relying on natural death to curtail the invalid and fool crop! Every marriage under present conditions suggests the penitentiary, lunatic asylum and poor house. For this reason, every old maid and her example are worth ten funerals to her community. And the old bachelor, well, the less said of him and his

example the better.

Born and bred in that nursery of conservative chivalry, the south, I thought woman was created to grace the home and ornament society. It didn't occur to me she could do both without remaining a petticoated vermiform appendix, a social rudimentary organ. We call her "impulsive." Is there anything about pots, pans and children conducive to profound contemplation? Most people think because woman is the housekeeper she should keep in the house; as she is the only one who can have a baby, she should do nothing but have it. Perhaps these are her specialties, but must she be chained to her specialties, shackled to her hobbies? Variety is as much the spice of woman's life as of man's. She has been developing her mind by thinking of nothing, perfecting her conversational powers by talking of what she is thinking, accentuating her liberty by cringing to a husband and groveling to a priest. No wonder, when a mother-in-law, she is "more terrible than an army with banners."

"She talks too much" because she hasn't been allowed to do enough. Her tongue is the only thing that does justice to her mind; abnormal development advertising atrophy. Suppose she was silent till she had something to say! I am not telling you what you don't know, only what everybody knows and almost everybody has forgotten. Even Shakespeare asks: "Who is't can read a woman"? I understand some of the translations, but have despaired of the original long ago. If she knows little of the world, the world knows less of her. Why? Because, forbidden to use her faculties, she has surrendered to her intuition. When she "feels," as she generally does, that her "impression" is true, she is, perhaps, the most certain thing on earth. In love, her most convincing "impression" is that her lover can not lie; married, her most pronounced "conviction" that her husband shows a marked improve-

ment on her lover. Whether this change is to be attributed to experience or inspiration must be left to the National Woman Suffrage Executive Committee. Of course, there are happy couples, several heavens we don't have to die to reach, not to mention a few hells we are sorry we didn't die before reaching. But the happiest marriage would be unhappy to me without the possibility of divorce, in case the felicity evaporated. Give me the hottest corner of Tophet with the chance of falling temperature, rather than wings, harp and no outlook for variety. It will be suspected that I am nothing if not various.

All this being true, why let woman vote? Because she will be all this until we do, and for some time after. And because while thinking her mentally unfit, we herd and drive to the polls myriads of dirt encrusted, rum soaked, vote selling ragamuffin ignoramus we know to be mentally, morally and socially more unfit and as much below her as a dunghill below the Mount of Transfiguration. The change, of course, will be no panacea. But like Luther's Reformation, it will necessarily be an improvement because it will BE a change; something better because something else. If ever tune needed variation, it is the one string fiddle filthy old political ragtime we are dancing to. Why should voting "lessen woman's charms" more than supporting a no 'count husband lessen them? Did you ever notice that no matter how much a woman "usurps man's place," no matter how much she does man's work, she is never "unwomanly" until she claims man's privileges? There is no disgrace in self-defense, no degradation in claiming your own. I should prefer undisputed ownership of a pig-stye to a clouded title to a mansion in the skies, to be wholly a slave than half free, to serve voluntarily than reign compulsorily.

If anything appeals to me, it is minority fighting majority. I have never been with the winner because I am constitutionally opposed to the

strong. To me victory would be useless, triumph a white elephant. I often wonder what the successful do with their success. I'm opposed to idle capital. I am for woman in this fight because she stands for weakness, justice, womanhood and decency. Disinfectants are one of my strong points. Isn't she, who is willingly taxed without representation, as much disgraced as she who is unwillingly taxed lest she can help spend her taxes? Nothing more irritates arrogance than long suffering humility's suddenly claiming its rights; exhausted patience showing impatience. Nor, as I hinted above, is tyranny regulated by sex; woman is naturally as tyrannical as man. Ask an old time negro owned by a "widder 'oman," a horse driven by a woman, or a dry goods clerk. She is lenient with her children because ruling them is no novelty. One who makes his own money knows how to take care of it. But what is more irritating to children than being kept straight by an old maid aunt? In a few words, we are all, men and women, as arbitrary as we CAN be.

The leaders of this cause are women of sense, education and refinement, ladies. And that isn't the worst of it. They have made a specialty of man; ever have a woman make a specialty of you? No? Married? Dying sinner, when she drops sentiment and runs you through the laboratory of her "intuition," she has you "down fine," or "feels" that she has, which is 'practically the same thing. The late Woman Suffrage Reception at the Chutes impressed me politically, socially and, pardon me, sentimentally. There was one speaker who erudition swore to forty-five, whose personal appearance to twenty-five. I do protest I ne'er did hear juster cause pleaded with sweeter voice. Every word was plain logic, each smile more convincing than Holy Writ. Who was she? Never mind! "I come to bring peace, not a sword"! The old belief that a sensible woman must be older than Methusaleh and uglier

than the devil's grandmother is exploded. Antiquity has more or less affinity with piety; lack of personal pulchritude, some relation to godliness. "A woman rarely takes up the Lord before the men drop her." But, beshrew me if such hold good in Woman Suffrage. And I am happy to know that our sisters are "onto" the politician. Ah, but are they "onto" the priest? Will their triumph be an invitation to him to share it?

But the fight rages; victory is inevitable. And the result of the victory! Every old cess-pool will be stirred to its bottom. Blessed are they who have catarrh in those days, and whose smellers are out of order. The purging will be characteristic of the purger, and for this reason. Did you ever know a negative woman? The most inane of her sex is as enthusiastic on the little she knows as enthusiastic on knowing little. Ever see a woman in doubt, unless about some other woman? Consequently there will be no half measures; plenty blunders, enough mistakes, but RELATIVELY no rascality. I know of nothing greater since the Crucifixion. If the Son of Man died to free man from sin, the Daughter of Woman has lived to free woman from man.

Perhaps a well raised dog might escape morally unscathed from a womanless community. But after his escape, I'd prefer that he shouldn't associate with my dogs. Now, if her example be socially purifying, why shouldn't it be politically so? We know that immorality is as constitutionally attractive to man as revolting to woman. While he runs naturally and willingly into it, she rarely does unless he has her in tow. Do you know any fourteen year old boy who doesn't know as much deviltry as any old he-sinner? Compare the young reprobate with almost any girl of the same age. Hear me—I'm not such a fool as to believe every woman is an angel. Nor infected with sufficient insanity to believe any man is. I heard of such a man once, but he died before he was

caught; died young. Few even depraved women are totally depraved. Ninety-nine per cent of the women who fall are lured into shame through love or driven into it by poverty and hunger.

Some of these outcasts, bankrupt in character and ragged in reputation, are charitable as angels. If I be accosted by one, whose moral breath would poison the sigh from a fermenting sewer, I lift my hat and answer her civilly. Why? Bless your soul, low as she is, she is no lower than I or any other man, and not half so low as the scoundrel who lowered her. I'd rather associate with a ruined woman I hadn't ruined than ruin a woman and associate with an unruined woman.

If Jesus Christ didn't establish his divine pedigree, he settled his divine character to my satisfaction when "he placed her in their midst and asked him who was without sin to cast the first stone." Dear old Major—looking at that superb painting, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, exclaimed: "G—d d—n 'em, there wasn't one who dared throw a PEBBLE"! Where did I pick up my views? Most of them at my mother's knee, a few additional ones across my father's. The rest I inherited; the only thing, except a second-hand trunk and a pew in the Presbyterian Church I ever inherited without a row. The first I presented to a nigger. The second I returned to God who gave it.

Satisfied of woman's inclination for good, why not afford her more chance to indulge her inclination? "Man's political example would corrupt her"! What solicitude! I think, if her character has withstood his social example, she might escape the taint of his political association. "It would impair her femininity"! I wish they would let up on her "femininity." I am sick of it! Is she doing man's work on beggar wages to satisfy her "femininity"? Driven like a drudge in a department store to prevent the inroads of masculinity? I don't want woman to rule man, only fixed so man can't rule

her. Why should a petticoat be the badge of servitude? A pair of breeches the oriflame of divine right? I'm not trying to canonize her. But I demand her equality. She has posed as man's scape-goat long enough. Vicarious Nanny for vicious Billy! Oh, I forgot the man who "was ruined by his wife's extravagance." Of course some men are. About seventy-five out of a hundred failures claim that honor. From this seventy-five I deduct seventy-four liars.

Yet women have their peculiarities. One asked me lately why "men who would scorn to prevaricate to men would lie to women till they are black in the face." And when I told her I was above such a thing, she said, "You are mighty conceited"! Conceited because I disclaim being an apoplectic liar! And she isn't married either. Perhaps matrimony will mitigate her views.

Ante woman laws are remnants of the period when she was "soulless," "unclean," "couldn't go to heaven," etc.—everything the weak are whose only protection is the conscience of the strong. A Mohammedan told me in India that he knew most women went to hell because

Mohammed visited that Presbyterian winter resort and found it full of them. I told him that if I had been Mohammed I'd have prolonged my visit indefinitely. This low estimate is owing to the fact that moral defects, so common in man, are advertised in woman by their scarcity. The pure must be very pure to pass the inspection of the impure. The majority of the best people don't want Woman Suffrage because the majority of the best people don't know what's good. Morality is no guarantee against mistake. The pious are in a chronic state of repentance for following heart instead of mind. Even "God repented of the evil he had done."

It's difficult to rise above your age, outrun your generation, throw away the inherited—unless it's money. We frown upon the entrance of a new truth as we discourage the presumption of a precocious child. The taste for truth is acquired. First, the introduction; second, the apprenticeship; third, the appreciation. And Woman Suffrage is truth. My sister, I have kept my word. I have spoken. So there!

—Overland Monthly.



"There is something in each of us that does not belong to the family or to society, not even to ourselves. Sometimes it is given in marriage, and sometimes it is given in love, but oftener it is never given at all. We have nothing to do with giving or withholding it.

It is a wild thing that sings in us once, and flies away, and never comes back, and mine has flown to you. When one loves like that, it is enough somehow. The other things can go if they must. That is why I can live without you, and die without you."

—From "The Gull's Road"



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A. M. REED

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

The Cloverdale Citrus Fair

WE are under obligation to the directors of the Cloverdale Citrus Fair, through C. E. Humbert their genial secretary, for the thoughtful courtesy of a season ticket, and regret that urgency of other affairs, prevented our prolonged attendance.

We were there however for the opening night, and enjoyed the well selected musical programme of the Healdsburg band, under the efficient leadership of their director, D. C. Smith.

The opening address by J. L. McNab of Ukiah was well received, and the pavilion, thronged with the representative people of Cloverdale and the surrounding country, ablaze with electric light, and beautiful with tasteful exhibits, of citrus fruits, was a scene of beauty, presenting to the observer, important suggestions, possibilities and facts, relative to Northern California.

Exhibits in class A and B were numerous and varied. Giving testimony to the profusion of citrus fruits already produced in and about Cloverdale.

But in class C the heart of our interest centered, for here was the result of the labor of heart, brain and hand combined, in things of beauty, historical, descriptive and interrogatory. Especially was all this true, and emphasized, in the exhibit of the Cloverdale High School.

“Shall Justice Rule”?

The scales of Justice beautifully formed, of olives and citrus fruits hung poised before a giant interrogation point composed of oranges. We were glad to note, through this presentation of a vital problem, never before so vital, in our state and nation, that it is appealing even to the minds of youth, and here the thought had materialized in beautiful form, to question and impress all beholders. Those who THINK will ACT. In the hands of our young people rests the future security of our country, and those who are capable of asking the question—“Shall Justice Rule,” will be capable, in time, to answer it. in battle on land or sea, or better at the ballot box, bulwark of our liberty.

In class C, Willie Ahrens presented the American Flag tastefully made up of citrus fruits, and Mrs. George B. Baer the copy of the original Bear flag of historic fame. The Hawaiian canoe, exhibit of Henry J. Crocker, the Sulphur Creek flour mill, presented by Mrs. O. O. Williams, and the grotto bridge and driveway, the work of the ladies of the Congregational church, were alike beautiful and attractive. The Venitian gondola was a thing of beauty, cleverly created of oranges, by Mrs. Charles E. Humbert. These were but a few of the many attractive features that make the citrus fair a popular factor of the progress and development of Northern California.

Healdsburg chamber of commerce presented a wagon of prunes loaded with citrus fruits. The exhibit of the Santa Rosa chamber of commerce added greatly to the practical display, and was a credit to Santa Rosa, and the faithful and efficient secretary of the association, Mr. E. H. Brown. Under his personal supervision the exhibits of the Santa Rosa chamber of commerce are becoming an important adjunct of all displays, throughout the state, and the object lesson which they present needs no words to make the work of instruction and suggestion effective.

The usefulness, attractiveness and charm of the annual citrus fairs at Cloverdale, the State of California is widely acknowledging. They are a credit to those who manage them, and an inspiration to those who attend. Their one and only objectionable feature is the admission of the “fakir” and his wares into the pavilion. This feature, as the association grows more independent financially, will no doubt be entirely eliminated, and the citrus fair will then become a thing of light of melody and bloom, free from the discordant voice of the “cheap John” speeler, and the “fakir,” who seem to infest all the modern gatherings of men.

Orange culture dates far back along the dim aisles of human history. And could it be authenticated we would no doubt find it a fact, that Adam grew with pleasure, this fruit that has never betrayed humanity, and whose blossoms exquisite with aromatic fragrance, are the only flowers not associated with death and human sorrow. Flowers that crown the brow of youth and hope and love, in scenes of light and laughter—smiles and tears of happiness, and the sound of wedding bells, but that no hand has ever laid upon the coffin, where hope and love and happiness are consigned to the inevitable grave.

In mythical history we are told that the Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus, brother of Atlas, who had orchards in Africa, produced GOLDEN FRUIT, which was carried away by Hercules, who slew the

watchful dragon which guarded it.

We here are Hesperians—inhabitants of a western country, under Hesper the evening star that shines upon a glorious sea. In a golden land, whose emblem is a golden flower, and whose greatest horticultural triumph is a golden fruit.

MENTIONS.

Owl Drug Company in Old Quarters. Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

The largest retail drug business and finest store in the United States, is that of the Owl Drug company now back in the old location, Phelan building, Market street, San Francisco. Twenty-five thousand people visited the store on opening day.

Every department is complete and the open prescription department a novelty in business usage.

The store is headquarters for Mail Station 23, and the Telephone service is perfect. Visitors to the city will be edified by a call at this unique and attractive store.

The Hulbert Stock Company.

A series of clean bright plays are being presented at the Hill Opera House, by the Hulbert Stock Company, Wednesday and Thursday of each week at popular prices. Nothing at the present day is more educational than the Drama. And no diversion gives more grateful relief from the stress and strain of human affairs, than a good play ably presented.

Mr. A. C. Hulbert is a gracious and capable manager. We know from a long acquaintance that he deserves success, and is successful in all he undertakes.

The principal feature at A. McDowell's on Kentucky street, Petaluma, is the Lauter Piano. (Lauter Humana.) It is a pleasure and a delight to hear this wonderful instrument. Mr. McDowell also carries all musical auxiliaries at his complete and attractive music store.

Some of the most beautiful creations in millinery were seen on opening day at the parlors of Mrs. D. White, Fourth street near A, Santa Rosa. Her taste is acknowledged, her prices reasonable, her service graciously and courteously given. It is a pleasure to call and see her attractive display.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

The first number of THE NORTHERN CROWN that has been issued since that publication moved its office to Petaluma was received this week. As usual the magazine is complete with bright catchy stories, reliable data concerning this favored section, terse editorial comment and beautifully illustrated. THE NORTHERN CROWN is always a welcome visitor at this office.

—DESPATCH-DEMOCRAT.

THE NORTHERN CROWN comes to hand this week from its new home in Petaluma bright and pleasing as ever. It is complete in every detail and is a credit to Mrs. Reed and her staff. Success to the NORTHERN CROWN in its new home.

—FORT BRAGG ADVOCATE.

Lines on a Loving Cup.

By Charles Warren Stoddard.

My heart to thy heart,
My lips to thine,
In the dew of the cornfield
The blood o' the vine.
The last sigh at leaving,
The word as we part
Is, my lips to thy lips,
We heart to heart.

—Exchange.



The Busybody's Column.



When Dewey wrote about the rain,
It gave the "Idler" such a pain,
Of pregnant inspiration,
That prematurely like a flash,
Was born a column length of trash,
For wonder's contemplation.

Child of the "Idler's" busy hand,
Not like Jove's worthy daughter,
It sprang not from the heart or
brain,
But from where it "shouldn't ough-
ter."

Because the CROWN had not appear-
ed,
And should not have been quoted,
In better taste it all had been,
If these facts had been noted.

For when we use a neighbor's brains,
He surely should have credit,
And oh! long suffering is the one,
Who has such things to edit.

The "Idler" should have said with
grace,
"These lines were haply found,
In the ONLY local magazine,
In fact, THE NORTHERN CROWN."

—BUSYBODY.

Lake County Advertisements

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LAUREL DELL, P. O.

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SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :

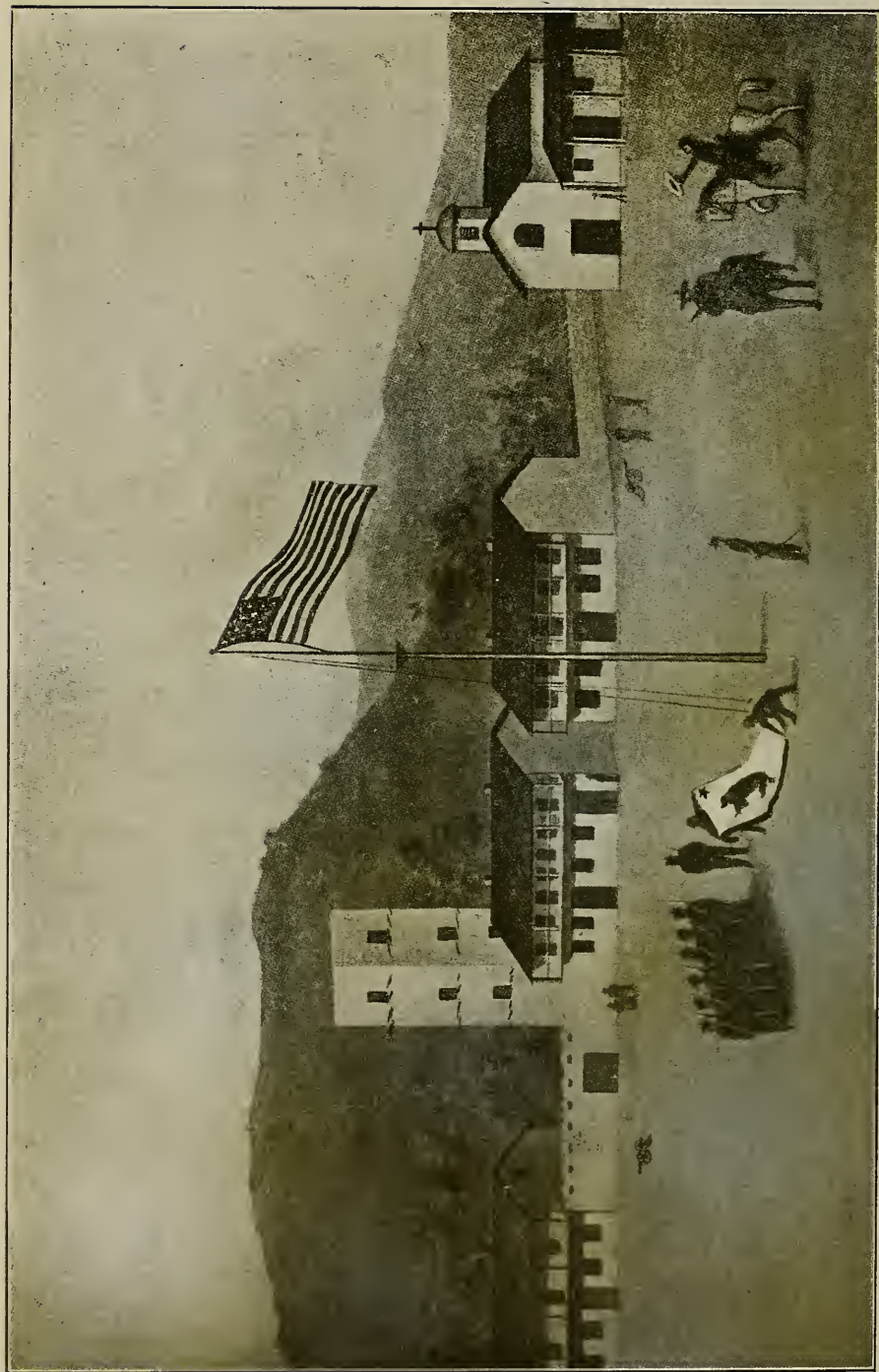


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Lowering the Bear Flag At Sonoma, 12 m. July 9, 1846.

View on Russian River
SONOMA CO., CAL.



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., MAY, 1909.

NO. 6.

To the California State Board of Education.

An Open Letter

By W. T. Fitch

SIRS: YOU have taken note no doubt of the many protests both from instructors in our universities, teachers in the public schools, physicians, and mere parents, against the excessive "cramming" vogue which at present afflicts in considerable measure all the educational institutions in the country. In departing from the primitive simplicity of the "three R" system have you made the common mistake of supplying too generous a quantity with a possible oversight in the matter of quality? It would seem so, and also, in your desire to improve our text books you have hastily concluded that a radical departure from older methods was necessary. At any rate there seems to be wide dissatisfaction among teachers with many of the text books now employed.

The principal objection to the modern "system" of education is that the pupil, whom we contend is the prime factor, seems somehow to have been left out of the reckoning. The

object of education seems to have been overlooked. Is it to prepare the student for life, or is it simply a tug-o-war between the physical endurance of the child, and the resources of the "system?" Results, in too many instances seem to favor the latter view. There remains no doubt that selfishness, and its concomitants, ignorance and moral cowardice, are responsible for a large share of man's difficulties. Education, rightly used, is one of the most powerful agencies in combating this dark trio, and therefore let us improve the quality, not increase the quantity. The time in which to impart the education, and the ability on the part of the student to receive it, are limited.

There are two (2) parties to this contract for education; the educator and the educatee, so to speak, and, while we grant that the advantage lies with the former, we may not forget the "Yorkshire Schoolmaster" Squeers, and his method. True, we have progressed vastly, both in regard to the intelligence, devotion and ef-

fectiveness of the teacher, and the quality of the course of study, but have the "brimstone and treacle" of "Squeers Method" quite disappeared from our administration?

Here is an instance which illustrates the present situation. Showing that we are using too large liberty in heaping too much work upon the child—taxing too severely its resistance. To illustrate: A scholar in the seventh grade who stood at the head of her class for an entire term, daily brings home with her more or less "home-work." In the middle of the month, before the month examinations began, she was given after a day's study without recesses, the following home study to prepare for the following day:—Having missed three words out of twenty in spelling, each of the twenty words was to be written ten times or 60 words; a comma was misplaced in writing from memory a sentence which formed a part of the spelling lesson, and a word left out. As a penalty each word of the sentence was to be written twenty times, 440 words; twelve words of a new lesson to be written ten times, 120 words; a 58 word sentence to be written twenty times to memorize, 1160 words; total, 1780 words.

In addition to this, there were 13 problems in mathematics, study of word analysis, and a page of penmanship exercise. All this mind you after a day spent in study without recesses, and studying on the way to and from school. This case is in some respects a trifle exceptional, but it is an actual one, and was one of very many in succession very like it. In fact with some small modification it represents the average, for just so much ground must be covered each term and it is up to the teacher to hammer it into their thick little heads.

Who is responsible for this state of things? We will answer our own question with another. Who provid-

ed those impossible text books, crowded with unnecessary work?

In mathematics the child brain is flayed by overmuch repetition. How many times will 2784 go into 15? This may be a fair question but how practical is it to a 5th grader?

The child is required to follow 47 brothers in the process of squandering their deceased uncle's money. To find the ratio of all the numbers between San Francisco and Boston, and back again. In Physiology the student must graduate as a Physician in a school year, and so on through the unduly extended and complicated curriculum.

Over much learning is over much. To be sure, one expands with the exercise of the body or mind. Stress must be placed upon each organ of the body in order to cause it to develop and become still stronger—up to the maximum, which point cannot be passed with safety. Have we forgotten the limited capacity of the mind of the young? Do we always remember in our zeal for their mental advancement, their limits of capacity? We can imagine how it all came about. Professor Wilham said to Professor James. "Let us revise the school system. We are expected to earn our emoluments as the board of education; let us do something."

Professor James is willing and they fall to. First they throw away all the standard text books and construct new, carefully avoiding for instance, the insertion of any rules whatsoever in the new arithmetic. for, were there not such in the old and should we not avoid such old-fogeyism? We must be progressive at any cost. The common school course is also extended good and plenty. They incorporate into it the rudiments of all known subjects until the scholar must hire a dray to move his books. In the end Prof. W. and J. are joined by the rest of the board and all join in mixing up

a little mess that the mere teacher laboring to beat all this into the immature little heads that gather every morning to be slaughtered, raises toil-burdened hands to the skies and calls down maledictions upon the "Lords Gentlemen and Honorable Boards" who think to crowd a college course into the grammar grades.

The matter of the reform has been carried too far, and we must wait for the pendulum to swing back as it is sure to do, but we are sometimes impatient when witnessing the damage being done and cannot refrain from giving the pendulum a gentle push. Again, it is not to be expected that order and sanity can be evolved out of the present rather tangled state of affairs. Time and effort, with more education of teachers and educators generally along rational lines such as are being mapped out by some of our foremost physicians and college men seems necessary before the welfare of all concerned will meet with equal consideration. We may judge of the present system also by results. "Results tell" is a popular catch word, and a good one. The writer has had an opportunity to observe the graduates of our high schools rather closely and it is very evident to at least one observer that there is something wrong where "Commencement" leaves the student almost unable to "commence" life with even the chance of the uneducated. The graduate seems dazed when left stranded by his Alma Mater

and looks helplessly about like Robinson Crusoe, but often without Mr. Crusoe's initiative. What is the trouble?

The most fatal mistake that one can make is that of ignoring progress, and another is to try to out-run her. As Samantha says: "Josiah, be mejum," and we suggest to the State Board that they throw out a bit of that bad ballast and allow their airship to rise to higher levels.

Listen to Ella M. Sexton, in "Sunset" for Oct. 1903.

OF YEARS AND TEXT BOOKS TEN

I saw a boy, a little boy,

But ten, or scarcely more,

Come slowly home with weary weight
Of text books that he bore;

In school from nine to three he toiled,

From seven to nine, with tears,

He fagged at "home-work" sleepily—

This child of tender years.

"What do you learn, O Little Boy?"

He answered dolefully:

"Why, history, word-analysis,

Advanced geography,

Language and physiology,

Drawing and music—well,

And physics—and arithmetic—

Of course, we read and spell."

"But when do you play, O Little Boy

Of years and text books, ten?"

"There ain't no time, because I've got

To do my 'home-work' then."

His head was large, his face was pale,

And I wondered how the nation,

Whose hope he was, could ever use

This slave of Education.

"I tell you the more mechanically a business preforms its functions, fulfills the law of supply and demand, the more successful it is. A nickel-in-the-slot machine—if its scope might be indefinitely extended—is the ideal business man. It cannot make mistakes. It has no heart to be wrung, no conscience to be quieted. Above all, it does not know fear—the sickening deadly fear of change.

—Miriam Michelson in "The Liberator."

Petaluma's Welcome to Dania.

By D. W. Ravenscroft

Welcome, fellow Dania ; welcome, once again!
Welcome, fairest women ; welcome, bravest
men!

To our balmy sunshine, to our hills so green ;
To the glowering canyons and valleys in be-
tween ;

To our rugged mountains ; to our bannered
skies ;

To our verdant forests: land of Paradise.

Once again we meet you, after many years.
Some have tasted happiness ; some shed bitter
tears ;

Some have hallowed sorrows ; some are full
of joy ;

Some partake of pleasure, and without alloy.
Take our hand of welcome ; may you feel at
home,

And from Petaluma never wish to roam.

May sweetest recollections evermore be thine,
After you have gone from our pleasant sum-
mer-shine,

Where every tree's a poem, and every stream
a song,

Welcome, fellow Dania ; welcome, loud and
long.

Welcome, women beautiful ; welcome, valiant
men ;

Welcome, fellow Norsemen ; welcome, once
again.

A Modern Prince Daring.

By Inez Sloper Adams.

EXCITEMENT was rife in the village of Sherwood, for, was it not to have a railroad? After all these years of sleepy existence to be aroused into activity and hold the proud position on the map of a railroad terminus was enough to awaken it.

Do you wonder that every housewife was baking all the good things known to the culinary department? And all the young girls were adding frills and laces to their dresses while keeping in seclusion, with their hair in curl papers.

The road was finished and today the first train was to run over the track, testing it. In its honor the village of Sherwood had formed itself into an active committee, doing honor to the occasion by giving a big dinner and a ball, for they knew of no better way to show their appreciation. Not having a hall large enough for the occasion, a platform was erected under the large, stately redwoods for which that part of California is noted, and it served as banquet hall by day and ball room by night.

By sunrise of the eventful day, conveyances of every description could be seen coming from all directions, bringing in the people from those less favored districts which had yet to look to the future for the advent of the mighty "Empire Builder," the railroad. To witness the arrival of the big iron horse drawing its comfortable coaches, for most of the inhabitants, would be a miracle.

The officials and their friends came crowding from the coaches, bowing and smiling their acknowledgement of the gladsome wonder depicted upon the faces upturned, and the sincere

cheers that came from the throats of the gathered crowd of "Long live the President, officials and engineer of this Southern Pacific Railroad who were instrumental in awakening the village of Sherwood from its Rip Van Winkle slumber, "were the greetings that awaited them as the engine stopped at the depot, puffing its joy at being permitted to rest after its long, toilsome journey from the metropolis, inland two hundred miles to this little village, which, having been isolated from the outside world from the beginning of its existence as a village, gave promise of becoming a prosperous, wide awake, business town, through the enterprise of the Southern Pacific company, which had so recently acquired the road and by extending it, had made Sherwood the terminus.

As the engineer watched the enthusiastic throng from his cab window, his attention was attracted by the attitude of a young girl standing apart from the rest, eyes glued upon the iron monster and hands clasped tightly upon her heaving bosom that seemed to keep time with its puff, puff! There was fear, awe and admiration plainly depicted upon her face, that changed so noticeably as each feeling rushed over her.

"What an emotional child of nature she must be," he thought. Just then the signal was given to pull up and switch, so he forgot all else except that he had a duty to perform that to the gaping crowd seemed little short of a miracle.

2.

At the dining table a couple of hours later, the engineer felt he was being scrutinized very closely by someone,

and turning quickly caught the earnest gaze of the young girl he had noticed in the morning. He held up his cup and motioned her to come. "Will you please refill my cup with that delicious coffee," he asked.

With face aglow she hastened to grant his request, deeming it a great privilege to wait upon the man who ruled that big puffing monster as easily as she handled the hoe when weeding her flower garden.

All the other promoters of the railroad movement faded into insignificance compared to the engineer, for to her fanciful brain he was the "Prince Daring" in the flesh, who had vanquished the seven-headed ogre who held the "Princess Morning Glory" in captivity.

When she returned with the coffee, the engineer led her into conversation by asking about the village, its people and their occupations, gradually getting her to talk of herself.

"Are you going to the ball tonight?"

"Yes, I am going to watch the dancers for awhile, but—but I can't dance. Oh! how I wish I could!"

Can't you even waltz?"

"Well, yes, I know the step, but have had so little practice."

"I'll teach you, and this very night! Will you promise the first waltz?"

"Oh!" with an ecstatic catch in her voice, and then, "No, no, I can't dance well enough for that!"

"Let me be the judge," he said.

He arose from the table and walked away, feeling out of patience with himself for being so interested in this girl whose name he did not know. Yet, flattered by the genuine admiration from those expressive brown eyes, she, in her simple childish heart was unable to hide. "But," he thought, "By Jove, I like her silent way of raising my arduous vocation to a place of idealism, for it makes a fellow feel that he is of some importance. I wonder what her name is? I must be formally

presented tonight."

He went early to the festive scene, having idle time on his hands, and stationing himself near the steps leading to the platform, casually watched the gathering crowd, hoping to note the arrival of his little brown eyed friend of the morning, get a formal introduction and beg that coveted waltz. He finally espied her and asked one of the floor managers to introduce him, and the latter remarked while crossing to her, "If you mean Armethea Morgan—she is the village favorite."

As they approached her, Overton (for that was the engineer's name) noticed that her hands were tightly clasped in her lap and the cluster of red roses were quivering on her bosom.

"Miss Morgan, allow me to present Mr. Overton, the engineer who brought the first train so successfully over our new road."

"Don't flirt with him, Armethea," laughingly remarked jolly Bob Lawrence, the floor manager, as he strolled away to serve other strangers within their gates.

Armethea sat as one in a dream and only came back to earth when Mr. Overton said, "Come, Miss Morgan, this is our waltz. Don't you recognize the sweet strains of 'Danube Waves'?" She arose and placing a trembling hand upon his arm, said, "I can never call you Mr. Overton. Never.

"Allright, call me Jack, short for John Quincy, you know, that suits me."

"No, no! to me you will always be Prince Daring," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Why Prince Daring?" he asked in an amused voice.

"Because," hesitatingly, "because you are to me the Prince Daring in the flesh, you, who can rule at will that great, black iron monster with its shrill cries and throbbing, puffing steam, impatient to be free from the power that holds it."

"Who is this Prince Daring?"

"Why, why—he's the Prince who saved Princess Morning Glory from the ogre with the seven heads, you know."

"I see, then—if I am Prince Daring, you are Princess Armethea, or better still, you shall be Princess Morning Glory, the maiden in distress, and I shall come to rescue you. But from what? Surely you are not afraid of my engine, Number 13, are you? Its cab was the first one I stepped proudly into as engineer, becoming its "lord and master" and we are chums, close confederates. It understands and responds to my every mood, keeping my secrets, glad when I am glad, sympathizing with me in my disappointments and mutely counselling me when I need it, I love it, for it has become my other self—but—the music has ceased and our waltz is over. Come, let us sit out the next dance. I am anxious to hear how this commonplace Prince Daring is to save his Princess."

They found a deserted bench and when seated, Princess Morning Glory clasped her hands as was her habit when excited, and looking straight at him, said, "From what have you rescued me? To begin with, my education has been limited, for the educational facilities are poor in Sherwood, due to the fact that only the laboring class emigrated to this place. Good hearted folks, but not realizing the need of a higher education to work in the woods and mills and tend their gardens and herds."

We came here when I was a tiny child for Mother's health, and all I have learned was from her. But," her voice faltering, "two years ago, she left us; and somehow "Daddy has drifted into the rut of indifference and doesn't take interest in anything except our little farm. So I have been permitted to do as fancy dictated."

Among the books Mother had was a copy of 'Grimm's' Fairy Tales, and a story from between its covers was always a reward for a lesson well learned.

Since being so much alone, I have peopled half the village from characters in Fairy Land, but I could not find a suitable Prince Daring until you came. I forgot all else; only seeing that great heaving monster thundering toward that gaping frightened crowd, brought to a standstill by the hand of a Prince Daring in the flesh. You have saved not me alone, but the village as well, from ourselves by connecting us with that other world I have dreamed of and know so little about. Your coming proves that our isolated village was needed, not to compete with, but to add our little mite to the commercial world. The daily papers will place us on a footing with cities of more importance to be sure, yet it is good to feel and know we have a part in the pulse of this great commercial age. We will scrape the moss from our roofs, discard our antediluvian customs and apparel, and try to look the importance we feel in becoming a railroad terminus. You, as engineer, are more important than all the others, for the rest would have counted for naught—if Prince Daring had not been brave enough to venture over the road."

"But, dear Princess, there are many others who could and would have done the same as I."

"But you came."

No argument of his could convince her that his place could be easily supplied.

When the evening was over, Overton was in no mood for sleep; so what more natural than that he should wander down to the round-house and talk things over with his trusted confederate—the big, calm, docile iron steed. "Would you believe it, old boy, we've made a hit with a pretty, brown-eyed lass; and she has figured it all out that you are a monster—just imagine!—and I, your conqueror. A Prince Daring she calls me—riding you triumphantly from the scene of battle to rescue the Princess in whose

defense I was supposed to fight. And say, comrade, suppose she is right? Haven't you and I been looking for our Princess all these years we have traveled road after road and did not find her? By Jove! I am going to tell her about it. You will carry her in

safety to the home I have in mind, won't you, old chap?"

As the last pound of steam escaped, the engine gave a sigh of consent and pondering upon the perverseness of man, said, "Puff."



EILENE

By Anna M. Reed

*A wonderful soul and a heart of flame
Dwelt for a time in an earthly frame;
I saw the soul in the shining eyes,
And knew that it longed for Paradise.*

*Graceful and slender beyond compare
Was the winsome garment it used to wear;
Too frail for the conflict of earthly strife,
And the barren years of our common life.*

*For the problem of living is tangled yet,
The pathways hedged, and the harts beset,
By cruel things, that when defied,
Swell the ranks of the crucified.*

*So the wonderful soul with consuming pain
Rent the garment and heart of flame,
But somewhere in Heaven I know is seen
The Spirit that here was called Eilene.*

April 20, 1909.



Henry Beeson—Our Living Landmark.
Survivor of the Bear Flag Party.

Our Living Landmark

Henry Beeson

By Anna M. Reed

Near Boonville in Mendocino county, in an unpretentious little home, in the midst of a few acres of ground, lives Henry Beeson, a survivor of the Bear Flag Party.

He is eighty years old. At many celebrations of admission day, he has been the center of interest, as when on the 9th of last September, at Sonoma, he raised the fac-simile of the flag that he had first flung to the breeze on the 14th of June, 1846.

Upon the advice, but not with the co-operation of Gen. Freemont, the American settlers at Sonoma in 1846 raised the revolutionary flag, and prepared to fight for their independence, but a few days later, having learned from the proclamation of Com. John B. Sloat, then with the U. S. Ship Savannah, in the Bay of Monterey, of the existence of war with Mexico, the Star Spangled Banner was substituted for the standard of revolt. The frontispiece in this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN is a sketch made of that momentous event, by Major E. A. Sherman now President of the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War and Secretary of the Sloat Monument Association of California. A cut of the sketch has been presented to the City of Sonoma, bearing this inscription:

"The Sloat Monument Association of California,"

"For the perpetual use of the citizens of the Town of Sonoma, California.

"The lowering of the Bear flag at Sonoma, by Lieutenant Joseph Warren Revere, U. S. N. at 12 M., July 9th 1846."

"He left the sloop of war Portsmouth with

his men in the 4th cutter at Yerba Buena at 4 a.m. and in eight hours afterwards raised the American flag at Sonoma, and only two hours after it had been raised by Commander John B. Montgomery of the Portsmouth at San Francisco."

"The Gift of the first city clerk of Sonoma."

Major Edwin A. Sherman was city clerk of Sonoma under Gen. Vallejo in 1851-2 and 3.

And it is by his permission that the sketch is now reproduced in THE NORTHERN CROWN.

It is a significant co-incidence, that the anniversaries of the American flag and the Bear flag come together. The American flag being adopted by Continental congress, June 14, 1777, and the Bear flag by the adventurous band at Sonoma, on June 14, 1846, just sixty nine years later. Major Sherman writes:

"The cut in your magazine (of Oct. 1898.) is not correct. There was no lettering whatever on the narrow red flannel strip, four inches wide, at the bottom of the Bear flag.

"The words: 'California Republic,' were in brownish red letters on the white muslin just below the grizzly bear."

The original flag was destroyed in the earthquake and fire of 1906, and the value of the living links that bind us to those days of romance, tragedy, and heroic achievement, increases year by year.

Of the original Bear Flag Party but two are living, Henry Beeson of Boonville, Mendocino, and John York of St. Helena, Napa County.

In the list of names given in the California "Blue Book" of 1907, the

name of John York does not appear, but in a recent letter from Major Sherman I am assured that John York was one of the party, and still lives at St. Helena.

The list as given in the "Blue Book" is as follows:

From Sacramento Valley, - Ezekiel Merritt, Robert Semple, Henry L. Ford, Samuel Gibson, Granville P. Swift, Wm. Dickey, Henry Booker, John Potter, Wm. B. Ide, Wm. Fallon, Wm. M. Scott, HENRY BEESON, Wm. Anderson, Jas. A. Jones, W. Barti (or "Old Red"), Samuel Neal.

From Napa Valley, - Ben Dewitt, Harvey Porterfield, Jno. Grigsby, Frank —, Wm. B. Elliott, Ab. Elliott, Wm. Knight, David Hudson, Franklin Pedwell, Joseph Wood, Wm. Hargrave, Andrew Kelsey, Horace Sanders, Jno. H. Kelley, Jno. Gibbs, Thos. Cowie, Geo. Fowler.

On the twenty-ninth of December last, Maud, the devoted daughter of Henry Beeson died. She had always lived with, and cared for her father. Her death has left this old hero of the early days lonely, and without the care to which his age and his history entitle him. And the object of this article is to appeal to the Native Sons in his behalf. Every Parlor should remember him, and with substantial remembrance.

Fifty dollars per month, combined with the humble resources at his command, would make him comfortable, independent, and happy for the rest of his life.

I believe with the Spanish proverb that all we shall possess in another existence, will be what we have given away in this. And the laud-

able investment suggested to the Native Sons, might prove a treasure, that would bear interest in a bank that never fails, and where no rascally attorney can take default from a worthy stock-holder. Year by year the survivors among the men and women who have made our history are wending into the silence. Only a few weeks since, Mrs. Sarah Kelsey Swearingen, neice of Ben and Andy Kelsey, the first white settlers of Lake County, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. H. De Yoe of Laurel Dell. When the Bear Flag was raised, she was a winsome, blue-eyed, rosy cheeked little girl, but possessed of a wonderful memory. With a mind stored with an inexhaustable treasure of fact and fancy it was a delight to converse with her. In her we have lost one of our most reliable references, in regard to early California history. She had lived a long and wonderful life, yet one could never associate the idea of age with her, but rather that of eternal youth. But time has vanquished her, as one by one they all shall be, leaving us with no living record of those other days.

First on the list is HENRY BEESON, of Bear Flag fame. His strong, young hands first gave it to the breeze. Then his heart was light, and hope the brightest. Now, he is a brave, honorable old man, going down alone into the shadow of the years. Give him the sunshine of your kindness before it is too late—before the day is done. "For the night cometh when no man shall labor."



HENRY BEESON Raising the Fac-simile of the
Bear Flag at Sonoma, September 9, 1908.



Santa Rosa's New Post Office Building

Contributed.

THE new Santa Rosa Post Office building which is to be erected on the corner of Fifth and A Streets has been admirably designed to harmonize with our history, climate, and natural surroundings. The building will be of Spanish design, and will present a pleasing contrast to the other public buildings in that City. The building proper has a frontage on Fifth street of eighty-two feet, and a depth on A street of fifty-two feet. In addition to this main building there is a portico across the front fifty-one feet wide by thirteen feet deep. The general construction of the building is brick masonry laid in pure cement mortar, no lime whatever. To the height of the first floor the building will be faced with cut stone laid as "coursed ashlar." This stone will probably be "Indiana Buff Bedford Limestone," the finest building stone now obtainable in the United States. From the cut stone line to the rafter extensions the plain brick work will be stuccoed in a rough cast "stippled" surface and nicely paneled and ornamented in mouldings. The roof of the building will be covered with best grade of Spanish terra cotta tile, including ornamented tile hips and ridges. All of the lintels over the portico and door and window openings, will be of cast re-inforced concrete, and all sills will be of cut stone same as base course. The

portico floor is reached by a set of massive solid granite steps forty-six feet wide. The roof of the portico is also of Spanish tile, and is held up by two heavy masonry corners, and four stone columns, twenty inches in diameter, with heavy bases and carved caps.

The cornice of the entire building is overhanging with darkened beams and huge rafters. In all, the effect is one of massiveness and solidity. Each buttress on either side of the granite steps is surmounted by a heavy cast iron lamp standard of highly ornamental design, and with five large opalescent glass globes to each standard. These lamps stand about ten feet high.

The first floor is given over entirely to the uses of the post-office. The public lobby extends across the entire front of the building and is thirteen feet deep, with high ceiling and heavy plastered arches and cornices. At the left end of lobby is a fine solid oak stairway leading to the Internal Revenue Offices on the second floor. Another passageway at the left leads to private offices of the Postmaster and Assistant Postmaster.

The workroom occupies all of the central portion of the first floor, and is practically two stories in height as is the public lobby. The Money Order and Registry Department is at the right of the double entrance,

and is separated somewhat from the general workroom. Large roomy vaults of re-inforced concrete and steel are provided for all purposes. The floor of the portico and public lobby is of marble terrazzo laid off in panels with marble border. All of the base and plinths of the lobby will be also of marble. The second story at the left is arranged into a suite of offices for internal revenue officers, with private vaults, toilet, etc. On the right of the second story are arranged a store room, "swing room" and toilet room.

All of the toilet rooms have terrazzo floors and marble wainscoting. The large toilet rooms on the second floor have exceptionally fine facilities, including shower bath for employees of the Post Office. There will be a basement with ten-foot ceiling under the whole building given over to the heating plant, and fuel storage, etc. The mechanical equipment of the building including heating, plumbing, and electric installation, is superb and of the latest types throughout. The heating will have an automatic oil burning plant to operate a hot water heating apparatus.

The plumbing embraces some of the finest fixtures made, most of

which will be the John Douglass manufacture. All the heating and plumbing pipes and fittings will be jacketed with asbestos pipe coverings. There will be four distinct electric installations, one for lighting, one for power, one for vault protection service, and one for telephone service within the building. All electric work will be run in metal conduits.

The inside finish of the building will be almost entirely of quarter-sawn white oak for all doors, trim, fixtures, counters, desks, etc., etc. All glass will be plate or ornamental opalescent glass. Wood floors will be white maple. Artistic metal grilles at all screen openings and front doors.

As a whole this new Federal Building compares favorably with other like California structures, and while not so large and pretentious as some, it is fully adequate to serve its purpose. The building was designed by James Knox Taylor, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, and its construction will be under the personal supervision of Mr. William N. Collier, Superintendent of Construction of Public Buildings, who is now in Santa Rosa. Hoyt Brothers have the contract to erect the building.

Spinsterhood.

I have looked on the King. From out of the North he came
The world was busy and blind; but my heart took wing
At the light in his face, and the truth swept out like a flame,
And I said, "'Tis the King"!

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a strange new word,
And an unfledged joy I bore on my breast unseen,
All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit heard,
Singing, "Thou art the Queen"!

But the King passed by with never a glance at me;
He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a stone,
With a brow that pondered and eyes that were keen to see.

And I wait, alone.

---The Atlantic Monthly.



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

THE PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

ON September 27, 1890, this association was founded in San Francisco. The two first to take Life Membership were Mathilde Reinhardt, and Anna Morrison Reed.

Neg. # 20, 189

Through all change of time and condition since its inauguration, this association has held its own. It has been consistent, harmonious and sane, in the pursuit of its objects, and true to its most significant motto:

"Superior to adversity, equal to prosperity."

It is the custom of the association to hold a re-union each year, at an Annual Breakfast. These gatherings have become one of the important social functions of California's literary world. The last assembled in the White and Gold Room of the St. Francis Hotel, May 10th, 1909, and was marked by brilliant wit, sweet song, and happy and tender reminiscence. We present here the response of Mrs. Reed to the sentiment: "The most *amusing*, most *crushing*, or most *thrilling* thing that has happened in your literary career."

LADIES:—Our dear toastmaster, Dr. Kibbe, sent me your request that I give you one minute at this reunion, in personal anecdote of my literary career. The most amusing, the most crushing, or most thrilling thing that has happened to me. I have failed to see anything very funny or amusing in life, literary or otherwise. It has always seemed to me rather a serious proposition.

I have been busy, but not always amused.

As to the crushing experience, I have none to remember, as nothing less than a steam hammer could have accomplished that—in my case, anyway. But thrilling things innumerable have happened. And not having been made "blase" by time or experience, my very latest thrill has been the best.

When in September, 1890, this association was founded, I had a prophetic thrill as to the things made possible by its inauguration.

The election of our officers, I remember, was followed by a breakfast at Sutro Heights, to which point it was my pleasure and delight to convey them by "four-in-hand," as autos and airships were not then available.

That breakfast was our first, and ever to be remembered. For the press of that day—notably the Examiner—spoke in no complimentary terms of our organization, made light of its high intentions, and ended its would-be brilliant comment by a humorous reference to the "Sutro Kiss."

But "they laugh best who laugh last," and I am proud that it was my privilege to be one of the founders and a life member of this Association and a co-heir to that kiss—although I never received my inheritance.

Associated with my latest thrill is the fact that I must announce to you today my engagement—to a new literary enterprise, of which you will hear later; and to which about the first of June I shall be wedded, in the hope that the union may be lifelong and not fruitless.

Every intelligent brain and kindly heart has some message for humanity. And if it is worth while, life's greatest achievement is to be permitted to give full expression to that message. Therefore, the most thrilling moment in my literary career was when a few days ago, after five years of unremitting work in bringing out the Northern Crown Magazine, by hand and foot power on a job press, I was able to hand to the American Type Foundry the check that secured for me a ponderous nine thousand pound structure of iron and steel, a Cranston Cylinder Printing Press, the good "genii" that so deftly, swiftly and easily will record hereafter the things I have to say.

You will pardon the fact, then, that the greatest thrill of my literary life came from a material thing. We live in a commercial age. Every structure of success must have a solid financial foundation. And although I love the moonlight and the flowers, the song of birds, and need all beautiful and etherial things to feed my soul, I rely upon this material, metallic thing, the result of man's best thought and skill, that even by electric touch seems made alive, to make my literary work a success, and supply the material needs of the body.

Still, although I seem so practical along some lines, my attitude towards this association is one of profound sentiment. To have been in touch with these sweet and clever and gifted women, with like pursuits and like ambitions; has been one of life's compensations. Through the shade and shine of nineteen years we have come along together. Pictured in our hearts are the living faces and those also that have passed beyond all earthly vision. Woven in the very fabric of my life are the golden threads of memory that reach the living and the dead.

If there is, or ever has been, among you one soul less loyal to me I have only this to say, in the immortal words of our revered Charles Warren Stoddard, so lately passed into the Silence, I am

"Hoping that hope may live,
Despairing lest fate should us sever,
Forgiving whate'er's to forgive,
Forever and ever and ever."

I thank you.



J. A. Cooper, Judge of the District Court of Appeal, at a recent banquet at the Fairmont Hotel, placed clergymen in the idiot class :

"There was a law passed in New York," said he, "levying a tax on all persons between the ages of 21 and 60 years, excepting women, minors, Indians, idiots—and clergymen." Judge Cooper has a brother, *unprosperous* but *worthy*, who is a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cooper of

Ukiah. That he is unprosperous, and that he has *another God*, and does not worship *money*, is sufficient for his successful brother to place him in the idiot class.

The Rev. Mr. Cooper has been practically an invalid for years, and yet being beyond the pale of his brother's consideration, *because he is a clergyman*, he is unhelped by him, and forced to fill a menial position, to eke out a living at work beyond his strength. We think it is an added shame, to one already rich in shameless things, that this is so, and that J. A. Cooper should dare to so publicly insult the men who wear the livery of Christ.

His remarks were in reply to this question by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt: "who is the lawyer in this day, who will say to his client, what you propose to do is an evasion of the law and not a compliance with it. I cannot serve you?" The words of the Rev. Mr. Leavitt touched a vulnerable spot and the "galled judge winced." Perhaps the faces of the old, the incompetent, and honest people he has robbed by his capable evasion of the law, and its shameless *perversion*, on adroitly applied technicalities, passed before his mental vision, to drop once more into the graves his injustice has helped to fill. But in his memory there must be, at least *one woman* he cannot number with the *idiot class*. And there are Indians in Mendocino county, who are more respected in that section than the legal gentleman in question.



Under the able management of A. L. Wells, the season at Hill's Opera House, Petaluma, is a pleasure and a delight, to those who appreciate the drama and good music.

Richard J. Jose, the world's greatest Contra-tenor, will appear there Saturday, June 19.

There is nothing in the world of charm, so potent as the human voice. Mr. Jose has delighted thousands by his wonderful gift of melody. It sets one dreaming. It lifts one into the world of song, until we think how it will be at last, after the unspeakable cruelties and discords of the world, to "waken in heaven to the sound of a sweet voice singing."

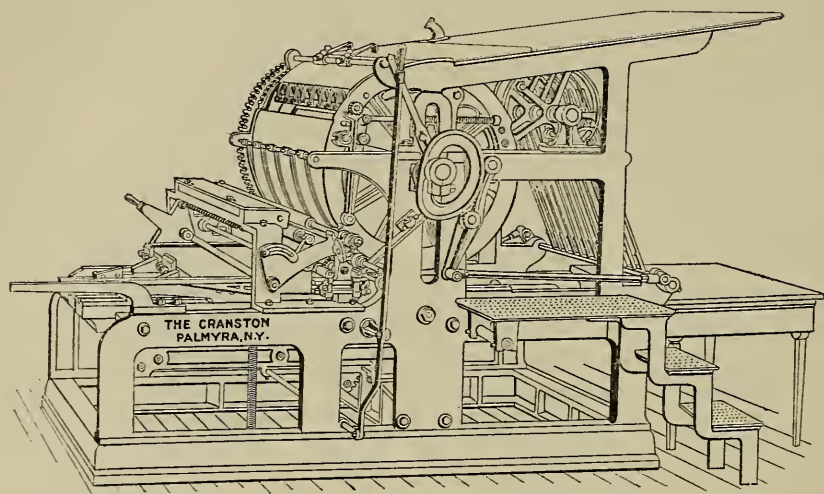


A Delightful Time at Agua Caliente.

The opening, Saturday, May 29, will long be remembered by the guests at Agua Caliente Springs. Contingents from San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Santa Rosa, Petaluma and Sonoma arrived by every train.

by auto and by carriage and by surry loads, came the gay crowds of pleasure seekers, until the hotel and grounds were thronged.

The amiable hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Richards, sustained their reputation for hospitality. Music, dancing and feasting filled the moonlit hours, until the dawn. There is no lovelier spot in the Sonoma valley, for rest, recreation and the healing of mental and bodily ills. In your round of summer journeyings stop at Caliente.



This is the press upon which THE NORTHERN CROWN and the SONOMA COUNTY INDEPENDENT will be printed.

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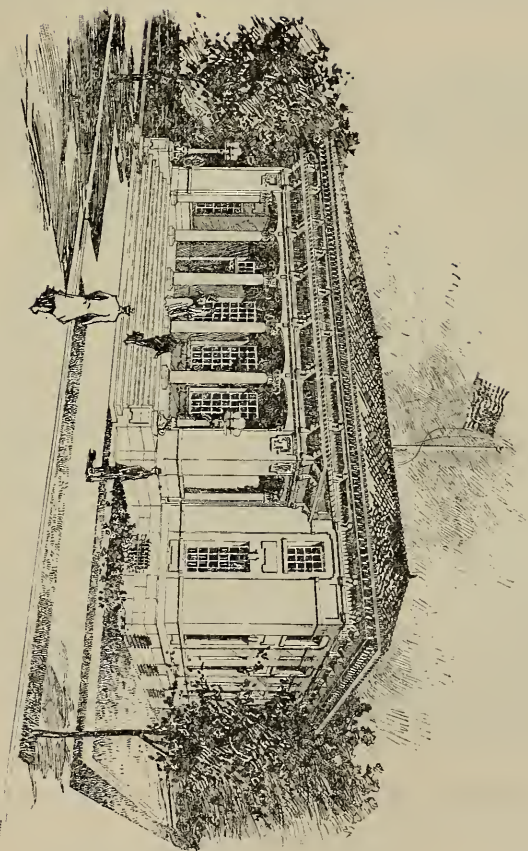
Santa Rosa, Cal.

Northern Crown Directory

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 Mill at Fort Bragg, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Albion Lumber Company, Albion, Mendocino Co., Cal.

The Owl Drug Co. 778 Markets and 611 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.



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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : :

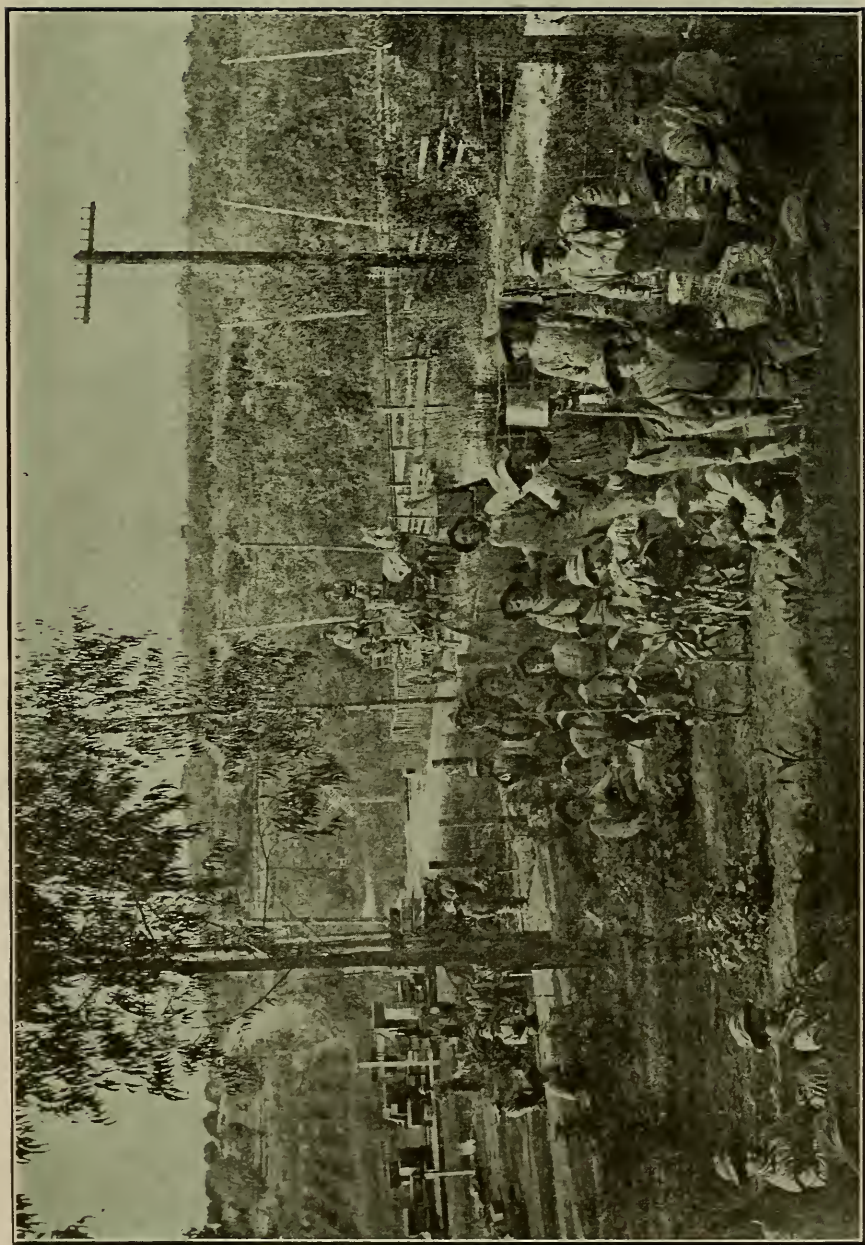


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Scene at Summer Camp, Sonoma County.

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1909.

NO. 7.

The Boys and Girls Aid Society of California

Established, 1871

BY ANNA M. REED

It is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals."

"At the bottom of all effectual child-saving work, must be faith in humanity. We must never lose faith in a boy, and never allow him to lose faith in himself."



WITH such commendable sentiments as these as the keynote of intention, the Boys and Girls Aid Society, is one of the most powerful auxiliaries for the saving of humanity, and the upbuilding of human character.

In a world where nothing is held so cheap as human life, and the most valuable asset is always at a discount in a false comparison of values, it is a good thing that some can look beyond the prices that selfishness and greed have set, to the true values of this world, for above all products, and all values of a country is the VALUE OF THE PEOPLE. Creating all values, by the necessities, of human life, they are the standard—the beginning and the end of all true values.

Without the people, earth is but a

howling wilderness of desolation. Music, laughter, plenty, happiness, love and kindness, these are the attributes of humanity, and its rightful heritage.

Mr. J. J. Kelso, who has done much for neglected children in Canada, says:

"Boys are the most valuable asset in the Province of Ontario today. Without them there would be no possibility of developing the country, or carrying on the industries that already exist.

"At a low commercial estimate the value of a boy would be one thousand dollars, and every boy who is allowed through neglect to grow up without moral training or habits of industry, is not only a direct loss, but is likely to become a burden and a tax on the community. A little timely effort and outlay would save many neglected young lads to good citizenship."

Among the representative men who have been identified with the encouragement and support of the Boys and Girls Aid Society of California, are the Hon. George C. Perkins, United States Senator, president, and Charles A. Murdock, vice-president of the so-

ciety and many other prominent people.

The society rescues the homeless, neglected, or abused children of California and turns out law abiding, self-respecting citizens out of all kinds of material.

No higher duty than this could engage any man or woman. The orchardists and berry raisers of Sonoma County have for eight years employed the boys of the Boys and Girls Aid

Here under the able superintendency of George C. Turner and his efficient assistants, a camp of 140 boys, military in its discipline, and ideal in detail, is maintained with perfect order.

There is the supply department, the commissary, the athletic, and everything to make the boys happy and comfortable, and to instruct and help them to grow into decent and useful citizens. These 140 boys range from 8 to 16 years of age.



Home of the Boys and Girls Aid Society, Gift of Charles Crocker
460 Baker Street, San Francisco

Society, in gathering their fruit. The people who have done this deserve great credit for their far-sighted philanthropy in employing the boys of THE AID SOCIETY to do the work. To visit their camp in the pleasant grove of eucalyptus trees, on the Barlow ranch, during the season, is an instructive experience. It was a revelation to the writer.

They had 60 acres of berries to harvest on the Barlow ranch alone, while last season they successfully handled the berries, from bush to tray, on 22 other farms. This season they have picked over 35 acres of Loganberries and 60 acres of blackberries, and the work not finished at this writing, July 24.

Last season their earnings were \$3,-



A Day In Golden Gate Park

900.00. The boys received about two-thirds of that sum.

The earnings are divided on a basis of charging every boy a flat rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per day, for camp expenses. Each boy has a tag with name and number, which is punched, with the number of trays that he picks as he turns them in.

At the end of the day each tag is taken up, and so the record is kept. The boys average from 20 to 25 trays

per day, for which they receive 4 cents per tray.

Some fifty of the boys, are those sent to the Aid Society for care during the summer vacation. These return to their homes on the first of August.

Mrs. S. A. Housman, the Matron, is Mother of the Crowd, and with tact and kindness, helps to sustain the perfect discipline. On the day in question, we witnessed the picking for an hour or two, by 130 boys in one field.



Setting Up Exercises



Making Berry Chests—Barlow Ranch



In a Raspberry Patch—Barlow Ranch



Gathering Prunes

We did not hear a loud word, or see one rude or unseemly action. They worked faithfully, and like little soldiers marched up to the receiver with their trays well laden.

The record shows that the best picking by 130 boys, for one day, was 2,300 trays. Another day 30 boys picked 90 trays. Best record for one boy's single day's picking was 71 trays, which at 4 cents per tray, netted him \$2.84.

This earning of money, gives to these boys the self-respect that comes with self support. And we think these boys should be employed always, in preference to the slant-eyed celestials that of late years have infested our fields of labor. It is a far-fetched philanthropy that reaches beyond the needs of our own people to give aid to alien races. If you sometimes think of the homeless child, who, even in his poverty, and loneliness and desolation, bears

the semblance, and is yet, like unto the Child that made the whole world kin, remember the little land of heroic men and women, who are trying to look after the soul and body of the needy ones, who have no others to shelter and direct them in the conflicts and temptations of life.

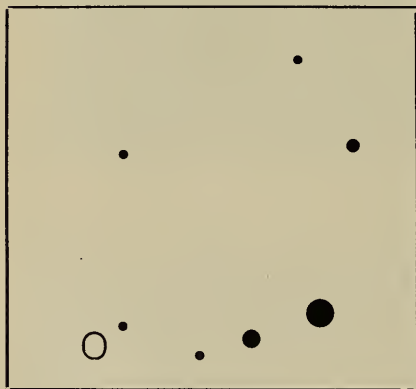
We give here but too little time and space to a deserving theme, but those interested may address Geo. C. Turner, Grove and Baker streets, San Francisco, for information, or to give a word of encouragement, or something more substantial. There are always boys on hand for employment, adoption, or indenture. If you know of neglected children who need the care given by the Aid Society, or people who need boys in childless homes, don't forget to write, and put each in touch with the other, to the mutual benefit of all.

Myths Tell of Starry Crown

Corona Borealis Offers an Interesting Study of Heavenly Bodies

BY ROSE O'HALLORAN

Though most of the starry outlines in the heavens bear but a remote resemblance to the objects from which they were named, there is one single group that justifies the comparison of a bygone age. Now, as then, the seven stars represented in the accompanying diagram could not fail to suggest something encircling, lustrous and ornamental.



CORONA BOREALIS

A diadem is not necessarily a complete circle, while the scattered stars included in the constellation do not interfere with the symmetry of the frontal wreath. As the absurd fancies of thousands of years ago have a claim on attention not given to the fable of today, we can look with thoughtful interest at the crown of Ariadne as "its diamonds glisten in the distant skies." The

daughter of Minos, king of Crete, rescued Theseus, king of Athens, from the winding labyrinth where a devouring monster ensnared his victims. The island of Naxos was the scene of her separation from the ungrateful Theseus, whom she had married, but Bacchus, recognizing her worth, gave orders that her crown be placed among the stars.

In a less pleasing myth the curving group is regarded as the platter—evidently a broken platter—of some austere poverty loving dervish; and Alphecca, its brightest star, derives its name from this unpretentious simile.

As Athens and the islands of Naxos and Crete have the same latitude as localities in California, we have facilities for viewing the interesting group at the same altitude as the star gazers of old. For instance, in Benicia it is seen as from Athens; in San Luis Obispo, higher aloft, as from the island of Crete, and when on the meridian of San Diego it hovers in the zenith, as over Babylon.

Between dusk and moonrise on August 4 it may be easily recognized 4 degrees south and 10 degrees west of the zenith of San Francisco, and as the season advances will be found somewhat farther west.

To modern thought the constellation brings no romantic fancies, and

though the evenness of the curve is remarkable it can only be classed as an accident of distribution until the laws of stellar motion are more fully unveiled. Commencing on the east side, its starry gems, which form two-thirds of a circle, are named from the letters of the Greek alphabet as follows:

Iota, Epsilon, Delta, Gamma, Alpha, (also named Alphecca), Beta, Theta. Alphecca, of second magnitude, is classed as a Sirian star. This signifies that it shines with a white light, which, when analyzed, reveals that hydrogen is a conspicuous ingredient of the orb. Its spectrum also indicates a motion through space away from the direction of the sun and planets at the rate of 20 miles in one second of time. As there is no record of a decrease in its light, we gain from this some idea of the immensity in connection with stellar size and distance.

Gamma Coronae, on the east side of Alphecca, though to the naked eye seemingly one star, when observed with a large telescope is seen to be composed of two orbs, one of fourth and the other of six and a half magnitude. They revolve round their common center of gravity in $95\frac{1}{2}$ years, reversing positions and seeming alternately to approach and recede from each other. Being under observation for many years, it is known that in 1937 the pair will resume the close position they held

in 1843. Sigma and Eta, adjacent, but not forming part of the symmetrical curve, are also double stars of long period, while U. Coronae, of seven and a half magnitude, was discovered by means of the spectro-scope to be revolving with a dark companion round their common center of gravity in 3 days, 10 hours, and 51 minutes. Nu 1 and Nu 2, northeast of the break in the starry circle, though one star of fourth magnitude to average vision, are easily seen with an opera-glass to be four minutes of an arc apart.

Small though its area, this constellation has been the scene of that greatest of stellar wonders—a new star. In 1866, on May 12, the crown suddenly acquired a brilliant gem rivaling Alphecca and altering the aspect of the group without impairing its wreathing effect. It was named T. Coronae. On the diagram a small circle marks its place. In the short list of new stars it was surpassed only by Nova Cassiopeiae, 1572, and Nova Persei, 1901, and supplied the first opportunity for the study of such phenomena by spectrum analysis. In nine days it had gradually faded to seventh magnitude, and with faint fluctuations decreased to tenth magnitude in a few years, at which dim stage it still remains. If new stars are really variables of long period, the crown may resume its temporary gem at some future day.



Washington.

Fourth of July, 1909

*A*CROSS a century of change
We reach our hands to thee—
Toward one bright and changeless thing,
Thy honored memory.

Along the battlements of Time
No hero lived and died
Whose name in song and deathless rhyme
Is uttered with such pride.

It stirs the hearts of free-born men,
And whispers to the slave
The truths that e'en make eloquent
The silence of thy grave.

No stain was on thy grand career,
Of lust, or pride or greed;
Thy sword was never bared because
Of some unhallowed creed.

O Washington! if from the realms
Of perfect love and light
The immortal thought of one like thee
May earthward take its flight.

Look down upon this land today—
Across from sea to sea—
Thy great soul will be thrilled to know
How much we honor thee.

We ask in thy dear name to be
Made faithful to our trust,
And lay our wreaths of immortelles
Upon thy sacred dust.

From the Latest and Later Poems of Anna Morrison Reed

Legend of Mt. Konocti

By
Lois
A.
Williams

Once in the very, very, long ago, before the pale-faces invaded northern California, there lived on the summit of a high mountain, in what is now Lake County, an old Indian Chief, whose fame as a warrior had spread afar.

Now, long before this, just how long no one knows; but when Fleet Foot was young, he had a rival, a rival who strove not only to wrench Fleet Foot's honors as Chief of all that country from him, but kidnaped a beautiful young Indian maiden, whom Fleet Foot had wooed for years.

Massacres, feuds, and war existed between the two tribes for years, until Fleet Foot killed Old Chowinche with a poisoned arrow. At last he had accomplished his life's task. Though still in Fleet Foot's heart fierce hatred rankled, he only muttered to himself; until Old Chowinche's stalwart son was discovered wooing Fleet Foot's daughter Anoché secretly.

Fleet Foot's anger knew no bounds when he found that his daughter, the pride of his life, the only thing he had left to live for, was in love with his hated rival's son.

It was a terrible blow to the poor old Chief. He demanded that she immediately dismiss her handsome

young lover, and never speak to, or of him again. Upon her refusal to do so, he sent for young Chowinche, challenging him to battle.

So it happened, as young Chowinche stood at his wigwam on Elephant Mountains, and across the ravine Old Fleet Foot sat on his horse on old Konocti; they each fought fiercely for their love.

The old wrinkled chief, for the one thing left to him in this world; and the young warrior for the one thing which seemed wanting to fill his life with joy and beauty.

That night as the sun set, the blood trickled down the sides of the Elephant Mountain, and the Indians wailed and wept for their young chief, while across the valley, Old Fleet Foot and his horse lay dying.

For days and weeks Anoché wept, inconsolable, until the valley below became a lake of tears, and poor little broken-hearted Anoché, mourning for both father and lover, slipped into it one evening at sunset and ended her sorrows.

And the lake still lies in a beautiful valley; and its waters seem to moan and tell of despair, and love lost, and at certain times a faint call seems to come from its depths, "Chowinche" — "Chowinche" — "Chowinche."



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Back to Paradise

WHEN the Father of all completed his work of creation, He placed man in a garden—in the situation that must have been the best, most blest and natural for hu-

manity. And that is why in orchard and field, in blossom, fruit, and harvest, there lingers yet something of Paradise, keeping alive in the hearts of men a longing for the peace and plenty of that lost Eden.

And blind as some may be, it is no secret to the thoughtful observer that through the growth and strife of centuries, through the maelstroms of war, through all the phases of human history, we are drifting back, or rather forward, to our first perfection. The ablest minds of the present century know this, and from time to time are voicing their convictions.

In spite of man's foolish strife and unpardonable selfishness, the drift of the world goes on the same. And our opinions and acts are as impotent to change it as they would be to change the course of the physical world in the orbit assigned it by omnipotence.

When our little striving is all over, and we are dust, and men have learned how futile is the herding of humanity in great cities, and the strife for place and power that avail but for a day, they will go back to their little gardens—and peace. We will not see it, but the natural life will yet prevail, so sure as God lives and reigns. The commercial life will pass away. The environments will change, as they have inevitably changed from age to age.

Man was not intended to be a slave of his own short-sighted ambitions.

The wheels of life turn slowly, but they turn, and distant as the hour may be, it will arrive, and the hands mark on the dial the high noon of progress for which no man has really planned.

The results of wealth and power will then be applied to the needs of men. They will have time to read their books, and above all, the book of books, they may now never open between the cradle and the grave. The table of plenty will be spread for all who live. And none shall go hungry or be afraid. There will be no crime, for there will be nothing to incite crime. The earth will yield its treasures for a common source of supply, and men through the paths of peace will go back to the garden and Paradise.

The Hive of the Wild Bee

Of all natural characters, that of the wi'd bee is most admirable. Lawless, yet she is a law unto herself. Brave to desperation, yet without aggression. Destroy her hive, and she lives in the air until she finds another home.



Most happy and blest is she, who makes her hive in the heart of the world.

San Francisco, Cal., August 4, 1909.

My Dear Mrs. Reed:

Occasionally I write constellation studies when some group is in a good position for observation, and remembering your interest in the Northern Crown, I enclose a clipping which includes a general description of it. It is merely a local question when it has its best aspect, as when we can see it conveniently, it has set in longitudes far east and has not yet risen in longitudes far west. It remains above the horizon for about fifteen and a half hours and at present rises at 10:30 a. m. and sets about 2 a. m. the morning following. As in the middle of November it has the same right ascension as the sun, it can be seen only in the northeast a short time before dawn, and in the northwest shortly after dusk. The word "northern" alludes to its position north of the celestial equator.

There is a certain aptness in using its name for a California publication as its most northerly and most southerly declination very nearly corresponds with the most northerly and most southerly latitude of this state. Of course, it must be remembered that as our globe rotates, the constellation also comes overhead in every other region within the same latitudes.

Though seen through a less extent of atmosphere when on the meridian, it is more conveniently observed when about 20 degrees east or west of that line.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE O'HALLORAN.

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The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., JANUARY, 1910.

NO. 8

Mendocino-by-the-Sea

BY ANNA M. REED

Of the several thriving towns along the Mendocino coast, none are more beautifully situated, or making more solid growth than Mendocino.

The beautiful building of the Bank of Commerce, recently completed, speaks of substantial improvement. We present with this, as a frontispiece, an artistic picture of this building.

This bank, which as an institution, stands for sterling honesty and fair dealing, was founded on September 1, 1905, and Joshua Grindle has been its president since its first organization.

At present J. S. Ross is vice-president and J. N. Rea cashier.

The names and service of such men stamp an institution with integrity, and the confidence of the public rests upon them.

Mendocino has a population of probably 1,200 people, but although not the most populous place on the coast, it possesses so many attractive features, that the stranger is at once

favorably impressed. The waste from its redwood products would run a successful venture in the manufacture of paper, and it is a puzzle to the mind of practical understanding why the waste fires have been allowed to burn at its mills for more than forty years. Redwood is the chief interest and output of Mendocino.

The large sawmill always running, gives employment to three or four hundred men.

With the facilities and material at hand, a lath factory, tank factory, barrel factory, excelsior and furniture factory, shingle and shake mill, one or all, could have been also operated all these years.

Mendocino has excellent schools. One of her bright young citizens and a prominent business man, says of the high school:

"Under the able leadership of Professor Campbell, assisted by Vice H. F. Smith, Miss Diggles and Miss Skinner, the high school, accredited to the University of California, stands

second to none within the State, for scholarship and character. Pleasantly situated upon a rise that overlooks the town and sea, almost the first thing to impress the visiting pilgrim is this moulder of the citizen of tomorrow, and as it is first to impress the eye, so it stands first in the hearts of the citizens of today."

Numerous fraternal orders encourage good fellowship and improve the social tone. Many business opportunities await the brain and capital necessary for their development and for a dwelling place, the lovers of the beautiful can find no lovelier spot.

Quoting from the same enthusiastic writer mentioned before, we think his description contains no exaggeration. He says:

"In describing the witching beauties of Mendocino-by-the-sea for the tourist, sportsman, idler, home-seeker or investor, for there are points of deep interest for all of these and more, I know of no more truthful words than those penned by our California laureate, Edwin Markham in a 'Mendocino Memory' and in part as follows:

"Once in my lonely, eager youth I rode,
With jingling spur, into the clouds' abode
I took the trail; the fields were yet asleep;
I saw the last star hurrying to its deep;
A flight of hills, and then a deep ravine
Hung with madrone boughs, the quail's demense;

A quick turn in the road, a winged whir,
And there he came with fluted whispering,
The captain of the chaparral, the king,
With nodding plume, with circumstance and stir,

And step of Carthaginian conqueror!
I climbed the canyon to a river head,
And looking backward saw a splendor spread,
Miles beyond miles, of every kingly hue
And trembling tint the looms of Arras knew;
A flowery pomp as of the dying day,
A splendor where a god might take his way.
And farther on the wide plains under me,
I watched the light foot winds of morning go,
To keep their old appointment with the sea.
Lightly I broke green branches for a bed,
And gathered ferns, a pillow for my head.

And what to this were kingly charabers worth?

Sleeping, an ant, upon the sheltering earth,
High over Mendocino's windy capes,
Where ships go flying south, like shadow shapes.'

"And Edwin Markham spoke no untrue word. Here where the lordly Sequoia Gigantea, in serried ranks sweeps downward to the waves. Here, kissed by the sparkling waters of the sunset sea, and girt about with flight of hills and deep ravine 'hung with the madrone boughs, a quail's demense, nestles the picturesque town of Mendocino-by-the-sea. Her wind-swept, wave-kissed capes and surf-beat beaches, sea-girt and hill-surrounded, form truly a splendor where a god might take his stay.' Its quietude and beauty offer a rest for the wearied seldom found elsewhere. For the sportsman, the river, 'Big river,' and other streams, are a fisherman's paradise. The hills are filled with the antlered stag and brother bruin, while 'a quick turn in the road, a winged whir,' one enters demense after demense, of those 'captains of the chaparral,' the quail. A half-hour's climb into the wooded slopes back from the town, one looking outward can see a 'splendor spread' miles beyond miles of every kingly hue soft shading over fields afar and free, that 'keep their old appointment with the sea.' For boating and bathing, as well as for those on angling bent, Big river offers exceptional opportunities.

"Taking advantage of the tidal flow, one can row with the current up one of the most beautiful rivers, from a scenic standpoint, in all California's bounds. With ample time for the breaking of fast, taking the trail amid the shy woodfolk, 'starting from their rest in many a cranied rock and leafy nest' and yet at

eventide return with the outward-bound waters as they rush downward to the sea.

"A little river steamer plys between the town and the lumber camp some miles up stream and Captain Jarvis and Purser Daniels, while not soliciting trade, are genial and accommodating to partys of 'tender feet' picknicking thereon.

"A delightful little journey and profitable, too, is to leave Mendocino at 7 o'clock with these delightful rivermen, impose upon them for the river trip to the lumber camp, and then secure passage upon the lumber road, "dead-heading" of course, miles and miles within the shadowed domain of the lordly redwood. The return can be made in the eventide by train and boat, reaching Mendocino at 9 p. m.

"The uniqueness of Mendocino's charm lies in this, that whether with the bard in eager youth you ride into the clouds' abode; or with some fair Joan by your side you wend your way 'mid leafy bowers or in deep ravine; or cast yourself in dreamy humor by the wild sea waves as you list to their 'thundering tones,' all this varied beauty, charm and satisfaction is yours and within fifteen minutes of the town.

"But as one of old has truly said, 'with all thy getting, get understanding,' so in the enumeration of the

assets of this city by the sea we must not close without mention of its spiritual life and culture. Mental acuteness is a splendid thing; physical culture is by no means despised, but that young man or young woman who is mentally alert, and physically developed, without the added grace of moral and spiritual culture, is not full-orbed, for the lustre and crown of character has been omitted, a beautiful bush, but no flower thereon. So, to meet this supreme need, the First Presbyterian Church, the Baptist and the Fathers of St. Francis, to whom California has been indebted for three hundred years of self-denial, are faithfully and successfully developing the inner, moral and spiritual life of this arcadia by the sunset sea, and the self-sacrifice, loyalty and pure high-mindedness of these knightly sons of the cross, whether it has been by some bed of pain, in the valley of the shadow of death, or before the altar of God, or in the lustred consummation of plighted troth, or in some cause that lacked assistance, 'for the future in the distance, for the good that they might do,' have never failed the community in that community's need. Undimmed, unstained, unfaltering, the words of one of their great commanders might be said of them: 'They have kept the faith.'"

Request

Give me yourself one hour; I do not
crave

For any love, or even thought, of me
Come as a sultan may caress a slave,
And then forget forever, utterly.

Come! as west winds, that passing,
cool and wet,
O'er desert places, leave them fields
in flower;
And all my life, for I shall not forget,
Will keep the fragrance of that perfect hour.


—India's Love Lyrics.




WAITING FOR THE FRESHET. HEAD OF BIG RIVER



Portola



By
Hettie
Irwin



The purpose of this paper is to show the reason for San Francisco's honoring the memory of Gaspar de Portola by giving a festival in his name.

I recently put the questions, "Why is San Francisco celebrating Portola's memory in October? Is it the anniversary of any special happening in his career?"—to the San Francisco Call and to the festival committee itself. The festival committee did not reply. The Call's answer was:

"It is to be a double celebration, namely, the rehabilitation of San Francisco and the anniversary of Portola's sailing up the bay of San Francisco. It is claimed that the vessel that brought him from Lower California was the first that sailed on that bay.

[Signed] "E. S. SIMPSON,
"Managing Editor."

Turning to authentic California history, I find that the part of this answer which relates to Portola is in the main incorrect.

Gaspar de Portola did not come up from Lower California in a vessel, but on foot. He was not the first white man to discover San Francisco bay. A history of California published in 1908, ascribes this honor to Sergeant Ortega, giving the date as November 3, 1769.

This work also states positively that the first ship to pass through the Golden Gate was the San Carlos, the date August 5, 1775, the commander Lieutenant Ayala, of the Spanish navy.

It has been stated by various writers that Sir Francis Drake discovered San

Francisco bay on his memorable voyage in 1580, but it is now generally conceded that he anchored under Point Reyes, in what is now Marin county, and saw only the outer bay enclosed by Point Reyes, the Farallone Islands, and the main coast line on the east.

How, then, did Gaspar de Portola figure in the early history of California that we should rise up and do honor to his memory?

In 1768, an order came from Spain, the mother country, to the government authorities of Mexico to locate a good harbor on the coast of Alta California, as a stopping place for supplies and repairs, for she had at that time considerable commerce with the East Indies. This order also included directions for occupying and fortifying sites on San Diego and Monterey bays.

The desire to accomplish this, joined with the zeal of the Franciscan missionaries, who had by this time established several flourishing missions in Lower California, led to the exploration and occupation of our California.

The next year, 1769, four expeditions were dispatched from Lower California for San Diego bay—two by land and two by sea. Portola, governor of the peninsula of Lower California, was put in command, with good leaders under him, of these expeditions. He, himself, accompanied the second land expedition; and with him went the lame, pale-faced priest, Junipero Serra, who afterwards became the president of the twenty-one missions of Alta California.

These expeditions were both military and ecclesiastical. When Jose de Galvez, who had been sent over from Madrid to see that the king's orders were carried out, had selected his military forces, he was not satisfied. "This is all very well," he said "The men will obey my orders, but they do not care much whether this land is settled or not, and if discouragements arise, back they will come, and I shall have the whole thing to do over again. I must find some one who is interested in the work; someone who will not find anything impossible. I think I shall send for that lame priest with the wonderful eyes, who has taken up the work of the missions so eagerly." Padre Serra came. When asked if he thought he could make the venture a success, his answer ran like this: "Surely! It is God's work to carry the cross of the holy faith—the Santa Fe—into the wilderness, and He will go with us. Can you not hear the heathen calling us to bring them this blessed gospel? I can see that I have lived all my life for this glorious day!"

After a difficult journey, they reached a bay which, from the descriptions of the earlier explorers, they knew to be the San Diego.

There, on the 16th day of July, 1769, with due ceremony, was established the mission of San Diego—the beginning of our oldest city.

Four days before this, Governor Portola, with about eighty adventurers, started overland in search of the Bay of Monterey. They, in spite of great hardships, traveled steadily northward for nearly two months, until at last one October morning, they saw what they thought to be Point Pinos, the name given by an explorer of the seventeenth century to the pine covered cape to the south of Monterey bay. They were right in thinking this Point Pinos, but the sad part is that when they had climbed a hill and looked down on the bay they had come so far to see, they failed to recognize it. They tramped wearily over the sun-dried hills that

bordered it and walked on its sandy beach, but could not believe it to be the well-enclosed port lying at the foot of hills richly green, so warmly described by one of the old explorers on the occasion of a winter voyage.

After talking it over, they decided that they must still be too far south, so they tramped on for many days.

On the last day of October, those of the party who were well enough climbed a high hill and were rewarded by a grand view. Before them lay an open bay lying between the point on which they stood and one extending into the sea far to the northwest. Upon examining a map of a voyager of more than a hundred years before, they rightly decided that the farther projection was Point Reyes, in what is now Marin county. Well out at sea they discovered a group of rocky islands which they called the Farallones.

But not a man who stood there dreamed that only a short distance to the right lay a bay so immense and so perfectly enclosed that it would ever be one of the wonders of the land they were exploring.

On account of sickness in the party, they decided to go no farther, but to camp here, while Sergeant Ortega was sent on to follow the coast line to Point Reyes and explore the little bay it enclosed.

With a few men and three days' provisions, consisting of bran and water, this brave Spanish officer marched away, little thinking of the honor which was soon to be his. He was the first white man to explore the peninsula where stands the guardian city of the Pacific coast. He ascended some brush covered heights and suddenly came upon the great bay we call San Francisco. Pushing steadily on toward Point Reyes, from the Presidio hill he looked down on beautiful Golden Gate, whose waters seem to say, "No further can you come, we keep guard here." He retraced his steps to the camp of Portola where he found the commander and his men so weakened by sickness and lack

of food that they decided at once to return to the southern mission. After a painful march of 60 days, they reached San Diego.

In 1770 I find that Governor Portola assisted at the founding of the mission and presidio at Monterey. Here I lose sight of him.

Why should we remember Portola?

First—He was the first of the Spanish

governors of Alta California.

Second—He was commander-in-chief of the military forces that explored and settled the territory of the present state of California.

Third—He accompanied that band of explorers, one of whose number—Sergeant Ortega—discovered the Golden Gate and San Francisco bay.



Regret

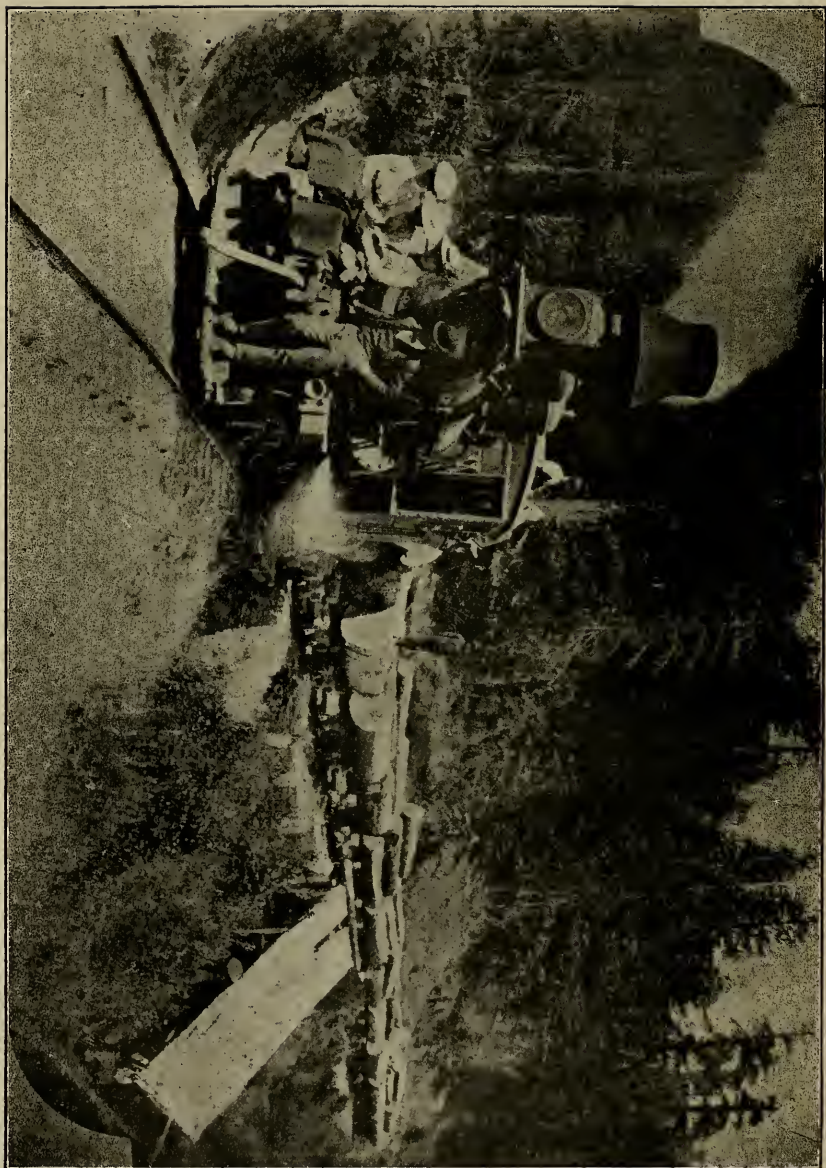
BY W. M. BOYD

I breathed this morn a quiet prayer
For help to meet the day
As man should meet his daily care—
All burdens cheerfully to bear—
Nor any lesser way.

But prayers are short and days are
long,

And 'twixt the morn and-eve,
Too often right gives place to wrong,
And many a tear saddens song,
And many a heart must grieve.
Now night is come and with the night
Comes sorrow for the day;
The slow, sad tears fill all my sight,
For wrongful deed in place of right
And purpose gone astray.

And so I pray at morn—and so,
With tears and vain regret,—
At eve my heart is filled with woe,
And God's right reason would I know
Nor reason have I yet.



LOGGING TRAIN ON THE BIG RIVER RAILROAD

The Manliness of Christ

By
Paul R.
Dickie

Pastor Ukiah Presbyterian
Church

HE who was born upon the day whose shining anniversary glorifies this month, was the manliest of all men. He cared for the social graces. The first thing He did after the beginning of His mission was to go, not to a meeting, but to a wedding. He disregarded some of the minor observances of religion, but insisted upon the minor observances of hospitality.

He was considerate of the neglected. In His day children were neglected. He illuminated and sanctified all childhood. The publicans and sinners, being outcasts, He dined with. They were His friends.

With Him chivalry for woman began. In His day women were disregarded. The free and joyous intercourse of men and women hardly existed until He came.

He feared no man. He spoke out against the wealth of selfishness, a religion of hypocrisy and superstition. He was the frank enemy of every man who was the enemy of society.

He lived in the light of a great ideal, and this ideal was the kingdom of God, which signified the common welfare, the betterment of social conditions, the enrichment of men's minds and the health of their souls.

And shall we say that this, the

brightest and manliest personage in all history is dead? Not so. "He being dead, yet liveth." He lives in His church. Founded in the beginning upon the apostles and prophets, Christ, Himself, being the chief corner stone, this institution has grown until the membership in the United States alone is 33,000,000, being 391 for every thousand of population.

He lives in His written Word. There are 70 Bible societies in the world, which send out over 120,000,000 copies every year. He lives in the various movements to care for and uplift humanity. The Y. M. C. A. deals with practical Christianity and has a membership of about 300,000 and spends over \$400,000 every year for the young men in our cities. The Red Cross society is an international organization for the protection and care of the sick and wounded in flood, fire, pestilence and war. In the war of 1866 in Germany, over \$14,000,000 was raised and spent and 100,000 men cared for.

Space does not permit me to state the numerous ways in which Christ yet lives. Among the many gifts you give Christmas day, do not fail to bestow just a little sunshine of His presence and so make the world happy indeed.



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

The King's Highway

THE crass ignorance of the following should be rebuked:

No King's Highway in California

While on the subject of roads, there is one piece of tomfoolery which

Town and Country Journal protests against, and that is the construction of good highway, in a republican country, by republican citizens, and with republican labor, and then dubbing them "The King's Highway," or El Camino Real. El Camino Real, indeed! No King ever built a road in California. There were never any roads in this state until the American occupation, and every road in the state has been built by Americans, and now while we have some good roads, they are not good enough for a certain upstart class unless they be dubbed "The King's." This romance about following the old Spanish road that led from mission to mission is all twaddle. There were no such roads. The only connection between the missions was an almost impassable trail, over which pack trains could, with difficulty, pass, and even in the vicinity of the missions themselves the roads were as crude as the carritas which lumbered over them. No Spaniard nor Mexicans ever build a foot of road in California that was passable, and it remained for the Americans, for us, to make passable roads over the country, and then it remained for a lot of toadies, ashamed of their own country, to dub them "El Camino Real." Town and Country Journal is one of the foremost and one of the strongest advocates for good roads, but we want them American roads. Let us have them and call them the good old-fashioned name of State Road or the People's Highway, but no "El Camino Real" for us.—Town and Country Journal.

We did not believe that in journalism anywhere, could there be one so ignorant of the actual meaning of California's "El Camino Real," as the author of the above.

It is true that it was only a narrow trail, and in its first usage fit emblem of the "steep and narrow way," for along its length, trod the sandled feet of those who bore the only message of healing that can be brought to humanity. Before we were dreamed of as a nation, before the Declaration of Independence was thought or written, along those California trails, the humble Franciscan bore the gospel, over the paths that were often wet with blood and tears, in the only work that is worth while—the saving of men's souls. And wherever that is borne, by men who wear the livery of Christ, over water or through the wilderness, across the seas, or over mountains, the messenger

is royal and his feet are in The King's Highway.

We are told that broad is the road that leads to destruction, and that many walk therein. So in our thought we prize the fact that in the early history of this state, the mission and the mission Fathers hold an honored place and their memory is revered by all, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic alike. And we are glad that long before the American had built the roads of later days, long before the clang of the bells of commerce, and the shout and shriek of the steam whistle, and the "honk" of the automobile had broken the harmony of those earlier years, the mission bells rang out the Angelus—that call to prayer, that echoes yet, down all the aisles of time. And so, in honor of the past, let mission bells be set along the olden trails, to ring out melody and peace, and mark for aye, the "King's Highway."

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The Builders

(BY EVELYN GUNN)

To the builders of the highways
That skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed
fast,
To the men that grade and the
men that blast,
I raise my glass and drink.

Theirs the great Endeavor and the
deed of high Emprize;
For they fight with naked hands
'Gainst forest, swamp and shifting
sands
And the fury of the skies.

To the builders who have fallen,
Whose graves mark out the line,
To the blind who never more may
see,
To the maimed and halt in their
misery,
In silence drink your wine.

For them no crashing volleys, or roll
of muffled drums,
Only the roar of the great rock
blast
Is their requiem song when the day
is past
And the final darkness comes.

To the engineers, the wizards, whose
word brooks no delay,
Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
The snow-plumed hills obeisance
make,
And lo, the Open Way!

For them no flaunting banners
When a bitter fight is won;
No cheering thousands in the street
These gallant heroes ever meet,
Though dauntless deeds be done.

To the builders of the highways
That skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed
fast,
To the high and low, the first and
last,
I raise my glass and drink.

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NO. 9

WM. H. EARLY

A TRIBUTE

By Anna Morrison Reed

If you pass down Washington toward Main Street in Petaluma, and look at the row of low buildings on the north side, you will see a small gold-lettered sign reflecting in the sun light during the day or the light of the office if you pass that way at night, the words: "W. H. Early, Law Offices." If you wish to enter the office, either during the day or night, it is very likely that you may do so. As you enter you will be confronted by a stenographer or law clerk, and your name will be asked at once. Almost instantly you will be ushered into a comfortable private office where you will meet a man of slight build, neatly dressed, quick and aggressive, but extremely polite and courteous, surrounded by a

large library and all the other accessories of a law office. A pair of keen, alert eyes will be fixed upon you through large, plain eye glasses, and never leave you for a second. You are conscious that you are being read through and through like an open book but it is done in such a hurried and kindly way that you soon feel at home. You are face to face with W. H. Early, Petaluma's City Attorney. The office is always open, it seems, and in it he labors far into the night, a hard labor that has brought him success, yet seemingly but a recreation for him. He will always see you, no matter what your business. If you are seeking advice you will get it, but if you are just seeking information that does

not concern you or of a personal nature, you will find yourself confronted by impassable obstacles. He never talks of himself or of his business. He is a wonderful listener. His mind is always active and he sees and hears everything, yet you never know how searching and thorough his observation has gone. You may tell your story to him voluntarily if you will, or he will direct a few short questions in such a way that you will find yourself telling him all that you know. If you are reluctant about it, he will add a little spirit to the conversation by a short sally of wit and humor so nicely fitted and timed that you will feel so friendly you cannot resist talking to him. He is always pleasant and cheerful, but if the occasion arises, he can be as firm and obdurate as a stone. He is a constant reader, a pleasant and interesting talker, yet you will find his conversation directed at you in a way calculated to find out just how much you know rather than to tell you what he knows.

This young man has followed his own inclinations. A few years ago he was one of Petaluma's ordinary unnoticed boys. Today he ranks higher in his profession and work than most of us realize. He is a native Californian and spent his early life on the family farm in Yuba county where he gained the rugged, wirey constitution which

enables him to keep up his ceaseless work. His family moved to San Francisco and then to Petaluma several years ago, where he received part of his schooling, giving Petaluma her claim on him.

As a bank clerk in a Petaluma bank he became an expert in accounting, and then took up the study of law, devoting his nights in San Francisco, where he attended night law school, returning each morning to his work in the bank.

After being admitted to the bar in California, he gave up his position as a bank clerk and went to New York City where he entered law school and rounded out his studies. In this way he completed a careful course of study which he outlined for himself, laying a perfect foundation and acquiring a splendid training for the work he was to undertake.

As a lawyer he shows marked ability in getting to the bottom of a case and presenting it in a concise manner. He is rated as being technical, watching every turn of his case, ever ready to grapple each point as it appears, presenting his argument in a clear convincing and emphatic manner. His associates will tell you that it is impossible to prepare and submit anything to him and expect to have it approved until it is read and re-read and analyzed several times. He never seems to be satisfied and will work a week to find a case in point.

He has built up a good practice in a few years by care, honesty and attention to business. When the Republicans of Sonoma county began to cast about this year for a candidate capable of filling the office of District Attorney, they at once centered on Early. He had shown the courage and training necessary to make the fight and to properly fill the office if elected. He was approached on the subject and at first refused, but finally he was persuaded to take up the race. No better selection could be made for any office.

He will not be new to public life as he has filled the office of City Attorney in Petaluma for five years, being first appointed and then elected to the office without opposition. It must be said that no better, truer young man ever entered the field of politics, and if elected he will ever

be found ready and aggressive when duty calls him.

The following lines by Robert Louis Stevenson fit the honest dignity of his character, and seem to be the text and motto of his life:

To be honest, to be kind,

To earn a little and spend a little less.

To make upon the whole, a family happier for his presence.

To renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be imbittered.

To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation.

Above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself.

Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Gethsemane.

By Anna M. Reed.

I kneel within the walls of my
Gethsemane.

Above the cold, bare stones a
sparrow builds.

A rose blooms over, and a linnæa
sings—

They all are His—

And so I know, that Paradise has
been,

And Heaven is.

Your Life and Mine

By Anna M. Reed

Shards and lees after meat and wine—
Such is your life, my own—and mine,
After the feast, the “husks and swine.”

The idle word and the careless smile;
The endless tasks that the days beguile,
And hearts that almost break, meanwhile.

But you remember, and so do I,
The fond red lip and the loving eye—
These—and the thoughts that never die.

Of the twilight hush which fell so soon,
Your darling presence within the room,
A brief, sweet hour, and then the gloom.

How do I live? because I dare,
Make my days but a living prayer,
That I shall find you again, somewhere.

After the storms that around us sweep,
After the toil, and the tears I weep,
Into your arms I shall sometime creep.

Hurt by the waves as they toss and swell,
Tired of the things I have done so well,
With only strength at the last to tell,

How I have loved you; throughout all time—
How I have suffered, and made no sign,
True to a passion sublime—divine.

Husks and dregs after fruit and wine,
Pearls that are cast to the hungry swine
Such is your life, my own—and mine.

•



VIEW AT "THE TERRACES," HOME OF CARL PURDY.

Summer Home and Garden of Carl Purdy

Some eight miles from Ukiah at the head of Mill Creek Canyon at an altitude of 2300 feet is situated The Terraces, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Purdy, where the largest variety of bulbs in the United States is grown. Incidentally it may be remarked that The Terraces draws more prominent people from all over the United States to Ukiah than any other natural or artificial attraction, as Mr. Purdy's wonderful flower gardens are irresistible to lovers of the beautiful.

The road to The Terraces is through the Mill Creek Canyon, one of the prettiest drives in the county, and also the best mountain road in Mendocino county. On a hot summer afternoon it is cool from the shade of the many overhanging trees and the eye is gladdened by nature's green carpet worked in patterns of wild flowers through the center of which the eddying waters of Mill Creek flow.

The name of the place is derived from the fact that the garden is a series of terraces which have been appropriately named by Mr. Purdy for convenience in directing his gardeners to the various parts of the place, and also to designate his different garden spots. The altitude as the house is 2300 feet and the below edge of the garden is some 400 feet lower.

Eight years ago what is now the Terraces was an overgrown, brush-

covered piece of swamp land. In traveling to Lyon Valley a particular variety of lilies was noticed at this spot and their size and beauty indicated that the soil must be wonderfully adapted to their culture. Mr. Purdy then commenced the work of clearing the place. The water from the numerous springs where the house now stands was collected into a main channel and led down the canyon, the artistic eye and tireless hand of Mr. Purdy completing the work that it seemed nature had intended. Today one of the prettiest spots on the place is where the artificial waterfall tumbles over a bluff some sixty feet, and finally again starting on its journey between banks covered with ferns and wild flowers collected from nearly every section of the Pacific slope.

Taking advantage of the canyon walls which hedge in The Terraces, Mr. Purdy has built a series of trails winding back and forth, by which his laborers and the sightseers may travel up and down the gardens on an easy grade, and incidentally obtain the most pleasing views of the many colored lily and tulip beds. A series of irrigating ditches also follow the paths at such an angle that no water is lost and that the surplus returns again to the main channel, this conservation of supply allowing plenty of water even in the driest summer months for the water-falls and also for

the irrigating. At the head of the water-falls is a miniature lake, not only a thing of beauty, but a refreshing plunge bath in the torrid summer months.

The soil of the Terraces is composed of the finest leaf mold which is the result of ages of decomposed vegetable matter and in places is probably fifty feet deep. It is so rich and loose that it is impossible to keep a horse from miring down and consequently all of the work must be done by hand. In clearing the land no reckless hand was allowed to cut the timber, but by years of watching and studying the shade effects Mr. Purdy has so regulated the canopy of foliage that each variety of bulbs receives just the quantity of shade or sunlight that makes it feel, as he says, "happy and contented," or in other words, produces the best results.

On the bulbs from which the cut flowers are secured the shade is so regulated that several days may pass between the perfecting of the flowers on one end of a row and the other end, possibly the distance of 50 or 60 feet. By this means the earliest and latest flowers of the season are produced.

To the casual observer the question naturally arises as to how Mr. Purdy can tell where any certain variety of bulbs is located in this seemingly irregularly disposed mass of thousands of varieties. Here again the visitor discovers that even the minutest detail has been worked out to a mathematical nicety by a master mind. The system of identification is probably the best in use in any botanical garden in the world. In Mr. Purdy's office is a complete map of the entire garden and each little group of bulbs has its location definitely marked. In fact should every stake but one in each row in the entire gardens be re-

moved by accident or design, the missing stakes could be accurately replaced as fast as they could be driven by the laborers.

The system is childish simply too, Mr. Purdy has merely started with a key stake and then used a tape line the location of each other stake being noted down as so many feet and inches from the key. Thus the distance from the remaining stake to the key stake could be immediately ascertained and the location of the others would then be a matter of so many feet and inches.

Another novelty of the Terraces is the gopher fence. The gopher regards many forms of lily and tulip bulbs much as the small boy does fruit cake, and when it is considered that some of the rare bulbs are worth \$10 each and that sometimes two or three short rows of bulbs are worth \$500 or more, the dessert for an energetic gopher is beyond the means of even the Rockefeller of the bulb business. The gopher seldom goes more than a foot or so below the surface and the gopher fence is galvanized wire fencing of very small mesh buried to a depth of three feet in the ground the top of the fencing being just above the surface.

The Terraces lies in the thermal belt and there is scarcely any frost from March until December. Luscious strawberries for Christmas dinner are always a part of the menu. Other berries and asparagus and garden truck do well and walnuts yield a large crop. On the barren canyon walls alfalfa produces five crops through the judicious application of irrigation, thus proving that alfalfa can be grown on the hill tops of Mendocino county provided water is accessible. In fact, if Mr. Purdy should desire to retire from the bulb business he could make a comfortable

living in market gardening.

In speaking of comparative values, however, Mr. Purdy pointed out that many a patch in his garden ten feet square was producing more revenue than an acre of the best hop land in the valley. To give an idea of the extent of the gardens the Terraces contain 125,000 tulip bulbs and 100,000 daffodils with other varieties of bulbs, the latin names of which are too long to put in print, in proportion. Besides this he has two other very large gardens.

At this season of the year the harvest of cut flowers is particularly attractive to the visitor. A shipment of 2000 tulips is a common occurrence. Even here Mr. Purdy was compelled to rely on his inventive genius. To pack such a shipment of blossoms so that they would not be injured in their journey to the flower markets of the larger cities was no small job, as weight and space must be considered. Ever here Mr. Purdy was coming. His crates are filled with drawers each of which holds 150 blooms covered with oiled paper and tied down across the center of the stems in such a way that they are held perfectly firm and yet ample space is allowed for the blossoms. Then when in the crate a shipment received at Los Angeles is in as perfect condition as when it left the gardens.

So sought after are Mr. Purdy's flowers that his entire crop for next season is already contracted for, having been bid for by a number of florists. In addition to the cut flowers his shipments of bulbs both foreign and native Californian go to nearly every portion of the civilized world. Mr. Purdy is also a landscape gardener of ability and many summer homes of the wealthy in California have known the touch of his artistic hand.

At home here Mr. Purdy is regard-

ed as a good and progressive citizen who has a beautiful tulip garden and who does his share of manual labor. In other countries he is regarded as a wizard and recognized as the best authority in the world on California and foreign bulbs and is probably one of the most widely known men in the United States. Once during the great showman's life a letter was addressed to P. T. Barnum, America, and was delivered to him by the postal authorities without delay. It is not beyond possibilities that a letter addressed to Carl Purdy, America, would reach him, in fact one addressed to Carl Purdy, Lyons Valley, California, mailed at Australia did reach him. It is an old saying that one must travel away from home to get the news and so it is with the standing of our citizens. We must size them up as to their greatness from their reputation outside of their own door yards. Burbank has been made famous by newspaper advertising, but Carl Purdy has become known through hard work and results.

In speaking of the beauty of the Terraces when the tulips and lilies are in blossom, language is inadequate. Every one knows that a bed of a dozen tulips is beautiful and that the symmetrical shape of the flower and perfect foliage with the striking contrast of colors delights the eye and commands attention. Multiply this by thousands and if your imagination is fertile you may get some idea of the result. For a definite idea, however, a trip to the Terraces is recommended and Mr. Purdy is always ready and willing to show his guests over the property and point out the places of interest. A pleasanter trip for a day's outing could not be planned.—Ukiah Republican Press.

Woman---Comrade And Equal

BY Eugene V. Debs

The London Saturday Review in a recent issue brutally said: "Man's superiority is shown by his ability to keep woman in subjection." Such a sentiment is enough to kindle the wrath of every man who loves his wife or reveres his mother. It is the voice of the wilderness, the snarl of the primitive. Measured by that standard, every tyrant has been a hero, and brutality is at once the acme of perfection and the glory of man.

But it is a lie and a libel. The author of it is an unnatural son striking his mother, a brutal husband glorying because he is able to sell his faithful wife to the earth, a beastly father beating his daughter with his fists and gloating as she falls because he is stronger than she.

Real men do not utter such sentiments. He who does so prostitutes his powers and links himself once more to the chattering ape that wrenches the neck of the cowering female, glorying as he does so in the brute force that is his.

Yet the sentiment is not confined to a moral degenerate who writes lies for pay, or to sycoph-

ants who sell their souls for the crumbs that arrogant wealth doles out to its vassals. It is embodied and embedded in the cruel system under which we live, the criminal system which grinds children to profits in the mills, which in the sweatshops saps women of their power to mother a race of decent men, which traps the innocent and true-hearted, making them worse than slaves in worse than all that has been said of hell. It finds expression in premiers hiding from petticoated agitators, in presidents ignoring the pleading of the mothers of men, in the clubbing and jailing of suffragettes, in Wall street gamblers and brigands cackling from their piles of loot at the demands of justice. It is expressed in laws which rank mothers and daughters as idiots and criminals. It writes, beside the declaration that men should rebel against taxation without representation. It makes property the god that men worship, and says that woman shall have no property rights. Instead of that, she herself is counted as property, living by sufferance of the man who doles out the pittance that she

uses.

Woman is made the slave of a slave, and is reckoned fit only for companionship in lust. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life, are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself that he can subjugate the one who made him what he is, and would have made him better had his customs and institutions permitted.

How differently is woman regarded by the truly wise and really great! Palo Lombroso, one of the deepest students of mind that time has ripened, says of her.

"The most simple, most frivolous and thoughtless woman hides at the bottom of her soul a spark of herosm, which neither she herself nor anybody else suspects, which she never shows if her life runs its normal course, but which springs into evidence and manifest itself by actions of devotion and self sacrifice, if fate strikes her or those whom she loves. Then she does not wince, she does not complain nor give way to useless despair, but rushes into the breach. The woman who hesitates to put her feet into cold placid water throws herself into the perils of the roaring, surging maelstrom."

Sardow, the analytical novelist, declares:

"I consider women superior to men in almost everything. They possess intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree, and may

almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts, and, though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have only to turn to history to learn the truth of what I say."

Leter F. Ward, the economist, the subtle student of affairs, gives this testimony:

"We have no conception of the real amount of talent or of genius possessed by woman. It is probably not greatly inferior to that of men even now, and a few generations of enlightened opinion on the subject, if shared by both sexes, would perhaps show that the difference is qualitative only."

I am glad to align myself with a party that declares for absolute equality between the sexes. Anything less than this is too narrow for twentieth century civilization, and too small for a man who has a right conception of manhood. I declare my faith that man, like water, cannot rise higher than its source. I am no greater than my mother. I have no rights or powers that do not belong to my sisters, everywhere.

Let us grant that woman has not reached the full height which she might attain—when I think of her devotion to duty, her tender ministries, her gentle spirit that in the clash and struggle of passion has made her the savior of the world, the thought, so far

from making me deary womanhood, gives me the vision of a race so superior as to cause me to wonder at its glory and beauty ineffable.

Man has not reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are halves of humanity, each requiring the other in order to attain the highest character when he made his noblest women strong as men, and his best men tender as women.

Under our brutal forms of ex-

istence, beating womanhood to dust, we have raged in passion for the individual woman, for use only. Some day we shall develop the social passion for womanhood, and then the gross will disappear in service and justice and companionship. Then we shall lift woman from the mire where our fists have struck her, and set her by our side as our comrade and equal, and that will be love indeed.

Man's superiority will be shown not in the fact that he has enslaved his wife but in that he has made her free.



Over The Hills And Far Away

When forlorn sunsets flare and fade

On desolate sea and lonely sand,

Out of the silence and the shade

What is the voice of strange command

Calling you still, as friend calls friend

With love that can not brook delay,

To rise and follow the ways that wend

Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street

A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet

And ruin in appointed strife.

Hark to it calling, calling clear

Calling until you can not stay

From dearer things than your own most dear,

Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,

Out of the sight of lamp and star,

It calls you where the good winds blow.

And the unchanging meadows are,
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,

It calls you calls you night and day

Beyond the dark into the dream

Over the hills and far away.

W. E. Henley.

Woman's Work

Anon.

Darning little stockings, for rest-
less little feet;
Washing little faces to keep them
clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons; teaching
Catechism;
Praying for Salvation from here-
sy and Schism—
Woman's Work.

Sewing on the buttons; oversee-
ing rations;
Soothing with a kind word, others
lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets, and
coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company, and read-
ing recent books—
Woman's Work.

Burying out of sight, her own
unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine, on other
clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded, and
healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward, thru
dangers dark and thick—
Woman's Work.

Leading little children, and bless-
ing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful how God's
forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses along an-
other's path;
Smiling by the wayside, content
with what she hath—
Woman's Work.

Letting fall her own tears, where
only God can see;
Wiping off another's, with tender
sympathy;
Learning by experience, teaching
by example;
Yearning for the gateway, golden,
pearly, ample—
Woman's Work.

Lastly cometh silence, a day of
deep repose—
Her locks smoothly braided, upon
her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently, upon the
marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace, upon the
forehead, meek!
Pale hands softly folded, the
kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling, the noble
heart no thrill;
Her couch needs no smoothing,
she craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty' wakes
no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley, tears,
bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson, that life
may not forget;
Face forever hidden, race forever
run—
"Dust to dust," a voice saith, and
and womans work is done!





FLORENCE ROBERTS
AS "ELIKA" IN "THE TRANSFORMATION"

Miss Florence Roberts

By Anna Morrison Reed

Of the several talented and beautiful women, who have commenced a successful career in California, none have secured a greater hold upon the love and admiration of the people than Florence Roberts. Her genius is of the first order along the lines of her chosen work. She is beautiful and fascinating upon the stage and charming in private life; a lovely woman, as well as a gifted actress.

California prides itself on the fact that Miss Roberts began her stage life in San Francisco, appearing first in the old Baldwin Theatre, with Bouccicault in "Arrah Na Pough." Those were the days of the visiting stars and Miss Roberts played there with Modjeska, with Maurice Barrymore, with W. E. Sheridan and with Lewis Morrison. It was at Mr. Morrison's suggestion that the chief role in "Clito" was given to her when Al Hayman's leading lady, Kate Forsythe, fell ill. "Clito" made a great sensation, but it was unfavorably received by the public as other splendidly mounted productions of his had also been, and Mr. Hayman, disgusted, left San Francisco, never

to return. Then Miss Roberts went with Mr. Morrison's Company, playing small parts in "Faust." From that engagement she went east to appear with Julia Marlow and was Audrey to Miss Marlowe's Rosalind; Maria in Twelfth Night; the little sister in Pygmalion and Galatea. After the Marlowe season, Miss Roberts supported successively Edwin Arden, William Gillett in "Held by the Enemy" and last Otis Skinner. These four are the only stars with whom Miss Roberts has been associated. In 1892 she married Lewis Morrison and returned to his Company, playing Marguerite to his Faust and appearing as his leading woman in all the plays in the Morrison's varied repertoire. It was Mr. Morrison's great desire that Miss Roberts should head her own Company and she went under Mr. Fred Belasco's management, playing a summer season at the Alcazar and starring in her successes in the winter months. Her productions were made largely under her own personal direction and there is no actress on the American stage who can point to so many and such notable ones. During this

time Miss Roberts was seen in "Camille," "Sapho," "Lady of Lyons," "Frou-Frou," "Countess Valeska," "Carmen," "Magda," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Under Two Flags," "East Lynne," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "School for Scandal," "Marta of the Lowlands," "The Doll House," "Zaza," "DuBarry," "Giaconda,"—really all the great classics and the best in the way of modern roles. After her contract with Mr. Belasco ceased, Miss Roberts appeared under the direction of John Cort in a series of modern plays, "Ann La Mont," "Strength of the Weak," "Maria Rosa," "Struggle Everlasting," "Sham" and "The House of Bondage." In New York she achieved the most remarkable personal success in "The Strength of the Weak" and "The Struggle Everlasting." While the critics did not care for the plays, they were unanimous in their praise of

Miss Roberts' work. But their praise after the opening of "The Strength of the Weak" fell on deaf ears—and their printed pages were left unread. The next day after Miss Roberts' opening was the day of the earthquake in San Francisco; she went on playing her role, but success seemed just then, of little, or no importance. This year Miss Roberts is under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert and she has brought her two new vehicles, "The Transformation" and "Gloria," direct to the Coast. Next season she will be seen in a new play by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell."

Wherever and whenever Miss Roberts appears, admiring thousands acknowledge her supreme talent, and in none of her many triumphs has she appeared to better advantage than in her latest, the character of "Elika" in "The Transformation."

Mors-Vita.

ELIZABETH BURNESTON LANE

Life, love—and a land of sun,
 Soft—slow was the south wind sweeping,
 Whispered sweet thro' the leaves a song,
 Sing, O heart, for thy life is long,
 Night—night will be time for weeping,
 Long—dark do the shadows lie,
 Hush heart, 'tis the south wind sighing!
 Rest—rest—and a requiem moan,
 Sleep, heart, for the day is done,
 Thine was the morn, and light is dying.



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

THE REDEEMING QUALITY OF HUMAN LOVE.

All men are liars, inconstant, false, hypocrites, conceited and cowardly; all women are perfidious, artificial, vain, curious and depraved; the world is a sewer without end; but there is in the

world a thing saintly and sublime ; the union of these two beings so imperfect and so frightful. There is often deceit in love ; but one loves, and on the threshold of the tomb one may say, "I have often suffered, but I have loved. I have lived."

—Alfred de Musset.

Political Announcements

HALE McCOWEN

Republican nominee for Clerk
of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

E. E. HOLBROOK

Republican nominee for Record-
er of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

H. R. FERRELL

Republican nominee for Tax
Collector of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

J. D. BROWER

Republican nominee for Asses-
sor of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

FRANK J. RYAN

Republican nominee for Super-
visor of the Fifth District, Men-
docino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

WM. F. ORNBAUN

Democratic nominee for Sheriff
of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

C. W. MATHEWS

Republican nominee for Audi-
tor of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

J. B. SANFORD

Democratic nominee for State
Senator from the Fourth District.

Election November 8, 1910.

W. D. L. HELD

Republican nominee for Assem-
blyman of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

M. A. THOMAS

Democratic nominee for Asses-
sor of Mendocino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

L. W. BABCOCK

Democratic nominee for Super-
intendent of Schools of Mendoci-
no County.

Election November 8, 1910.

A. J. FAIRBANKS

Republican nominee for Super-
visor of the Third District, Men-
docino County.

Election November 8, 1910.

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

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March, 1911

Per Year
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PETALUMA

SONOMA COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

THE NORTHERN CROWN

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Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :



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HENRY HALL

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., MARCH, 1911.

NO. 10

HENRY HALL

"The Man From Home" :- By Anna M. Reed

HENRY HALL is the greatest living delineator of the character of the true American.

His greatest play is "The Man From Home."

All who see and hear understandingly, are better, younger and more patriotic after seeing his rendition of the play.

The character, as depicted by him, represents all the clean, wholesome beauty of true American principle.

There was no shoddy American aristocracy before the war. American manhood was in its flower, wealth and worth distributed more evenly, and the barter of rich American girls for the titles of the scions of the rotten nobility of the old world had not begun for the want of MEN at home.

Henry Hall, in his representation of intelligent, independent,

young American manhood in the character of "Daniel Voorhees Pike," stands for the personification of a type, too many of whom passed out in our civil war, and to many his appearance seems the resurrection in face and form, manner and bearing of those nobler ones, lost so long ago, who have slept under the grave-dust of nearly fifty years.

He represents all that is best, in the past and present, of American character, and is a reproach and an example to a less worthy generation of idle rich, and worthless poor. And because of his wonderful magnetism, and the peerless character that he assumes in the title role of this play, and because of his unsurpassed talent, his influence will be far-reaching in the minds and hearts of his countrymen, and he will reach first place on the American stage.

SPRING

BY ANNA M. REED

Spring—and the blackbirds call
Where the rushes are thick in the swale,
And the world is all a-bloom,
With the things that never fail.
But my heart is all forlorn,
And I live because I must;
It is spring—and your heart is dust.

On the green wild olive tree
The bloom is thick and white,
The branches wave, and a spiced perfume
Fills every fragrant night.
And a thousand radiant flowers
Awake in the warm, rich mould;
It is spring—and your heart is cold.

Spring—and the linnets sing
To their mates as they build and weave,
And they waken me every morn
As they gather under the eave,
And the days are bright and a-song
With the voice of robin and lark;
But your grave is silent and dark.

I stand near the end of the way,
At a threshold I may not pass,
And my heart is weary with pain,
And the cares that my life harass,
And my eyes are dim with tears,
And I live because I must,
And the spring is a winter day,
Since your heart is dust.

"Boys and Girls' Aid" in Sonoma

By An Observer

ONE HUNDRED boys of the Boys and Girls' Aid Society, who had been picking berries on the Barlow ranch at Sebastopol, passed through Petaluma on Tuesday, the 6th of September, 1910, en route to the home in San Francisco, after one of the most successful and enjoyable seasons that the Society had ever had.

The season commenced on May 27th, and was the eighth annual camp on the Barlow ranch.

During the entire time the boys were busily employed at picking berries and fruit, and only completed their labors on Monday, the 5th of September. Camp was broken at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, and the work of packing baggage and equipment begun, and the camp closed for the season.

The boys had picked thirty acres of Logan berries, fifteen acres of Mammoth Blackberries, and eighty-five acres of Lawton Blackberries, nearly one-third of which is owned by Mrs. Laura E. Barlow, and the remainder by fourteen other growers living within easy distance of the camp.

28,028 baskets of Logan berries, 12,000 baskets of Mammoths and 46,096 baskets of Blackberries were picked for shipment through the Sebastopol

Berry Growers Association, to Salt Lake City, Denver and Omaha, where the berries found a ready market, and sold at excellent prices.

In addition to this, they picked 11,067 trays of Logan berries, 6,116 trays of Mammoths and 42,015 trays of Blackberries for the local markets and the canneries.

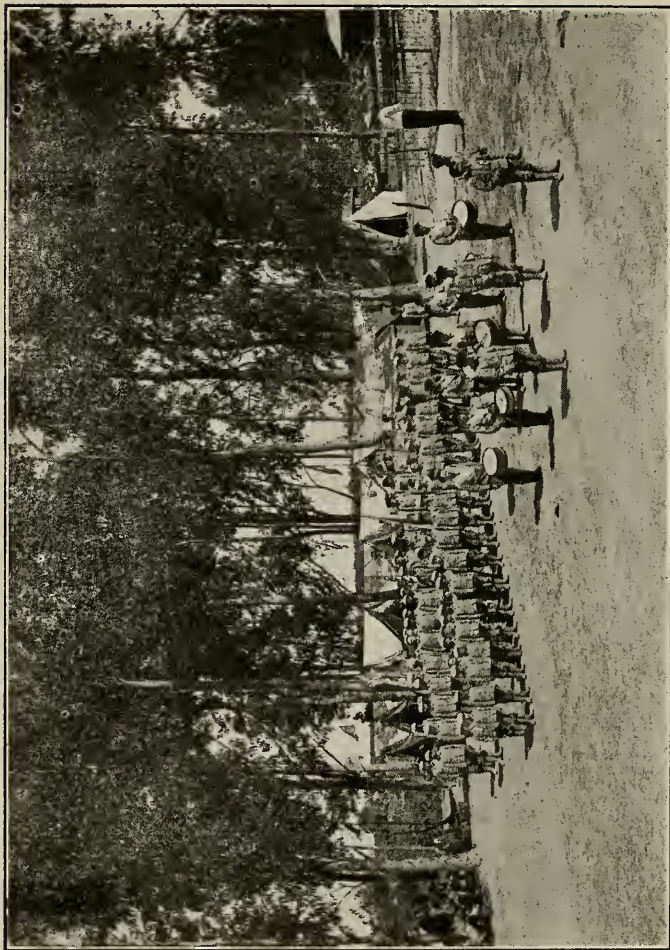
These figures represent 41.66 tons of Logan berries, 22.79 tons of Mammoth berries and 128 tons of Blackberries, a total of 192½ tons of berries.

After the berry season, the boys picked 1,800 boxes of prunes, pitted 2,300 boxes of peaches for drying, and handled about 50 tons of pears at the Sebastopol cannery.

Their total earnings for the season were over \$3,900, making it one of the best years of the work.

This sum of money, received from thirty-three berry and fruit growers, will be divided among one hundred and sixty-five boys, who shared in the work during the summer, and were credited daily with the number of trays or boxes picked.

The books have been closed and the items posted to a ledger, and after deducting 12½ cents per day for camp expenses, the boys were to be paid the net amount of their earnings, soon



Dress Parade at Camp



THE BOYS IN THEIR GARDEN

after their arrival in San Francisco.

This money is spent for clothing, which the boys select for themselves, for dental work, subscriptions to magazines; some is put into the bank and a portion retained for car fare and spending money during the winter.

No more mutually helpful work than this was ever done, affording, as it does, much needed help to the berry growers and to the Boys and Girls' Aid Society an opportunity to give its wards paid labor at work admirably adapted to young people, teaching them the value of money in the only possible way, viz: earning it and then spending it.

But work is not the only feature of these summer outings, for ample time is allowed the boys on Saturdays, and after the early supper daily, for recreation. Baseball and swimming have been the favorite pastimes, and have accorded the boys much pleasure. Incidentally, about twenty-five boys have learned to swim. They have had three special holidays this summer, the Fourth of July, which is al-

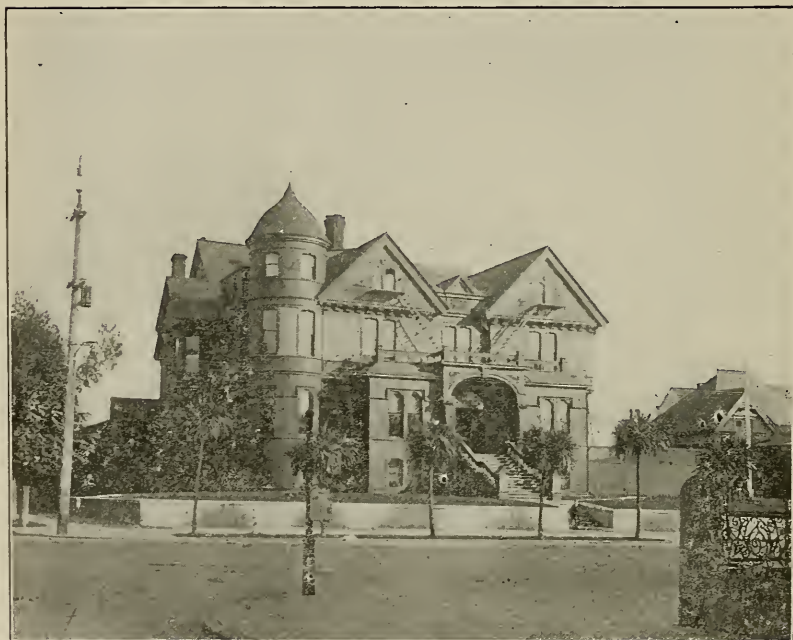
ways a "red letter day" at camp, a visit to the Apple Show in Sebastopol, and a trip to Santa Rosa to see Barnum & Bailey's circus.

Sundays were made bright by the use of the phonographs, letter writing, books and magazines, and by a religious service in the afternoon, conducted by Rev. Wm. Rogers, and attended by quite a few visitors who enjoy the really fine singing of the boys.

The work of the Society is under the charge of Mr. George C. Turner, who has been re-elected for his fifth term as superintendent. The board or trustees consist of nine representative business and professional men of San Francisco, with Hon. Geo. C. Perkins as president.

It is very generally recognized in San Francisco that this Society is doing the best and most effective work for boys, and is getting splendid results.

The season for the return of these boys will soon be here, which promises to be mutually pleasant and profitable to the boys and the berry growers.



HOME OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS' AID SOCIETY,
SAN FRANCISCO

FLOTSAM

(By D. W. Ravenscroft.)

Oh, woeful tale:
A maiden fair
With lips moonpale
And disheveled hair,
With eyes wildwide
And hands reached far
O'er the rising tide
Of the harbor bar.

* * * * *

A wasted form,
A raft too frail
To breast the storm
Or brave the gale;
Hands shoreward given
In deep despair.
Eyes turned to heaven
In fervent prayer.

* * * * *

The hands no more
Reach in from sea,
Nor eyes on shore
Look out to lea;
Two forms close pressed
In windswept sand,
Two souls are blessed
In the better land.

The Trend of Civilization

(By WILLIAM AYERS)

ARTICLE I.

(A series of articles written by the late William Ayers, formerly editor of "The Western Watchman," will be reproduced by request, from The Northern Crown of August, October and December, 1904. The introductory article appears here.)

IMPELLED by the westward trend of civilization, The Northern Crown, anchored in the beautiful Ukiah Valley in April, 1904, on the extreme western shore of the American continent, and tuned its Lyre to sing of the wonders and rich gifts that nature has bestowed along the Pacific waters; to waken the echos in this splendid wilderness of redwoods; chanting in heroic measure the future greatness to which the advantages it possesses must inevitably carry it, as the western trampling of the pressing millions halts upon the shore of our fair Pacific ocean, to gather accumulated strength before crossing the water to the regeneration work beyond.

To paint a picture there must be a subject, foreground, background and canopy; to state a fact graphically there must be comparison; to portray a condition, there must appear a cause.

We are here because of an irresistible force which is constantly impelling the world of

commerce and of letters westward; it may be an interminable round as the "centuries flit by like shadows into the past," but nevertheless the movement is continuously on, and on, each civilization as it passes leaving monumen's of its handiwork in the remains and ruins of its achievements in art, literature and architecture.

We, here on the western shore, are deemed by the more esthetic and less vigorous people of the eastern shore to be uncouth pioneers, unversed in the polite amenities of advanced civilization; across the Atlantic the self-sufficient sons of Albion look with pitying patronage upon the assumed greatness, the scientific and social advancement of the American world; still farther back, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Mongol, each in turn, looking westward toward the newer civilization, the more vigorous and prosperous physical and intellectual energy, the unstayed, irresistable force of the newer thought, looks with mingled contempt and pity upon what they deem he ignorant and arrogant assumption of the untaught, immature civilization of the millions who are pushing their way toward the setting sun.

But however much the inspired bards of the infant days of extant history may have painted

their age and achievements in colors that are glowing, in all that is enchanting, beautiful and miraculous, we have a record of noble manhood, exalted ambition and heroic achievement, here on our own continent, and at our own doors; a history and a theme, that might well inspire to sublimest song the bards of old, or the poets of the present, and thus sung, eclipse the hectic glamor of the olden fables.

It is true there is a charm as of infatuation that still lingers around the story of Ulysses and the Trojan settlement under the blue skies of Italy, and thrilling are the recollections recurring to the heroic period when Ilion resisted the shock of Agamemnon's arms, and distant Colchis became the destination of the freighted Argos.

But in the eternal press westward, the fabled Argos, with their tiny burdens, became Caravals, the Caravals, in turn, became a ship-of-the-line, carrying thousands of tons, and which could put a dozen Argos in its hold; and the ship-of-the-line has become an ocean steamer, a floating palace, or a transport carrying a small army.

The wierd, eventful and spectacular career of Fernando de Soto, the marvelous and ambitious project of Juan Ponce de Leon, the fascinating story of Pocahontas, the singular vicissitudes in the fortunes of Raleigh and of Burr would, if sung to the same measure and inspired by the same genius, surround the names and historical events in our own land, with as brilliant a coloring as the ancient bards have thrown around the

classic history.

And around these, as around the allurements of Calypso, and the enchantment of Armida, would gather the charm of fable, the fascination of half-authenticated history.

The amazing exploits of Hobson at Santiago and the miraculous achievements of Dewey at Manila, would out-splendor the fables of Antiquity. The scenes of the achievements sung by the earlier bards were circumscribed; the territory was small; their seas were lakes, and their national domains were ranches when compared with the extent of sea and land over which have been accomplished the achievements of modern civilization.

The crossing of the Atlantic and the subjugation of the American continent has no parallel with the much sung ancients.

And thus the inexorable march of the human family, impelled by a force mysterious as it is irresistible, has reached the western shore of the American continent, passing over mountains, crossing rivers, traversing the plains, and girdling the globe with electric currents to convey intelligence to any point at will.

We have a recent past to gaze upon, one that is prouder, more brilliant than the felicitous visions of the Greeks, more magnificent than the conceptions of the Romans, more glorious than the rose-colored dreams of the bards of Castile, and more thrilling than the early history of the settlement of the Atlantic coast—it lies in the acquisition, the marvellous growth and development of the golden El Dorado of the Pacific—California.

THE NORTH ERN CROWN

Today the westward bound millions are gathering and halting on this western shore, as in past centuries they gathered on the shores of the Black Sea, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and on the chalky cliffs of Albion, building great commercial cities till they gathered strength for passing beyond the water.

The circumnavigation of the globe is nearly complete in extant history.

The advance guard of the newer civilization of the occident is looking westward across the Pacific to the decaying Orient.

The advancing civilization of the new world is treading hard on the heels of the effete, dying civilization of the old.

The human current in its course westward is halting on these shores, and its millions will mass, and aggregate here in the preparation to push across the Pacific to absorb the new-old fields toward the setting sun.

But we are only at the threshold of this process of upbuilding on the western shore of the American continent.

The possibilities here are such as to require centuries to fully appreciate.

The race across the continent has been made with such haste that there is much intervening territory that will easily assimilate a far greater population, and the halting line along the Pacific shore in varied possibilities of climate and soil give promise of a future whose greatness is beyond the human ken to divine, or the power of language to portray.

Along the northern shore are gigantic trees that were grow-

ing when the gentle Savior walked upon the earth, teaching his lessons of Universal Love to all mankind, and they form an almost incalculable store of crude wealth, and they will continue to grow for the use and enrichment of the children of man, if the vandalism of the present and coming generations does not destroy them totally from the face of the earth.

Our mountains contain exhaustless stores of precious and base metals.

Our valleys and plains and countless hills bountifully watered everywhere, stand unparalleled in their productivity, and our climate mild and balmy, the atmosphere filled with ozone from the ocean and balsam from the forests, seems a special dispensation, and cause many to think that the garden of Eden has been falsely located by the chronicles of history.

In reviewing these possibilities of the future, the query naturally comes to mind: Where will the gathering hosts build their great cities, both inland and commercial ports of entry?

Where will northern California figure, and how will she fare in the settlement of the great incoming population? This is a question for the logician, the statesman, the prophet.

Nature has endowed northern California and her industrial centers, and commercial marts will grow in exact keeping with the energy and spirit of progress and liberality of her people.

But of this view of the future and its practical possibilities we must paint another scene, for the whole would be too large a picture for one framing.

MY SHRINE

By Anna M. Reed

A rose, and the red wine there
beside,
And the waxen taper burning
slow,
With the olden flame of long
ago,
Before the face of the Crucifi-
ed.

The fume of incense within the
room,
An echo of music pulsing
through,
While thronging memories of
you,
People the purple twilight's
gloom.

Why bend the knee? When here
apart,
The soul is bowed; and bending
low,
Over the dreams of long ago,
Broods a broken and contrite
heart.

Here in the waxen taper's shine,
I guard my shrine through the
waning years,
Where the offerings are silent
tears—
The Face, and the rose and the
chaliced wine.

IMPORTANT CONSOLIDATION

(From the "Coast Banker," December, 1910.)

The Santa Rosa National Bank of Santa Rosa, California, and the Union Trust-Savings Bank of Santa Rosa, California, called a meeting of the stockholders of the two banks on January 10, 1911, to vote upon a plan of consolidation.

The Santa Rosa National Bank was organized in 1886, and at present has a paid-up capital of \$150,000; surplus, \$43,000; undivided profits, \$20,000. It has paid dividends to its stockholders of over a quarter million dollars.

The following are the officers of the institution: J. H. Brush, president; R. F. Crawford, vice-president; Frank A. Brush, cashier; C. B. Wingate, W. C. Grant and T. F. McMullin, assistant cashiers. The Union Trust-Savings Bank was organized in 1905 and has a paid-up capital of \$100,000; surplus, \$25,000; undivided profits, \$10,000. Its officers are: C. W. Savage, vice-president; E. C. Merritt, cashier; H. W. Beardin, assistant cashier.

The late E. F. Woodward (Surveyor of the Port, San Francisco), was the president of the Union Trust-Savings Bank from its organization up to the time of his death. The vacancy caused by his death has not been filled on account of the proposed consolidation.

By the consolidation, the bank

will become one of the largest interior banks in the state. Over one-half of the stock in the Santa Rosa National Bank is owned by J. H. Brush, Frank A. Brush and Irving H. Brush, and they also own nearly the same proportion of the stock in the Union Trust-Savings Bank.

The two banks, however, have a great many small stockholders who are stockholders in only one bank, and in the consolidation scheme the stockholders in both banks will be stockholders in the Santa Rosa National Bank, which will be the holding bank, and which stock will carry with it an ownership in stock of the Union Trust-Savings Bank, thus eliminating any competition between the two banks. The two banks have about one hundred different individual stockholders.

The consolidation as outlined is as follows: The committees appointed by the two banks have agreed upon the value of the two stocks for the purpose of consolidation, which value is credited to each stockholder in proportion as their holdings appear on the books of each bank and is to be used in the purchase of stock in the Santa Rosa National Bank at \$150 per share for each share of the par of \$100. A dividend will then be declared from the surplus fund of the Santa Rosa National Bank,

THE NORTHERN CROWN

which will provide a capital for the close of business, Saturday, the Union Trust-Savings Bank. December 10, 1910. The stockholders of the Santa Rosa National Bank will own as many shares in the Union Trust-Savings Bank as they have shares in the Santa Rosa National Bank, and the par value will be \$25.

After the consolidation the Santa Rosa National Bank will do a strictly commercial business and the Union Trust-Savings Bank will do a savings business only.

It might be stated in passing, that the Brush family, through the various banks which they have controlled, have had a current account with the National Park Bank, New York, ever since that bank opened for business in 1856, fifty-five years ago. It is not often that we see uninterrupted business connections of this kind extending over such a long period of time, and it speaks well, indeed, of the excellent service of the National Park Bank of New York.

The following is a consolidated statement of the two banks at

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$ 918,887.57
United States bonds	151,000.00
Other high-grade bonds	292,588.09
Real estate	28,000.00
Bank premises	110,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	7,000.00
Expenses, interest, taxes paid	19,587.22
Cash on hand and with banks	326,580.01
Total	<u>\$1,853,642.89</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and undivid- ed profits	95,319.56
Circulation outstand- ing	148,800.00
Bonds borrowed ...	29,000.00
Deposits	1,330,523.33
Total	<u>\$1,853,642.89</u>

Remember that some of the bright-
est drops in the chalice of life may
still remain for us in old age. The
last draught which a kind Provi-
dence gives us to drink, though near
the bottom of the cup, may, as is
said of the Roman of old, have at
the very bottom, instead of dregs,
most costly pearls.—W. A. Newman.



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

AFTER some irregularity in its issue, we take up the work on The Northern Crown with new energy and encouragement. We wish to express our gratitude to its patrons, from whom we have never received a single complaint, but only words of

THE NORTHERN CROWN

kindness and sympathy and financial support, by subscription and advertisement, all of which has made possible the founding of a monthly periodical in Northern California, devoted to the interests of that section.

It has now been established seven years, and has passed the age of uncertainty, and is an es-

tablished institution, which will probably live many years after the life of its foundress has ended. We expect, during this spring and the coming summer, to meet all of our present subscribers, and many more, as our time will be devoted almost entirely to the interests of the magazine.

AN ARTICLE regarding the "Boys and Girls' Aid Society," which should have appeared some months ago, is presented in this number. It is of interest to our readers, and the people of Sonoma, because these boys will soon be among us again, engaged in their pleasant and profitable

work in the fruit fields of our county. Their friends will be glad to see them again, and those in charge, who are doing noble work in the building up of character in the country's most valuable asset—the boys of this generation.

An Original and Marvellous Plan For the Revision of Our Money and Currency System

A pamphlet on "Money and Currency" has just been issued by D. W. Ravenscroft of Petaluma. Mr. Ravenscroft has made these subjects special study for a number of years, and the investigations have impelled him to put forth this monograph. He concluded first that the writers upon finance had been too indefinite in their definitions, and were ambiguous in deductions, so he took the matters up from their philosophical and scientific standpoints, instead of by their history, tradition,

expedience or political effect. The result has been a work along entirely new lines, and bringing out a lot of new propositions. Among those propositions new to fiscal literature are the segregation of money and currency, separation of currency from the banking system, analyzing systematizing and defining currency systems, segregation of the private functions of banking from the public functions of issuing currency, removing the quantitative control of the currency from the banks or meddi-

THE NORTHERN CROWN

ing politicians and making it subject only to the demands for its use in commerce and trade, defining money and placing it, as a measure of value, in the metrological system of the nation; defining and providing for a natural elasticity to currency; placing currency upon a solid gold basis; separating the currency system and money from politics or political manipulation; giving savings a permanent value, and making them work for the laborer and small merchant as they do now for the banker and "big business," making every man's savings an investment, immediately convertible into cash if necessary; offering insurance against panics; making the government debt a source of income, instead of an expense; insuring the products of labor and the profits of business; issuing a legal tender currency that will expand to meet all requirements of new enterprise, development or other emergencies, and contract au-

tomatically when those exigencies no longer call for its use.

He claims that the plan answers every question of philosophy, every call of science, every argument of other writers; that it is strong, safe, sound, easy of comprehension—and it is—and answers every requirement of the national constitution in letter and spirit.

Some of his critics have stated that this pamphlet is the most wonderful thing in literature on that subject that has ever been printed, and yet it is about the smallest, as it contains but fifty pages.

Mr. Raverscroft states that his library is full of the writers on this subject from Mill and Adam Smith to Bryan and Coin, including English, French, German and American; that their works are mostly useless except for a few statistics, and that it doesn't take much space in which to define a few principles, and tell the truth.



"Square Deal" Candidate

For Chief of Police

Joseph Z. Dye

Election April 11, 1911

CALIFORNIA
STATE

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Trout Stream at Fetters.



THE "OLD ADOBE"

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE, 1911.

NO. 11

THE OLD ADOBE PETALUMA'S HISTORIC LANDMARK

By Anna M. Reed

Through the generosity of William J. A. Bliss, a professor in the university of Baltimore, Maryland, The Old Adobe, which stands at the base of the foothills east of Petaluma, was recently deeded to the local parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West, in memory of his father, Hon. David Bliss. The land included in the deed is about five acres in extent, and is beautifully situated upon an elevation overlooking the valley and the city of Petaluma.

It was given with the understanding that it would be restored and preserved for all time, the property to be forever held by Petaluma Parlor, No. 27, N. S. G. W.

It has been more than a year since the Native Sons took up the matter of securing the old adobe. The lodge left the matter entirely in the hands of William H. Early, and it

is due to him probably more than to any other man, that the gift was secured.

The adobe, although never actually a fort, was provided with means of defense. General M. G. Vallejo, who built the adobe, never built but one actual fort north of the bay of San Francisco, and that was the barracks in old Sonoma, where the Bear Flag was hoisted, commonly called the "Quartel" upon which he worked with his own hands.

He is certainly the best authority on the oft-disputed question as to when the adobe was built, and the following letter, written to Miss Denman of Petaluma, in 1889, best gives the facts:

Sonoma, May 16, 1889.

Dear Miss Denman: Your letter of the 13th inst reached me in safety, and at your request I will

narrate some of the interesting facts concerning the old adobe, three or four miles east of Petaluma.

I built the house in 1834 to 1844, and it was of immense proportions, owing to the different departments for factories and warehouses.

I made blankets enough to supply over 2,000 Indians; also carpets, and a coarse material used by them for their wearing apparel. A large tannery also, where we manufactured shoes for the troupes and vaqueros. Also a blacksmith shop for making saddles, bridles, spurs, and many other things required by the horsemen.

I have a blanket still in my possession made there, and although in constant use, it is in perfect condition.

My harvest productions were so large that my storehouses were literally over-filled every year. In 1843 my wheat and barley crop amounted to 72,000 Spanish bushels (a "fane-ga" or Spanish bushel is equal to one and one-half of our bushels) and my plowmen were but 200 men. Corn about 5,000 Spanish bushels, besides a superabundance of all grains for daily use, such as beans, peas, lentils, and vegetables of all kinds.

All these products were stored in different departments of this large house, besides giving freely to the Indians who lived in the surrounding country in peace with me. A large number of hides were preserved every year, also tallow, lard, and

dried meat to sell to the "Yankees."

In one wing of my house, upstairs, I lived with my family when in Petaluma. The south front was 250 feet long, and the building formed a large square, the house having an immense courtyard inside, where every morning the laborers met and called the roll before dispersing for their various occupations.

The house was two stories high and very solid, made of adobe and timber, brought by oxen from the redwoods, and prepared for use by the old fashioned saw, by four Kanakas, (my servants) brought from the Sandwich Islands by Captain Cooper, my brother-in-law. It had wide corridors inside and outside, some of which were carpeted by our own make of carpets.

Mr. Fowler, father of Mr. Henry Fowler of Napa, was the last carpenter who worked at my old house. I sold it to Mr. White about twenty years ago for \$25,000. It was never attacked by the Indians.

When I was taken prisoner by the Bear Flag party, this house was filled with what I have already mentioned, and they disposed of everything.

The meaning of the word "Petaluma" signifies in the Indian language "a beautiful panorama seen in the great declivity from all points."

Hoping that this reaches you in time, and will give you a full detail of the old adobe is the sincere wish

of

Yours very truly,

M. G. Vallejo.

General Vallejo made his winter home at Sonoma, which afforded a touch of social life, but in the summer the general took possession of his home on the big rancho, whose broad acres stretched westward to the sea; and the old adobe was then filled with activity and life. Here the first schools of industry for the State of California were founded, and the Mexicans and Indians were taught the crafts and skill.

The old adobe occupies a unique place in our history and should be made a resort, and become a source

of revenue to its owners, and as the most unique landmark in California, secure a world-wide fame. Let it be restored and beautified, the enclosed square that was once a fortification for defense can be made a garden of exceeding beauty, with a driveway wide enough to accommodate autos and other vehicles.

The verandas should be repaired and every foot of them preserved, and floored for dancing and dining, and a resort opened under careful, capable management, where all through the year guests from all parts of the world could be entertained with a glimpse into the very earliest days and customs of Califor-



W. H. Early

Who Aided Most in Securing
the old Landmark for the
Native Sons.



nia.

Only Spanish and Mexican dishes should be served, and to the tinkle of fountains and guitars, the fandango should be danced and sung.

It is the only landmark that could be so used. No one would wish to dance and sing in the holy missions, held so sacred by many. But at the old adobe such would be but the revival of its former uses. The Native sons of Petaluma have a treasure in this old landmark, and an attraction that could be made self-supporting and beautiful, and bring many pilgrims to this historic shrine.

"None is so poor as he who

knows the price of everything, the value of nothing."

So wrote one whose exquisite genius was equalled only by the unspeakable tragedy of his life.

The old adobe, converted into a resort and museum, will attract visitors from all over the world. Strange as the statement may seem, there is nothing so valuable to a country in the way of attractions as its ruins, for this selfish, cold, old world still loves historical romance enough to cling to every visible link that reaches to the past, and to immortalize every landmark of the Golden West, with the best in song and story.

IN DREAMS.

By Anna M. Reed.

I lean my head upon your breast—
 The passion and the pain are o'er,
 Within your arms at last I rest,
 Regretting nothing gone before.
 I am at peace with life, it seems,
 You love me—but alas! in dreams.



An Impression of J. Stitt Wilson

By Adam Hull Shirk.

This is an impression—not an interview.

While waiting for J. Stitt Wilson, socialist candidate for the mayoralty of Berkeley, at his home on Ridge Road, I had ample opportunity for accumulating the preliminary impressions of the man, whom I had never met, from his books and his environment.

Do not deceive yourself into the belief that J. Stitt Wilson is of the comic journal socialist type, starving in a garret with long hair and unclean fingernails, and a general air of unwashed genius and martyrdom to a principle. You may find socialists of this sort in the tap rooms of Soho, but they are socialists in words only. Wilson is a man of action. His face has the handsome strength of character apparent in the features of Abraham Lincoln—but I am getting ahead of my story.

I don't mean to say that I took surreptitious glances into the privacy of Mr. Wilson's desk, while waiting for him to return, but I did look over the contents of his bookshelves. It is the library of a thinker—of

a student. There is no trash upon his shelves. Solid meat that requires a good digestion to assimilate—and Wilson has the digestion.

As a man lives—so shall ye know him! Could a man dwelling in an earthly paradise think other than humane thoughts? Would he, with that broad expanse of land and sea before him, find time for puny, idle thoughts? The great Pacific lay, silvered by the sun, a panoramic stretch of rippling glory, studded with islands, and flowing out through the Golden Gate. Everywhere in the foreground a riot of flowers and green leaves and the balmy spring air, perfume laden by a thousand blossoms, completed the picture. And it is amidst all this that the socialist candidate for the office of the mayor of the college city lives and studies. Could such an environment breed in a man anything but noble ideals? I doubt it. The lower forms of intelligence seek the lower levels—high minds seek high places, J. Stitt Wilson, then, first of all is a student of economics, sociology and municipal affairs. He is well read,

as I have indicated; possesses the degree of Master of Arts from the Northwestern University of Illinois, has studied at Oxford, and other institutions of learning and has lectured his way through Europe on several occasions. He has spent months in study of the larger cities of England, Scotland and Wales. He has gone deeply into the newer movements tending toward the emancipation of the people from what is termed monopolistic control. He has everywhere taken copious notes and has accumulated a vast fund of knowledge upon the subjects mentioned—particularly as applied to the government of the people. He has ideas that are the outgrowth of convictions which were born of actual knowledge. He is amply equipped for the fight.

"I did not seek the office of mayor," says Wilson. "I agreed to become a candidate only when there seemed to be no one else willing to enter the lists. If I should be elected, and at this time I have every confidence of success. I shall doubtless find the work onerous and be open to much criticism. But I love the people. I want to see them free. The fight has passed out of my hands, and that of the socialist party into the hands of the people in accomplishing the public ownership of their own utilities.

Wilson is a fighter. If all socialists were of his caliber I venture to say that socialism would soon force the issue—whether for good or evil the people must judge. I am not expressing my own opinions in this article.

Wilson has behind him, besides his adherents' the solid backing of intelligence and a knowledge of the

weapons he is using in his campaign.

If he fails it will not deter him from future engagements. He is the sort of man to whom every failure is a stepping-stone to ultimate success.

Wilson is not pointing out rosy possibilities. He says:

"I am too familiar with the powerful and relentless hostility of public service corporations to think that what we desire can be accomplished in a day.

"But, in the twentieth century we should not permit huge corporations to hold us at their mercy and charge us all the traffic will bear for the absolute necessities of life—for labor, home, business and pleasure.

"Life in our cities compels us to use the necessities of municipal life—water, gas, electric light, telephones, ect.—and it is the business of the city fathers to proceed with the power of the law to secure these advantages for the people, at the minimum of cost to every family.

"The millionaire need not care what the water bill is or the electric light bill, or any other bill. Three-cent car fare for a school child is an incomprehensible demand to a powerful and soulless corporation.

Even that is now safely prohibited by the courts. That has been prohibited long ago, while the people slept, and when we were not on guard.

"But to the average family of the average wage worker or average business man, these never ceasing, ever-present contributions to public service corporations gnaw away at the wage, or the salary, or the meager profits. And the people are being aroused to see that this wholesale exploitation must soon cease.

"That is the heart of this campaign in this city right now. We have right and justice on our side, and nothing can defeat us."



The Child of the King.

By Anna M. Reed.

You ask of my title, my signet and ring—
My birthright is noble—I'm child of the King,
Who came to his own, who knew Him not then,
But wait for His coming, in glory, again.

I love His creation—His flowers, and the song,
Of the tiniest bird that sings the day long,
The snow of the winter—the bloom of the
Spring,
In sunshine and starbeam, I'm child of the
King.

The kiss of summer is sweet, and the wind,
Is soft and perfumed, where the Jasmine is
twined.
And the bright hues of Autumn, they gladden
and bring,
New treasures of gold, to the child of the
King.

A world that is beautiful, wondrous, sublime,
Through His power he has made indisputably
mine.
Exulting in sight, sound and touch, while I sing,
I reign o'er my heritage—child of the King.

The Garden by the Bridge.

The desert sands are heated, parched and dreary,
The tigers rend alive their quivering prey,
In the near Jungle; here the kites rise, weary,
Too gorged with living food to fly away.

All night the hungry jackals howl together,
Over the carrion in the river bed,
Or seize some small, soft thing of fur or feather,
Whose dying shrieks on the night air are shed.

I hear from yonder Temple in the distance,
Whose roof with obscene, carved Gods is piled,
Reiterated with a sad insistence,
Sobs of, perhaps, some immolated child,
Strange rites here, where the archways shade is
deeper,

Are consummated in the river bed,
Pariahs steal the rotten railway sleeper,
To burn the bodies of their Cholera dead.

But yet, their lust, their hunger cannot shame
them,

Goaded by fierce desire that flays and stings,
Poor beasts, and poorer men, Nay, who shall
blame them?

Blame the Inherent Cruelty of things.

The world is horrible, and I am lonely,
Let me rest here, where yellow roses bloom,
And find forgetfulness, remembering only,
Your face beside me in the scented gloom.

Nay, do not shrink! I am not here for passion,
I crave no love, only a little rest,
Although I would my face lay lover's fashion,
Against the tender coolness of your breast.

I am so weary of the curse of living,
The endless, aimless torture, tumult, fears,
Surely, if life was any God's free giving,
He, seeing his gift, long since went blind with tears.

—From "Indian Love Lyrics."

The Triangle Trip.

Over the Northwestern Pacific Railroad

There is one trip over the Northwestern Pacific Railroad that no tourist visiting California should miss. A trip that includes ocean, river, and mountain travel, with a variety of climate and scenery that cannot be enjoyed in the brief time of one day in any other part of the world.

It includes one hundred and fifty miles of Mountain and Redwood scenery, a boat ride on San Francisco Bay, and a trip by rail along the Russian River. Those enjoying this delightful outing, leave San Francisco daily at 8:45 a. m. or 6:45 on Sunday, by boat across the Bay of San Francisco, in full view of the Golden Gate, to Sausalito (the Sorrento of America), thence via picturesque San Rafael and thriving Petaluma (the great poultry center), through Sonoma Valley to Santa Rosa and Fulton. From Fulton the way ex-

tends through magnificent mountain scenery and redwood forests, along Russian River to Monte Rio. Return is made along the Coast, passing Tomales Bay, Point Reyes, and San Anselmo, to Sausalito, arriving at San Francisco at 7:35 p. m. the same evening.

If preferred the trip may be reversed, leaving San Francisco at 8:15 a. m. via the coast to Monte Rio, and returning along the river, and through the valleys, arriving at San Francisco at 7:05 p. m. on week days, and 9:05 p. m. on Sundays.

The round trip fare for the Triangle Trip is \$2.80 on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday and Saturday it is only \$2.50, and on Sunday \$2.20. Tickets are on sale at 874 Market Street (Flood Building) and also at Sausalito Ferry Ticket Office.

Don't miss the Triangle Trip.

“And the Shuttle in the hand of Fate every hour of every day, and through the slow, deep breathing of all the silent nights, weaves to and fro—drawing with it the threads of human life and thought, which strengthen its web and trace the figures of its yet vague and uncompleted design.”—Burnett.



EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.



HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

Socialism and the Postal Banks.

By W. M. Boyd.

Much confusion exists in the minds of the people regarding the attitude of the Socialists toward the postal savings banks so recently inaugurated.

This misunderstanding is largely due to the tactics of certain old party editors with political axes to grind, who persistently attribute to Socialism theories and practices that are totally foreign to it.

This is sometimes done through design to cloud the real issues in socialism's campaign of education, but more often it is brought about through ignorance of the revolutionary character of the Socialist program as distinguished from propositions to reform present conditions.

Many believe that postal banks fit into the Socialist program, but such is not true and no competent authority can be cited to that effect.

No mention of postal banks can be found in any Socialist platform, state or national, and Socialists do not advocate such institutions in their public utterances because they are trying to overturn the present capitalist system, not to reform it.

The Socialists believe that under the present system of government postal banks should be established in order to afford the people a safe place of deposit for their savings. They believe, however, that such

would only be a reform measure and would not in any sense reach the vital problem of securing for the worker the full product of his toil which is the basic principle of their philosophy.

Therefore, considered wholly as a reform measure and for the immediate benefits that might accrue to the working class Socialists willingly indorse the idea of properly constituted postal banks.

They do not, however, indorse the present system of postal banks because it sacrifices the interests of the people, to strengthen and build up an iniquitous private banking system.

Postal banks have been advocated for many years by people of various shades of political complexion and the proposition has been violently opposed by the banking interests all along the line.

It was neither the Socialists nor the socialistic tendency of the times that brought things to a head, but the panic of 1907.

The people were taught by that panic the insecurity of private banks as a depository for their savings. They withdrew in a large measure their deposits and clamored for postal banks to afford them a safe depository.

The banking interests were over-

whelmed in the flood of popular feeling, but had sufficient influence in Congress to secure the passage of a bill that was designed to satisfy the public demand while it really made the position of the banks as a controlling factor in our government stronger than ever before.

The government guarantee draws out the money that would not be deposited in the private banks for reasons of distrust.

This same money is promptly turned over by a benevolent government to the bankers' trust at a rate of interest much lower than the

banks are compelled to pay to private depositors. It is easy to see that this transaction will yield enormous profits—to the banks.

It is just a new way of skinning the people.

Socialists all over the country saw through the deal from the start and have refused to endorse a scheme that benefits a small class of moneyed men at the expense of the common people.

They regard the workings of the present system of postal banks as
LEGALIZED GRAND LARCENY.

A Well Known Santa Rosa Firm.

To the well known contracting firm of Simpson & Roberts must be assigned the leading position among the builders of Santa Rosa. They succeeded to the late T. J. Ludwig on May 23, 1885, and have been continuously in business since. Simpson & Roberts have held many of the largest contracts in the county and were the designers and builders of the first steel frame building in this city, that of the Santa Rosa Garage on B Street. They have also designed and built many fine bridges throughout the county. Mr. W. B. Simpson, the senior partner, is recognized as an expert in this line. This firm has in its employ some of the best mechanics in the State.

They furnished the carpenter work of the Wiseman aeroplane and are daily turning out the highest grade of cabinet work. They are prepared to handle anything in the building line. In addition to their construction business, Simpson & Roberts carry a big line of sash, doors, glass, and hardware. Their stock of paints, oils, and roofing is the largest in the city. They have the agency for the Phoenix, Magner Bros., H. & M. Paints, Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes, and Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. Their payroll is upward of \$10,000 per year. W. B. Simpson, the senior partner, has resided in Santa Rosa thirty-two years. He is prominently identified with the Elks, is a Knight



<p>Templar, and a Scottish Rite Mason. Mr. C. D. Roberts has been in this city since 1878. He also is well known in fraternal circles, is a Trustee of the Knights of Columbus, and</p>	<p>Past Sachem of Santa Rosa Lodge, I. O. R. M. Bota as business men and citizens Messrs. Simpson and Roberts are well and favorably known and held in high esteem.</p>
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At "The Cliff"

By Anna M. Reed.

Between the sand-dunes and the sea, Clasped in his arms my love kissed me, Back of us far the City lay, Before us dashed the salt sea spray.	As this one touched by the foam's caress, Where waves of feeling on life's long strand, Have died unheeded, on barren sand
Dim was the moon with the trailing mist, Creeping inland silver-kissed, What did the wild night mean for me?	Blame me not, that I drifted back, Forgetting all that my life must lack, A brief sweet while, on the tide of time,
Between the sand-dunes and the sea, Only this—my love—my own— Sad and deep as the Ocean's tone, Dashed like the waves in the break- er's strife	Touching, and blending your life and mine Heart of my heart—I love you so, How shall I tell you? how can you know?
Tossed and wasted, and worn my life. At the base of a cliff as merciless,	All that evening has meant to me, Between the sand-dunes and the sea.



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Santa Rosa, California

Sebastopol's Apple Show, Aug. 21-26.

The NORTHERN CROWN



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This engine was made entirely of Gravenstein Apples over a form. It was awarded the first prize, a gold medal, for the best feature exhibit at the Gravenstein Apple Show, held at Sebastopol, August, 1910

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. IV.

PETAJUMA, CAL., JULY, 1911.

NO. 12

Sebastopol's Annual Apple Show

... By Anna M. Reed ...

NOTWITHSTANDING THE questionable, and even disastrous results of the first indulgence in this delectable fruit, the apple has ever held first place among horticultural products. In the many varieties that have been produced by his ingenuity, since that first delicious and tempting morsel proved man's undoing, none excel the Gravenstein. Lucious odorous and beautiful, the very fragrance and coloring of the blossom seems blended with the fruit, and the promise of the spring is kept in the fulfillment of the summer. We have no authentic proof to give, that the garden of Eden was located in the Gold Ridge Region but it looks reasonable that it might have been since now it is a Paradise of orchards and homes, at whose portal stands no angel with a flaming sword, but only the genius of prosperity, with

the palm of peace, and words of welcome, for those who seek its precincts to investigate its promise,



Edward H. Brown, Director General
Gravenstein Apple Show Association

and possibilities.

"The apple industry is an important one, in those few favored spots where they can be produced at their best, all over the civilized world where apples will grow. Apples are the most healthful and most staple of all fruits, and the one fruit that could take the place of all other fruits should such a thing be necessary.

Sebastopol is located seven miles west from Santa Rosa, the County Seat of Sonoma County. It is a bustling incorporated little city of some 2,000 population, and is the hub of the Petaluma and Santa Rosa Electric Road, as well as having direct communication with San Francisco over the Northwestern Pacific Railroad. The apple industry is as-

suming, and already has reached vast proportions there. The soil and climatic conditions seem to be as near perfection for the production of all kinds and varieties of apples as can be found in California, if indeed not in the world. The Gravenstein is the best and most delicious of all apples and is produced to greater perfection at and near Sebastopol than elsewhere on the Pacific Coast.

The Sebastopol Gravenstein Apple Show Association was organized early during the season of 1910, and from August 13th to August 18th the first annual apple show of the association was held. In fact this was the first Apple Show ever held in California. Several thousand boxes of apples were exhibited, mainly of the Gravenstein variety, as our later



High School Exhibit, Sebastopol Apple Show, 1910



One of the Prize Winners 1910

apples were not ripe enough for exhibition at that time. It was a big show, and from an artistic and quality standpoint surpassed anything ever shown in the world at an Apple Show. It was a great success in every way, and no wonder; the fine color effects worked out with the striped crimson cheeks of the Sebastopol Gravensteins in the big Norris & Rowe circus tent was enchanting. Many artistic and pleasing feature displays were made which kept swelling the crowds bigger and bigger every day to the close of the show. The Sebastopol Apple Association has now incorporated for \$50,000 and it is the intention to sell sufficient stock to obtain funds for the erection of a large permanent pavilion and the Annual Apple Show seen here in August of of each succeeding year as the production grows larger, and the business increases in volume, will be one of California's most important industrial exhibitions.

At the Watsonville Apple Show last year the Sebastopol exhibit consisted of about 2,000 boxes, and it carried away, on account of the splendid quality and high standard of the apples shown, three gold cups, twenty-two gold medals and eight silver medals. This in open competition with the whole State of California. The Sebastopol section produces at present about five hundred carloads of apples annually, which includes nearly one hundred cars of evaporated fruit.

The best unimproved apple lands located from three to five miles from Sebastopol are at present selling from \$125 to \$250 per acre. Improved bearing Gravenstein and best varieties of late apple orchards are considered worth from \$1000 to \$2000 per acre. However, the prices would seem justifiable from the fact that these orchards are returning annually to their owners from \$250 to \$800 per acre. A Gravenstein or-

chard in the Sebastopol section that has been well cared for and sensibly handled should at eight years of age turn off about \$100 per acre. At twelve to fourteen years of age it should turn off from \$250 to \$400 per acre, and constantly increase in size and bearing capacity up to twenty or twenty-five years. Mr. Luther Burbank, the great wizard of plant life, whose twenty-five acre experimental gardens are located within one-half mile of the business center of Sebastopol, where practically all the great "Burbank Productions" of the past twenty-five years have been produced, has the following to say of the Gravenstein apple.

"The Gravenstein apple has, above all others, proved to be the money winner in Sonoma County. It is a healthy, vigorous tree. It always bears a good crop, never overbearing, as many varieties do, is of the best quality of all known apples, taking into account all uses to which the apple is put. It is the best drying apple for quality and appearance when dried. It is handsome in appearance, good size, superior quality for dessert or cooking, and especially for market.

"It cannot be raised successfully in the hot valleys of Southern California. Sonoma County seems to be its home."

For the foregoing facts we are largely indebted to Geo. D. Sanborn, one of Sebastopol's representative and energetic citizens and real estate men, who fully realizes the important possibilities of his home sec-

tion.

On August 21st of this year, will be inaugurated another apple show, under the efficient management of the Gravenstein Apple Show Association.

Of this body of public spirited and able citizens, Edward H. Brown is Director General, J. P. McDonald, President; L. V. H. Howell, Vice-President and E. F. Jewell, Secretary. The Directors are: A. B. Swain, W. T. Newcomb, F. W. Maddocks, J. W. Turner, Geo. D. Sanborn, Chas. E. Hotte, E. E. Morford, Henry Elphick, J. P. Kelly, W. W. Monroe, George M'Farlane H. R. Harbine, J. J. Alves, J. P. M'Donell and L. V. H. Howell.

These gentlemen have proved their fitness for the work they have undertaken, and have discharged it with credit to the interests they represent.

Especial praise is due to the untiring energy, and executive ability of Edward H. Brown, who has met each situation with tact and expediency, and carried the plans of the Association, so far, to complete success.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The First National Bank of Sebastopol bears the distinction of being the only National Bank in that city and in addition it is one of the strongest and most substantial institutions in the county and for its successful history through a long period of years—prior to its nationalization—it is known throughout this section of the State. The first National Bank was formerly the Bank



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Sebastopol, the pioneer financial institution, that was established in 1892, a year ago this bank was nationalized and at that time the Sebastopol Savings Bank was organized. This institution has had a steady and substantial growth since its inception and a report of its officers at a meeting recently held shows that the First National Bank has a paid in capital stock of \$100, 000.00

The Sebastopol Savings Bank has a capital stock of \$25,000. W. W. Monroe is president of the First National Bank and the Sebastopol Savings Bank, while W. M. Fitzsimmons is Cashier of both institutions. The Board of Directors are, John P. Overton, Charles W.

Woodworth, Geo. D. Sanborn, Ben. F. Williams, Charles G. Martin and George P. McNear. These men are all prominent as business men in Sonoma County, whose integrity is unquestioned and whose ability and judgment are recognized. They are all keenly interested in the growth and development of Sebastopol and the section surrounding it and are actively engaged in their upbuilding. The First National Bank owns its own building, the finest in the city, which was erected at a cost of \$40,000.

ANALY SAVINGS BANK

Sebastopol is fortunate in the sound character of its banks—fortunate both in that every facility is afforded and that these institutions re-

fect the condition of the city and surrounding territory. Perhaps no one element in a business community contributes so much and so largely to the solid and permanent prosperity as correct and conservative banking methods. The Analy Savings Bank was established in 1904 and today is one of the leading financial institutions of the county. F. A. Brush is president of this bank, while Robert Cunningham is vice-president, A. B. Swain, cashier and E. F. Jewell, assistant cashier.

The Capital stock is \$50,000, surplus and undivided profits \$20,000. Total assets \$450,000.

The bank deposits in Sebastopol are today four times greater than they were seven years ago and the Analy Savings Bank has been a potent factor in bringing about this splendid increase. This institution occupies its own building, valued at

\$22,000, which is one of the most modern and substantial structures in the city. The officers and directors are all men of high standing in the community, whose interests are identical with those of the community in general and who take a keen interest in affairs that tend to the betterment of the city and section.

The building is a magnificent structure, on a principal corner, and the interior appointments are elegant and appropriate. An electric burglar alarm system is now being installed, and the whole institution is safe and substantial in every way.

Four per cent interest is paid on all savings accounts of one dollar or more.

EXHIBIT FROM CENTURY OLD TREES

An interesting feature at the coming Gravenstein apple fair at Sebastopol will be a display of Graven-



THE ANALY SAVINGS BANK

stein apples gathered from trees one hundred years old. They come from the old apple orchard at Fort Ross that was planted by the Russians when they landed at Fort Ross and built their chapel and other buildings. The old trees bear fine fruit, and there has been an absence of blight and other pests.

The big fair is to begin Monday, August 21, and will last one whole week. The exhibits are to be even larger and handsomer than those of last year, and it is expected that the attendance this year will number many thousands.

SPECIAL FEATURES

AT THE SHOW

The Apple Growers' Union held a meeting and decided that they would make an exhibit of a carload of Gravensteins. These will be arranged in fantastic shape and one which will be greatly admired by all who view it. With the pretty coloring which the fruit will have at the

time the fair opens, a carload worked into some design will make an attractive display.

A reproduction in apples of the "Mikado's palace" will be made by the Japanese orchardists of the Sebastopol section. The Brown men first intended making a Japanese tea garden, but have now changed their plan to the palace of the Mikado. The Japanese have raised a fund of \$400 and this will be expended in perfecting the exhibit to be made by the subjects of the Mikado. There is to be the tunnel entrance to the tented pavilion which will be built entirely of highly colored Gravensteins lighted to advantage by electricity. There are to be other beautiful exhibits by societies and farmers of different localities.

Among those who have announced that they will make floral exhibits at the fair are Luther Burbank, Fred Grohe, E. H. Smith and



A Sonoma County Orchard



Analay Union High School.

Mrs. Thomas J. Butts.

Cash prizes amounting to \$2200 are to be awarded. A special prize of \$200, donated by two local banks, will be given to the best feature exhibit.

Among the features which have been entered are a modern miniature farm by Forestville; a grist mill and water wheel, the wheel to be in motion will be Stony Point's masterpiece; a Sebastopol steamer with paddle-wheels turning will be the Pleasant Hill donation. These together with many other exhibits, will be made entirely with Gravenstein apples.

WATSONVILLE BOOSTERS

TO VISIT THE SHOW

Announcement is made at Watsonville that during the Gravenstein Apple Fair at Sebastopol a special train will run from Watsonville to Sebastopol and the boosters aboard will both boost the Sebastopol Apple Fair and a poultry fair to be held in Watsonville in October of this year.

According to an estimate made by Director General Edward H. Brown the fruit to be exhibited at the coming annual Gravenstein Apple Show at Sebastopol, together with the labor expended in making the exhibits will be worth something like \$100,000.

The fair, it is stated, will be almost twice as large as that of last year, and this will give some idea of the magnitude of the show being planned by the energetic Sebastopolians.

The main tent is 110 x 260 feet. The annex 30 x 200 feet, and the other enclosures, back of the main tent, will include many more hundred feet.

All decorations will be of actually new material, in the colors of the Association, red, green and yellow, in 38 original designs, ranging in size from 1 x 2 to 6 x 12.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL PARK

THE SITE OF THE FAIR

The park where the show is located consists of 14 acres of partially

wooded, gently sloping hillside, through which runs Calder Creek, a mountain rivulet. Along this stream waterfalls and rustic bridges, tables and seats for the multitude, will beautify the scene, and there refreshments of all kinds will be served during the days and nights of the fair.

The seating capacity through the Park will accommodate 2500 people.

SEBASTOPOL APPLE

GROWERS' UNION

Sebastopol Apple Growers' Union was incorporated under the laws of California during the spring of 1911, for the purpose of giving the growers of Sonoma County, for the first time in the history of that section, an opportunity to pack and market direct the apples grown by them.

The directorship consists of the following members: J. W. Turner, President; E. E. Morford, Vice-President; E. C. Merritt, Secretary; C. E. Hotle, Manager; W. I. Newcomb, W. R. Elphick, J. R. Rosie, H. R. Harbline, A. F. Cochran, C. W. Woodworth.

The Union has a membership of about 150, comprising some of the most prominent apple growers in the County. It controls three of the largest Packing Houses in the County, situated respectively at Sebastopol, Graton, four miles north, and Turner's Station, five miles south. They are ably superintended by Messrs: W. N. Shelley, T. J. Janes and J. W. Turner, respectively. Mr. C. E. Hotle, one of the directors, is Manager of these houses and has entire control of the clerical duties of the Union,

all of which entails a considerable amount of work. But he discharges his arduous tasks with the greatest dispatch, and marked ability.

The Union Packing Houses are well equipped for the handling of apples. There will be a force of about fifty people at the Sebastopol House, about twenty-five people at Graton with the same number at Turner's.

Messrs. Duncan, Campbell & Company, of 349 Davis Street, San Francisco, are the Sales Managers for the Union. This Company is well known to the wholesale fruit and produce trade and is comprised of men who will handle the business of the Union in a manner commendable to both the Union and themselves.

It is the intention of the Union to ship their apples to all parts of the United States and Canada, as well as many European points.

FORESTVILLE AND GRATON

Forestville and Graton, situated in Sonoma's famous apple belt, are enterprising little towns with a future.

Silk Brothers have the principal business stand at Forestville, with the Bank and Post Office in the same building. Thomas Silk, manager, has had 18 years experience in local trade, and through thorough methods and courteous attention to his patrons, has made himself a popular force in the business life of Forestville.

The Graton region produces the earliest Gravensteins, the apples being ready for market there, ten days earlier than in any other part of the Sebastopol fruit district.

Osborne & Co., The Green Valley

Land Co. and Henry Key are among the most public spirited business factors of Graton. County, has accepted the invitation to formally open the second grand apple fair.

This apple show has been a big force in the development of the Gravenstein apple belt and the people of Sebastopol deserve great credit for the way in which they have brought their country to the front and advertised to the people of our great State their ability to produce a good apple. This ability to display their produce has carried that section far ahead of many equally as productive sections where the concerted action in development and advertising has been lacking.

Luther Burbank, the renowned horticultural scientist and distinguished citizen of Santa Rosa and Sonoma

Mr. Burbank will press an electric button which will light up the immense pavilion and the exhibits and set in motion the machinery in the industrial exhibition that will be a part of the great affair.

The scene will be one of fairy-like beauty. Park and pavilion, lights and music, making up the magical fabric of a waking dream, and many will exclaim, as did one of Sonoma's handsome, distinguished and leading financiers, as he sniffed the delicious fragrance of the fruit, when he entered the canvas pavilion last season: "The smell is worth the price of admission."



Depot and Hotel at Graton.

Love Me Beloved.

By Geo. Mac Donald.

Love me, beloved, the thick clouds lower,
A sleepiress filleth the earth and air
The rain has been falling for many an hour,
A weary look the summer doth wear;
Beautiful things that cannot be so,
Lovelinesss clad in the garments of woe.

Love me, beloved, I hear the birds,
The clouds are lighter, I see the blue,
The wind in the leaves is like gentle words,
Quietly passing 'twixt me and you,
The evening air will bathe the buds
With the soothing coolness of summer floods.

Love me, beloved, for many a day,
Will the mist of the morning pass away,
Many a day will the brightness of noon,
Lead to a night that has lost her moon,
And in joy, or in sadness, in Autumn or Spring,
Thy love to my soul is a needful thing.

Love me, beloved, for thou mayest lie,
Dead in my sight neath the same blue sky,
Love me—O love me, and let me know,
The love that within thee, moves to and fro,
That many a form of my love may be,
Gathered around thy memory.

Love me, beloved, for I may lie,
Dead in thy sight, neath the same blue sky,
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,
The stronger thy hope, till we meet again,
And forth on the pathway we do not know,
With a load of love, my soul would go.

Love me, beloved, for one must lie,
Motionless, lifeless beneath the sky,
The pale stiff lips return no kiss,
To the lips, that never brought love amiss,
And the dark brown earth be heaped above,
The head that lay on the bosom of love.

Love me, beloved, for both must lie,
Under the earth and beneath the sky,
The world be the same when we are gone,
The leaves and the waters all sound on,
The spring come forth, and the wild flowers live,
Gift's for the poor man's love to give.
The sea, the lordly, the gentle sea,
Tell the same tales to others than thee,
And joys that flush with an inward morn,
Irradiate hearts that are yet unborn.
A youthful race, call our earth their own,
And gaze on its wonders from thought's high
throne,

Embraced by fond nature the youth will embrace,
The maid beside him, his queen of the race,
When thou and I shall have passed away,
Like the foam-flakes thou lookest on yesterday.

Love me, beloved, for both must tread,
On the threshold of Hades the house of the dead,
Where now but in thinking, strangely we roam,
We shall live and think and shall be at home,
The sights and the sounds of the spirit-land,
No stranger to us, than the white sea sand,
Than the voice of the waves and the eye of the
moon,

Than the crowded street in the sunlit noon,
I pray thee to love me beloved of my heart,
It we love not truly, at death we part,
And how would it be with our souls to find,
That love like a body was left behind.

Love me, beloved, Hades and Death,
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath,
These hands that now are at home in thine,
Shall clasp thee again if thou still art mine,
And thou shall be mine my spirit's bride,
In the endless flow of eternity's tide,
If the truest love that thy heart can know,
Meet the truest love that from mine can flow,
Pray God beloved for thee and me,
That our souls may be wedded eternally.





Lake Jonive, Sebastopol



Residence of H. B. Morris, Sebastopol.



"Then went Samson down and his Father and Mother, to Timnath and came to the vineyards of Timnath; and behold a young lion roared against him."

"And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and HE HAD NOTHING in his hand.

"And after a time he returned ❖ ❖ ❖ And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, THERE WAS A SWARM OF BEES AND HONEY in the carcass of the lion.

"And he took hereof in his hands, and went on eating, and came to his Father and Mother and he gave them and they did eat." —BIBLE.

Of all natural characters, that of the wild bee is most admirable. Lawless, yet she is a law unto herself. Brave to desperation, yet without aggression. Destroy her hive, and she lives in the air until she finds another home, and most happy and blest is she, who makes her hive in the heart of the world.

NOT AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S LOVE LETTER.

Westport, May 9th, 18—.

My Darling—I have already written you once today. But I have been sitting here at the window, watching the sun sink in the sea, and thinking—thinking how like this day, the little day of life, for all of us, must close soon or late. I have been summing it all up—life and its aims and ambitions, its success and even triumphs, and what does it all amount to, if we shall never meet?

I began life so bravely—so hopefully—I have worked so unselfishly—I have been a providence to many, and have been dependent upon none.

I was devoted to my people, a slave to my family, a good neighbor, going to the sick and dying, and sparing no time or strength while they needed me, and yet in all this I have found no satisfaction, little gratitude, and only one loving, unselfish heart—one being, whose praise and appreciation and understanding of the needs of my soul and nature, has given me untold happiness.

My time, my services, my life, have belonged to others, and yet, if death came tonight, I would turn from all, and choose to die in your arms, and take from your lips, the only words and kisses, that I crave in life or death.

I will continue on, in my duty to my family, and the world—and so will you—you will work for others, and bless them with the presence, whose sunshine, my heart is dying for, the devotion of our lives will be comparatively lost, and so we will live out our little day—God help me! and may you forgive me, that I have sent you away from me, for in these hours of extremety, and agonized longing, I am hardly myself—every thought—every wish—every energy of my being, is merged into this cry of my soul—I want you—I want you!

But time, and distance lies between, and must, and only God in His wisdom, can adjust the strange complications which hedge us about.

Write me, your letters comfort me. Do not fear to tell me, if you, too, miss me, and wish and long to be with me, it will help me to bear my burdens, and they are not few, and it is like death to be without you.

But above all my own unhappiness, is the wish to help you. If you feel as I do a loneliness beyond expression tell me what to do, or say, to help you. I will be guided by you. I will do exactly as you advise me, about everything, only do not come back, until I tell you—until circumstances have so changed, that your coming could bring no reproach.

But let me know that though separate in the body, we are one in purpose, and intention, for in all things, save one, your wish shall be my law.

May heaven bless and protect you, here and hereafter.

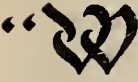
Unchangeably,————.





EDITORIAL.

Anna M. Reed.

“ HAT I have been, I am, in principle and character, and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.”—Daniel Webster.

For Equal Suffrage

ON the 10th of next October, California will receive the verdict of her men on the question of equal suffrage. We believe in equal suffrage, because we believe in *Equal Justice*. And that woman, as well as man, is an

individual, with a life to sustain, a character to uphold, and a soul to save.

We are not alone in our convictions. The brightest and the best among men and women are with us in principle and effort, in giving justice and equality to all. We quote a few of the prominent authorities along this line, among the Catholic clergy we find the following opinions. Rev. Father Gleason, at the Central Theatre, San Francisco, on May 23, 1911, said:

"Nothing can stop the movement for the enfranchisement of women. Nothing can stop it; nothing can impede its way; it is bound to come. What is the use of postponing it? It is a matter of justice and right, and I hope that the men of California will see that it arrives here next October. It is in your hands, and see that your chance is not lost. The very politicians who today are doing their best to impede this movement will be doing their best in two or three months to get on the bandwagon and tell you that they are for you. Do not be afraid of them. Go before the world; your cause is good, your cause is just, and when it is a question of meeting a man who is as rocky as adamant talk straight to him and convince him. You have a few months before you; do not waste a day, and just as sure as you and I are here, next October will cause another sun to rise in California."

Rev. Thomas Scully, of Cambridgeport, says:

"There are no duties or obligations attached to our American franchise that women are not capable of performing. They possess all the patriotism, virtue and intelligence

that the law requires, and a great deal more."

Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid: "It fills me with joy when I think of the many changes that will be brought about when women have the right of suffrage. They will defy the politicians and vote as any Christian man should and would vote if he had the moral courage."

Bishop John Lancaster Spalding: "There is also the question of woman suffrage. The experiment will be made, whatever our theories and prejudices may be. Women are the most religious, the most moral and the most sober portion of the American people, and it is not easy to understand why their influence in public life is dreaded."

Bishop Keane of Wyoming Diocese: "The women of Wyoming vote as intelligently, honestly and conscientiously as the men. They are not active politicians nor office-seekers. I have never known but one woman in Wyoming who made herself conspicuous in politics. Catholic women have not been drawn either out of the church or out of their homes, so that fear is groundless."

MARK TWAIN'S OPINION

Mark Twain (who always said the right thing) said: "A standing argument against women suffrage has been that women could not go to the polls without being insulted. The arguments against women suffrage have always taken the easy form of prophesy. The prophets have been prophesying ever since the woman's rights movement began in 1848—and in forty-seven years they have never scored a hit. Men ought to begin to feel a sort of respect for their mothers and wives and sisters by this time. The women deserve a change of attitude like that, for they have wrought well. In forty-seven years they have swept an imposingly large number of unfair laws from the statute books of America. In that brief time these serfs have set themselves free—essentially. Men could not have done so much for themselves in that time without bloodshed—at least they never have; and that is argument that they didn't know how. The women have accomplished a peaceful revolution, and a very beneficent one; and yet that has not convinced the average man that they are intelligent and have courage and energy and perseverance and fortitude.

"It takes much to convince the average man of anything; and perhaps nothing can ever make him realize that he is the average woman's inferior, yet several important details seem to show that that is what he is.

Man has ruled the human race from the beginning—but he should remember that up to the middle of the present century it was a dull world, and ignorant and stupid; but it is not such a dull world now, and is growing less and less dull all the time."

Give woman a square deal. She wants the ballot. BECAUSE—Those who obey laws should have something to say as to their making.

Those who pay taxes to support government should be represented in the government.

Those who have charge of the home and the children must be able to protect them.

6,000,000 working women need it for their protection.

The following is a list of speakers who will help in the Equal Suffrage Campaign in different parts of California during the months of August, September, and the first of October.

A. P. Black, Attorney-at-Law; Geo. A. Knight, Attorney-at-Law; E. A. Lane, Deputy District Attorney; A. P. Treadwell, Justice of Peace; Samuel Shortridge, Attorney-at-Law; Anna Morrison Reed, Editor Northern Crown; Mr. Charles Wesley Reed; Mr. Thomas Edward Hayden, Attorney-at-Law; Elizabeth Lowe Watson, State President California Equal Suffrage Association; Ida F. Macrille, Organizer; Mr. O. P. Shrout, Unitarian Minister.

The Triangle Trip

There is one trip over the North-western Pacific Railroad that no tourist visiting California should miss. A trip that includes ocean, river, and mountain travel, with a variety of climate and scenery that cannot be enjoyed in the brief time of one day in any other part of the world.

It includes one hundred and fifty miles of Mountain and Redwood scenery, a boat ride on San Francisco Bay, and a trip by rail along the Russian River. Those enjoying this delightful outing, leave San Francisco daily at 8:45 a. m. or 6:45 on Sunday, by boat across the Bay of San Francisco, in full view of the Golden Gate, to Sausalito (the Sorrenfo of America), thence via picturesque San Rafael and thriving Petaluma. (the great poultry center), through Sonoma Valley to Santa Rosa and Fulton. From Fulton the way ex-

tends through magnificent mountain scenery and redwood forests, along Russian River to Monte Rio. Return is made along the Coast, passing Tomales Bay, Point Reyes, and San Anselmo, to Sausalito, arriving at San Francisco at 7:35 p. m. the same evening.

If preferred the trip may be reversed, leaving San Francisco at 8:15 a. m. via the coast to Monte Rio, and returning along the river, and through the valleys, arriving at San Francisco at 7:05 p. m. on week days, and 9:05 p. m. on Sundays.

The round trip fare for the Triangle Trip is \$2.80 on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday and Saturday it is only \$2.50, and on Sunday \$2.20. Tickets are on sale at 874 Market Street (Flood Building) and also at Sausalito Ferry Ticket Office.

Don't miss the Triangle Trip.

SILK BROS. & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Real Estate and Insurance

THOMAS SILK, MANAGER

At this store is located the Forestville branch of the
Analay Savings Bank, and the U. S. Postoffice.

FORESTVILLE

CAL.

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